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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
JUNE 1983 $2.95*

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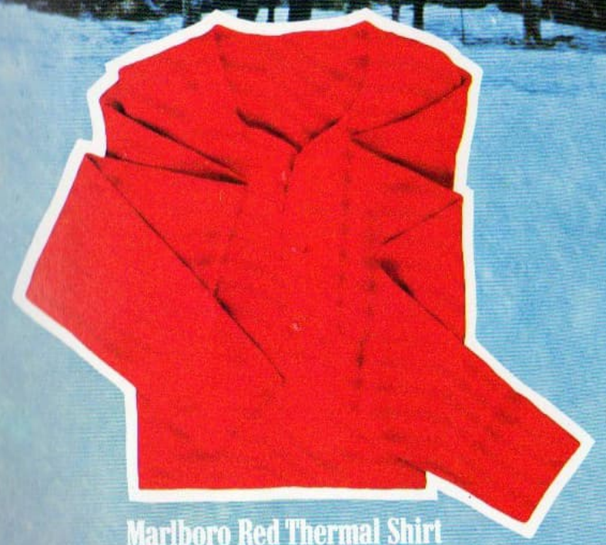

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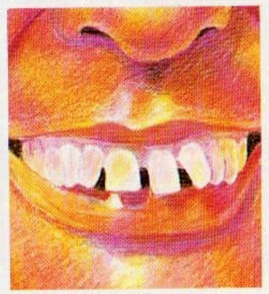
PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 4 No 7/June 1983

CONTENTS			PAGE
COVER	Jeanette Amber	Photograph by Chris Dickson	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		4
FEEDBACK	Opinion		6
FORUM	Correspondence		9
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	21
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Opinion	Mungo MacCallum	25
SOUNDS		Edited by Jeremy Cook	26
WORDS		Edited by Phil Abraham	28
FILM		Edited by Denis Whitburn	30
TRAVEL		Christopher Dyce	32
BLACK MONEY	Article	William Royal	34
TELL IT LIKE IT IS/CATHY	Pictorial	Photos by Donald Milne	42
THE GREATEST GAME OF ALL	Article	Greg Hunter	52
FRASER'S LAST STAND	Article	Mungo MacCallum	58
SALUTE TO THE SHEIK	Profile	Phil Abraham	63
AMBER FLUID/JEANETTE	Pictorial	Photos by Chris Dickson	67
TERROR AUSTRALIS	Article	Geoffrey E. Smith	82
WILD WATER	Article	David McGonigal	90
VIDEO VISIONS	Article	Mike Taylor	96
DOUBLE EXPOSURE/VERONIQUE	Pictorial	Photos by Hank Londoner	110
COPS AND DOBBERS	Series	Denis Whitburn	120
GARRY McDONALD	Interview	Corinne Mackay	128
IS TIME ON YOUR SIDE?	Quiz		135
SHOOTIN' THE BREEZE	Motoring	Peter McKay	138
THE PROFESSIONALS	Bikes	Noel Christensen	142
PEOPLE	Profiles		148
SWEET CHASTITY	Satire	Bob Guccione/Ron Embleton	150
THE SOCIAL REFORMS THAT CONSTRICT CIVIL LIBERTIES	Advise and Dissent	David Halpin	156
LOOSE ENDS	Service	Sue Smith	158

Groupies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Terror Australis

Rafting

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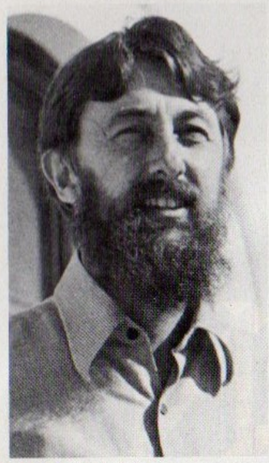

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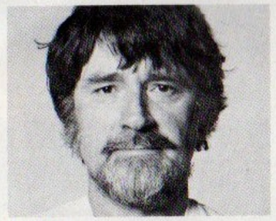


GEOFF PIKE

GREG HUNTER

BARRY OLIVE

HOUSECALL

All the signs say the Australian economy is in a mess: rampant inflation, chronic unemployment, record-breaking interest rates and a Federal budget deficit forecast which the experts say will send the economy spinning like a Hills hoist in a southerly buster. But one financial sector is still booming: the underground economy. Just about everybody participates in it, from the bloke in the public bar selling TVs that fell off the back of a truck, to the individuals who fail to declare income, pay the tradesman in cash or have an SP flutter. According to **William Royal**, the average Australian, when told he's breaking the law, responds with: "Everybody's doing it — it's the only way to get ahead." This month Royal reveals the extent of the underground economy and its consequences for the government and the man in the street. Black Money, illustrated by **Tony Lunn**, begins on page 34.

Western military intelligence experts spend a lot of time developing "what would happen if" projections in the event of World War III. According to **Dr Geoffrey E. Smith** these experts predict that a global nuclear war would almost certainly see the Russians activate a plan code-named "Terror Australis", in which biological warfare combined with nuclear warheads directed at Canberra, Melbourne and Townsville would ensure that Australia was effectively deleted from the conflict in just 35 minutes. Smith points out that as far as the Soviets are concerned, the presence of American military communication bases in this country ensures that Australia's role in WWIII will be a brief, catastrophic and pathetic one. Regardless of who wins, our population will be decimated. Terror Australis, with a chilling illustration by **Mark Salwowski**, begins on page 82.

Penthouse presents the first of a series this month with staff writer **Greg Hunter's** story on football groupies. As Hunter points out, there are rock and roll groupies, tennis groupies, cricket, badminton and even bridge groupies, but the most versatile, uninhibited and resilient of all are those who chase footballers. His investigations turned up some remarkable revelations about the rules of the Rugby League groupie game, in which the term "teamwork" takes on a new connotation. The Greatest Game Of All, with an action-packed illustration by **Barry Olive**, kicks off on page 53.

If it is mentioned in the history books, the Fraser-Hawke confrontation which culminated in the March 5 election will go down as one of the silliest campaigns ever. But as **Mungo MacCallum** points out this month, Fraser's absurd tactics, combined with a record which should have been buried rather than stood on, ensured that a rabid cattle-dog could have won the election for Labor. MacCallum's behind-the-scenes analysis of a farcical campaign begins on page 58. **Patrick Cook's** cartoon sets the mood.

Gary McDonald is best known as his alter-ego Norman Gunston, the little Aussie bleeder. As one of the first of the new wave of Australian comedians, McDonald, who is also highly regarded as a serious actor, talks about his relationship with Gunston in this month's hilarious interview with **Corinne Mackay**, beginning on page 128. Their conversation provides some rare insights into one of the most diverse talents on the Australian entertainment scene. **Jeff Hornbaker** shot the startling portrait of McDonald with his head shaved for his latest film role.

Chad Morgan is a different breed of Australian performer. Morgan is the bad boy of the country music scene, with a routine that is funny, filthy and always outrageous. **Phil Abraham** profiles the Sheik of Scrubby Creek on page 63. **Clive Haybal** created the accompanying caricature.

White-water rafting is a radical way to spend a holiday. **David McGonigal** realised this when he and three equally inexperienced companions decided to take a trip down one of Australia's wildest rivers. In Wild Water, starting on page 90, McGonigal describes an expedition that ended up with more than its fair share of thrills — and spills. **Graham Monro** shot the photos.

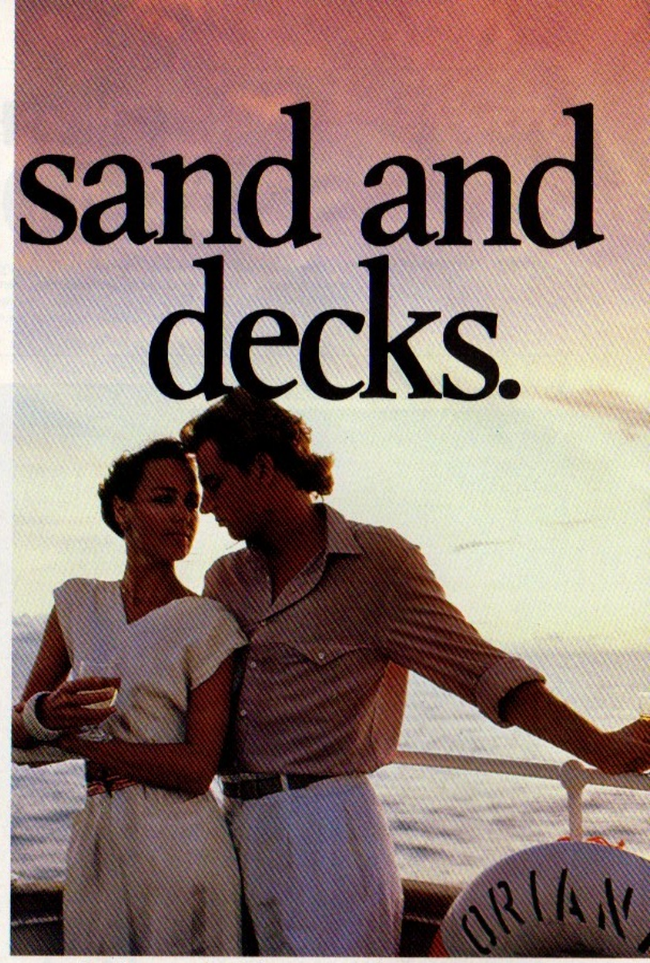
Award-winning author **Geoff Pike** has drawn on his experiences as a station hand in outback NSW for his short story The Shooter, starting on page 100, and illustrated by **Yvonne Sutherland**. Pike, a prolific writer who has lately turned his talents to screenwriting, infuses his tale of a lone hunter with a gritty authenticity and successfully projects his empathy with this land.

The *Penthouse* History of Crime In Australia focuses on police corruption this month, as **Denis Whitburn** summarises the series of scandals which have rocked the NSW Police force. Cops and Dobbers is on page 120. Crime reporter **David Halpin** also has something to say about the boys in blue. In this month's Advise and Dissent column, on page 156, Halpin suggests that some recently introduced "reforms" — such as the random breath tests — are a grave threat to civil liberties.

Motoring editor **Peter McKay** is a convertible convert. In Shootin' The Breeze on page 138, McKay presents a case for the soft-top, the cult car of the Fifties which is making a comeback in the Eighties. **Tandy Rowley** photographed Ward Austin's classic Ford Galaxie convertible.

June Pet of The Month **Jeanette Amber** doesn't have sexual fantasies, she lives them. As one of the most stunning ladies ever to make it on to *Penthouse's* centre pages, Miss Amber is bound to create a few fantasies herself. **Chris Dickson** was the lucky photographer. This month's bevy of beauties also includes bold Britisher **Cathy Foster**, shot by **Donald Milne**. Cathy insists that her hobby is sex. Completing the trio is exotic teenager **Veronique Jolie**, photographed by **Hank Londoner**. Veronique is half French, half Vietnamese — an Asian minor with a major impact.

Sun, sea, sand and decks.



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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Air rescue

I read with interest your article Yesterday's Heroes, by Margot Barlow, in March *Penthouse*. However, I would like to suggest that the Surf Life Saving Association of Australia consists of anything but yesterday's heroes.

The association, under the sponsorship of the Westpac Banking Corporation, pioneered the development of helicopter rescue work in Australia. The service now operates nine helicopters throughout Australia, with an annual budget of more than one million dollars.

Having travelled extensively around the world, visiting various other helicopter rescue services in Europe and America, I can say unequivocally that our service leads the world. I felt your article failed to mention the great advances that the SLSA has made, not only in the area of helicopter work, but also in the area of inflatable rescue boats and jet boats, just to mention a few. — *Peter MacCormick, Director, Helicopter Rescue Service, St Leonards, NSW*

Margot Barlow's story did not attempt to query the integrity or professionalism of the Westpac helicopter rescue service. Her criticism was levelled at the amateur, social lifesaver — the weekend warrior whose fitness, dedication and ability to save lives can rarely be compared with that of the professionals employed by beach-side councils. The validity of her point of view, and that of the authorities quoted by her in Yesterday's Heroes, was reinforced by a number of Sydney beach inspectors who contacted Penthouse *and congratulated Barlow for her comments on the SLSA.* — Ed

Dry reading

Congratulations to Robbie Swan for his article on the drought, The Red Landlord (February *Penthouse*). This story should be compulsory reading for all politicians. Rural organisations and tree-felling vandals could also benefit from reading the articles, not just in the hope that they would do something, but also to show them what sort of havoc they have caused.

In the long term, the only cure for the situation is to deport the current population of transplanted Europeans back to their imminent nuclear hell. We, the new and old Europeans, have all but wrecked

Australia in 200 years; folly, folly, folly, — *Neil Hart, Mt Isa, Qld*

Hello sailor

I am a sailor in the US Navy. I recently visited Perth, where I found an Australian *Penthouse*. It surpassed any edition of the US *Penthouse* that I have seen.

The articles were informative and well written, and the pictorials were superb. But, to my disappointment, your subscription order form said: "Offer only applicable in Australia." I would like to get your magazine every month, but I only visit Australia about once a year. I am prepared to pay for all postage and handling and a one-year subscription in advance. — *Chris Cottingham, San Fransisco, USA*

Subscriptions at the price stated on the order form are only available in this country; however there are no problems involved in sending the magazine to you in America, provided you are willing to bear the extra cost. Current air mail rates for the West Coast of the USA would put the cost of your 12-month subscription at $101.40 (Aust). As a subscriber you will receive the uncensored version, which as a result of censorship restrictions in other Australian states is only sold on newsstands in NSW. All subscribers receive the uncensored issue. — Ed

Perfection in print

I am writing to tell you how much your March Pet of The Month Wendy Maree aroused me. Her black curly hair, and those perfectly shaped breasts — if there ever was a perfect woman, she is it. — *Ed Garrick, Casula, NSW*

One more time

Your May Pet of the Month Sarah Greaves was really a red hot number. She had class — a rare commodity amongst Australian women. Sarah says she is a well-travelled woman. If the world is her oyster, I wish I was her pearl. How about another glimpse of one of your best-ever centrefolds. — *Peter Marriot, Narrabeen, NSW*

More of Marilyn

Just a quick note to say I was a little disappointed with your Pet of the Year edition (March). There was not one full frontal picture of the winner, Marilyn Natty. How about one for me and thousands of other readers? Apart from that, the issue was superb. I liked the glossy cover. — *Michael Hayes, Salisbury, SA*

Censorship restrictions in your state prohibit us from publishing the "full-frontal" photos you would like to see. However, Penthouse *prints and publishes an "uncensored" edition which is sold only in NSW and by subscription. If you wish to receive that issue, just fill in the subscription form on page 146.* — Ed

Unprofessionals

This letter is written in reply to the story on male prostitution in March *Penthouse* titled Amateur Night, by Sallie-Ann Huckstepp. I know how hard it is to give prostitutes ratings, having spent a lot of time and money on the female members of this profession: $200 for my last experience, which was just as disappointing as the ones Sallie-Ann went through with paid men. All the girl wanted to do was drink wine. That was the last time for me — the girl's lack of enthusiasm was too much to take. Doesn't anybody take pride in their work any more? — *B.K., Edmonton, Qld*

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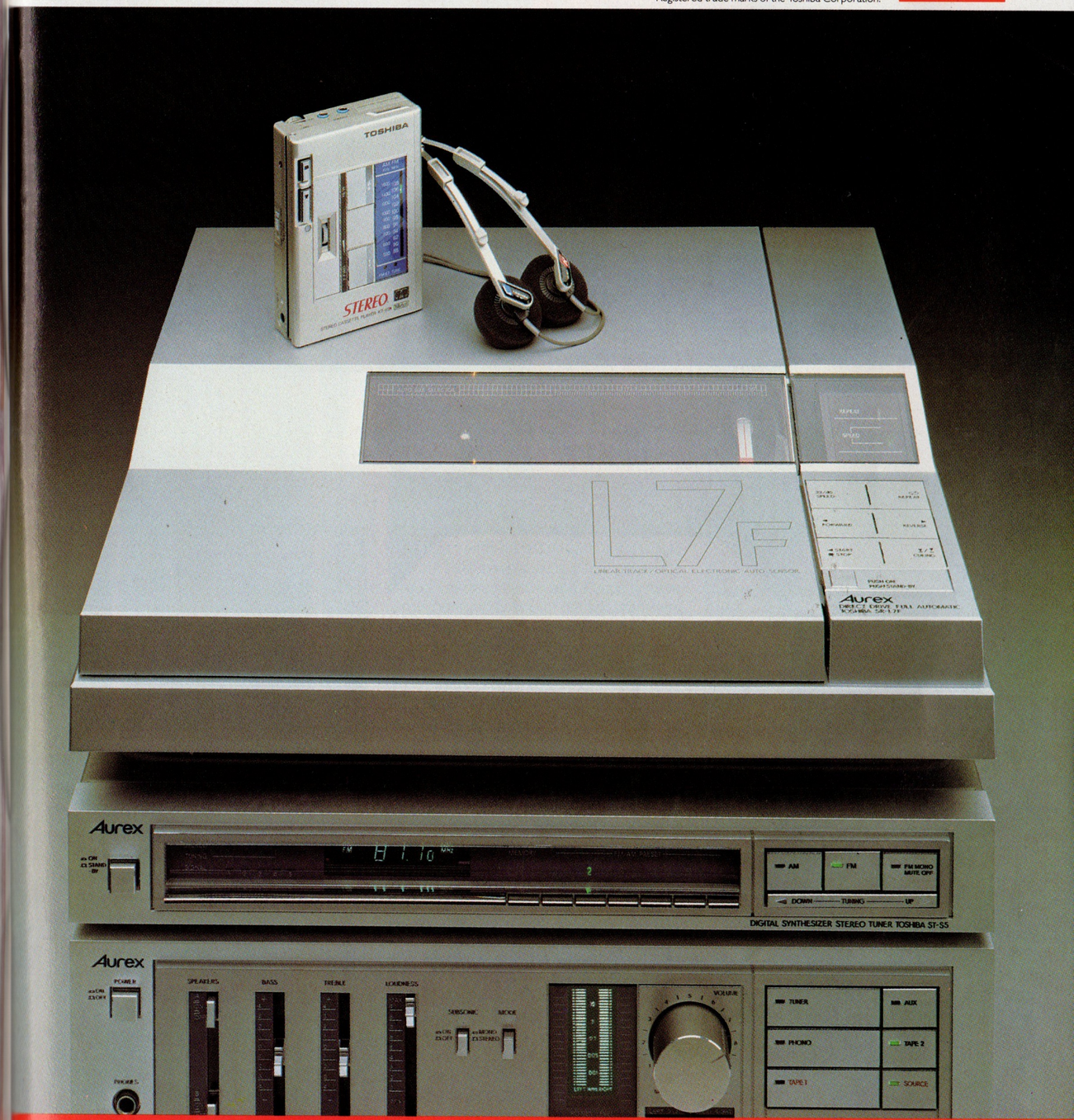

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Starting again

I have been a reader of your excellent magazine for many years, and have always been impressed by the genuine and sensible nature of the contents. I am glad to say that I have never been troubled by any of the sexual problems usually mentioned in your "Forum"; in fact I seem to be an entirely "normal" heterosexual virile male in every respect, save one. The thing that seems to make me different from everyone else, the curse of my life in fact, is that for most of my 32 years my sex life has been virtually non-existent due to the great difficulty of finding a partner!

As a lad my relations with girls started off well: in fact I had my first girlfriend when I was only seven (strictly platonic of course) and another when I was 10! But, sadly, at the age of 11 I was sent to that most evil of institutions: the single-sex school. As a result I was completely cut off from the opposite sex, and so my interest in girls was stifled and sublimated into my hobbies instead. Not surprisingly this had a disastrous effect on my emotional life, and I spent the next 11 years (including my teens) in a state of frustrated agony, failing time and time again in my feeble attempts to try and establish relations with the opposite sex.

In fact I was a virgin up to the age of 22, when thankfully I finally met a girl who took me in hand. It didn't last long, but with the help of knowledge gained through reading my outlook broadened considerably, and I used the knowledge to good effect with my second and third partners, whom I met through a mutual acquaintance. In fact I became quite experienced, and while it lasted my sex life was fantastic. But now I have split up with my last girlfriend (after six years together) and I find that I am back to square one again, and I just cannot find another partner.

This is not for want of trying, and over the last couple of years I have had close friendly relations with about a dozen different girls. Yet incredibly, in every case the relationship has remained almost entirely platonic (apart from the occasional good-night kiss or pat on the back). Either they already have husbands or boyfriends and don't want to get too closely involved with another male, or else they just don't seem to be interested in physical relationships (although they enjoy talking to me.) This leaves me very puzzled as well as frustrated, and I wonder if I am doomed to waste the rest of my life in involuntary celibacy. I am so worried about this that I think I may be getting an inferiority complex about it.

I can see three possible explanations for this sorry state of affairs. Firstly, perhaps I have simply been extremely unlucky, and against all the odds I have just met the wrong people. Secondly, perhaps the whole concept of sexual liberation is just a myth, and in reality the vast majority only ever have sex with one person whom they end up marrying. I wish I knew whether this is true or not. One gets the impression from tales told by friends and from the media that everyone is "having it off" with everyone else all the time: at home, at work, at parties etc. Yet it hardly ever seems to happen like that in real life.

The third possibility that springs to mind is that there might be something wrong with me which I can't put my finger on, but which puts girls off the idea of any sexual contact. There is no easy answer to this: I am intelligent, normally confident, and quite good-looking; I try to be friendly and understanding towards people; I have a wide range of interests; I dress reasonably smartly, and I do not have BO! Unfortunately I am unemployed and don't come in contact with as many girls as I would like, but I still have a wide circle of friends through various clubs, and I usually have some money to spare for decent entertainment etc.

I would be most grateful to hear your opinions on this, based on what I have written. In particular, is my situation unusual, and what is a "normal" sex life anyway? I presume that most young people start their sex lives much younger than I did, that they have a far greater number of partners than my own total of three so far, and that they are normally married before they reach 30.

I am not interested in using the services of a prostitute since, apart from the probably prohibitive cost and the risk of VD, it would be accepting defeat and is certainly no substitute for a close personal relationship. I am considering putting a classified ad in a magazine but am not very optimistic since a similar ad which I put in a contact magazine some years ago did not produce any fruitful results. — *K.K., Adelaide*

The main message I get from your letter is that you see yourself as a wonderful,

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PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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JUNE

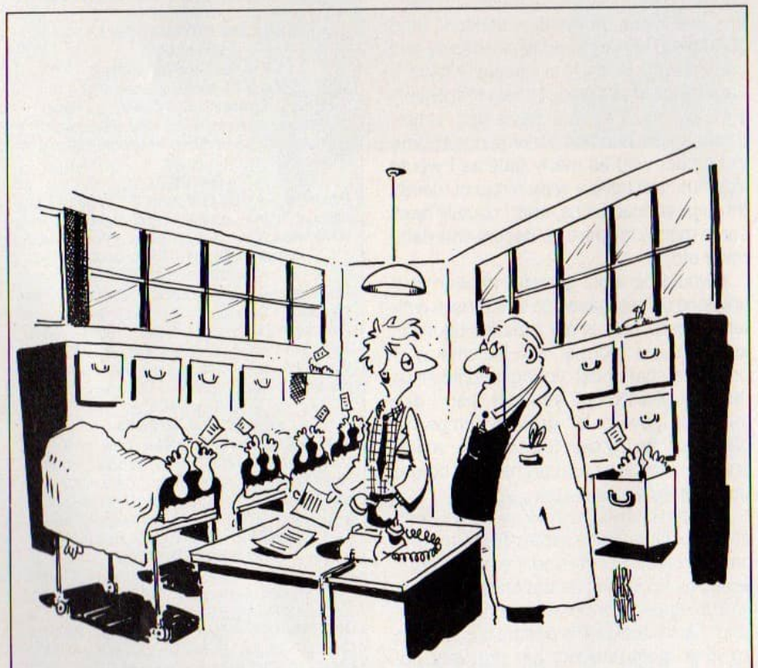
unique person, very different from other men. I also get the impression that it is very important to you to maintain this feeling of superiority. When you get down to it, you and your situation are far from unusual or extraordinary; in fact your history sounds like that of countless other men. It is perfectly usual for a man to reach his early 20s before he feels confident enough to start serious sexual relationships and in the last 10 years you have had three sexual relationships, one lasting six years when your sex life was "fantastic". Yet you claim that your sex life has been "virtually non-existent" for most of your life. I suspect many "Forum" readers, as well as myself, will find it hard to reconcile your statement with your experience.

Your last relationship has ended and you are at a loss. It would seem that, if you face up to it, you don't really want to embark on another relationship at the moment. To be able to find "about a dozen" girls, all of whom are either already involved or who have no sexual interest in you (two facts quite easy to discover quickly) suggests that you have been working quite hard to attach yourself to women who you know are unsuitable. This sounds like a conscious effort to repeat a rejection pattern and thus reinforce your view of yourself as someone with special difficulties, rather than the fickle finger of fate.

Your other "explanations" are really rationalisations, too. That sexual liberation means everyone "having it off" all the time is a myth long since exploded, a fact which I am sure has not escaped you. Then you steel yourself to suggest you may be at fault, but quickly push aside this idea by listing your attractions and assets. But of course it is quite possible (even probable) that something may be wrong with you — though not in those superficial areas you mention.

Your expressed anxiety to meet a new partner is in conflict with your desire to retain your apartness. By choosing to approach women who are, for one reason or another, unavailable to you, you can experience a sense of "trying hard" and of being rejected at the same time. After six years of fantastic sex and presumably, emotional stability, you may be finding it hard to handle your new freedom. Or you may be mourning still the death of that relationship. Or you may be nursing anger at the woman you are no longer with, and directing it at all women.

Stop lying to yourself about your sexual emotional progress so far — it has been as good as, if not better than, that of a great many other people. Stop trying to live up to some long-dated media myth and live your own life. Try approaching women who are not married or involved, and take the risk that you could find acceptance even harder to take than rejection. You could consider a period of low-key therapy and join an on-going group; such free conversations with concerned others could help considerably to clarify and sort out the considerable conflicts and contradictions you are repressing.



"... And I would prefer you not *to answer the phone with the greeting ...* City Morgue, you kill 'em, we chill 'em!"

Birthmarks

I don't know if you can, or will, help me. The glans tip of my penis has two permanent small red blotches and several large (relatively speaking!) brown blotches on the surface. The latter seem to be enlarging over the years; they also extend on to my foreskin. My doctor has examined me and declared these marks to be pigment, "a birthmark laddie", and this is how I have explained the unsightly marks to girlfriends over the years (I am 26) although I don't think they were there until I was 12 or 13 (the marks, not the girlfriends). However these marks are unsightly and I sometimes think girls believe them to be connected with VD, whose bite I have fortunately, thus far, avoided. In short, I am not proud of my penis, it is beginning to depress me and I have for some time now been considering some form of tattooing to cover the marks. Alternatively, do you know of any other method which may rid me of my unwanted "birthmarks"? — *D.G.H., Brisbane*

Birthmarks occur all over the body, but the penis is a rather unusual place. I'm certain that any girl who was fond of you would accept the explanation that they are birthmarks and promptly forget all about them. Furthermore, surgery to the glans penis is unadvisable, as it would leave scarring, which would greatly worsen your condition. Tattooing too would be painful. I have known men to be tattooed on the shaft of the penis without too many ill effects, but never on the glans. Are you sure that a girlfriend wouldn't be far more put off by body tattoos anyway? Once they are there, there is no way of shifting them and you can easily get tired of a design. In short, the only cures I can think of would cause more problems than the original birthmark. I would advise you strongly to do nothing. Any potential lover who loves you will love your birthmark too.

Do males have sensitive breasts?

On several occasions I have made love to a certain man and found that his breasts have the same sensitivity as a woman's. He can easily reach orgasm if I just caress, suck and bite his breasts. Knowing that he can feel the same kind of sensations that I can is very exciting. The man in question is very rugged and masculine and so is his sexuality with the exception of his extra-sensitive breasts. Have any other of your readers come across this phenomenon? Also, he is left handed and I have

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noticed that his left breast is much more sensitive than his right breast. Is there a correlation between the two? — *Miss B.C., WA*

The entire skin-surface of the body — whether male or female — is an erogenous zone, and the breasts are pleasure points in both the male and female. However, most men are out of touch with the pleasure that exists in their own bodies except for the limited area of their genitals. Women know that their bodies are total sources of pleasure; they also have more permission in our society to explore their own bodies and to experience the pleasure points in their bodies, and are encouraged to find their source of pleasure in other bodies, especially in female bodies.

Apparently, you have been lucky enough to find a man who is in touch with his own body and in particular can respond to the pleasure of being touched on and around his breasts. Some men make this discovery by connecting the pleasure in their genitals with pleasant sensations in other parts of their bodies, like their nipples. By moving back and forth from stimulating their penis, for example, to stimulating their breasts (or any other part of their bodies for that matter), men can experience sexual pleasure extended and connected to other parts of their anatomy. Eventually if they continue this practice, their whole body becomes a source of pleasure and they will have more total orgasms.

Some people experience more pleasure on one side of their bodies than the other; this is not unusual. Everyone can experience pleasure in different parts of the body if they allow themselves to turn on to that part as they are touched or stimulated by their partner. Try it!

They knew what they were doing

Some years ago, following an affair with a married woman, I was attacked by her husband and two of his friends. During this attack I was held to the ground by the two friends whilst the husband removed my pants and grasped my penis and testicles, pulling and twisting savagely, rather like wringing the neck of a chicken. Since this experience I have been unable to achieve a full hard erection, nor do I experience any sexual feelings, although with prolonged and strenuous masturbation I do ejaculate, though not very forcefully. I know that some damage was done as one of my testicles is permanently displaced, and lifts into my groin during masturbation (which did not happen previously). I also have some difficulty in emptying my bladder completely causing urine to wet me as I move away after passing water. I would like to know if surgery could possibly effect a cure, as my own doctor feels that this is unlikely. — *D.T., Brisbane*

I am sorry to say that the assailants here appear to have been knowledgeable on the subject of mayhem, intended to inflict a permanent injury and have succeeded. This is a well-known form of injury used by professional hoodlums.

A kick or a blow in the crotch may cause serious injury, such as rupturing the urethra, splitting the testicles etc and can cause instant total incapacity. But these injuries are amenable to surgical repair, and permanent disability is rare. This twisting action however causes multiple tears in all the structures so strained; there is an effusion of blood into the tissues, and permanent damage follows. Surgery is usually of no value now, for the damage is microscopic in nature, and the tissues themselves are permanently affected. What recovery is likely will have taken place within a few months.

As the injury happened some years ago it is a debatable point whether a urological examination would be of value. It is unlikely to help the sexual function, but a stricture may have developed causing the poor stream. This can be stretched and so relieve that particular problem.

The displacement of the testicle is probably due to tearing of the suspensory ligament. Although this might be surgically repairable, unless the present position of the testicle is causing pain and disability it hardly warrants the extensive dissertion needed.

"Believe me, Harold, if I were faking my orgasms, you'd be the first to know."

White patches

I am male in my early 30s involved in a fairly steady long-term heterosexual relationship. As a younger man I was not very active sexually, but this state of affairs did not arise out of choice; sex just didn't seem to come my way. During these long periods of celibacy, I learned to rely on occasional lone sex (masturbation). During one of these periods of celibacy, probably six or seven years ago now, I developed marks on my penis. It is difficult to explain just exactly what I mean. There are two small patches, slightly in excess of six millimetres round, where the pigment is much lighter than that of the pigment on the surrounding skin of the penis. The patches are very noticeable when the penis is in its flaccid state, but virtually disappear when the penis is erect, presumably because the pigment changes when blood enters the penis. At the time these patches appeared it was worrying, but having had no sexual contact for several months and following some reading on the subject I put the matter out of my mind. There was no rash, no spots or sores, no swelling or discharge, no discomfort inside the penis and no pain during urination. None of these symptoms has appeared subsequently. I have however, been much con-

Chopard
GENÈVE

SYDNEY: Percy Marks, 79 Castlereagh St and Regent Hotel; Perri, MLC Centre.
MELBOURNE: Theodores, Southern Cross Foyer, Buckleys and 259 Little Collins St.; Percy Marks, Georges.
BRISBANE: Xennox, City Plaza and Queen St. Mall.

cerned over recent months because of the involvement of my partner. Although I tell myself that the absence of sexual contact means that there is nothing to worry about, on the other hand I have never seen or heard of anybody else who has developed such marks. — *D.H., Hobart*

The marks you describe are due to a condition called Vitiligo. It is non-infectious, is unlikely to spread to other parts of the body and will not produce any other symptoms. We don't know the cause of this condition, though in some cases it is related to stress, and may sometimes be due to an auto-immunity. The whiteness of the patches is due to a failure of melanin production. This substance is normally present in the skin and increases in the presence of sunlight.

I think it is significant that you recognise logically that there is nothing to worry about, but you still worry. In other words your concern has a rational component to it but there is also a nagging worry present about yourself. This recurs despite reassurance from reading about the subject. I note that you believe your partner has not noticed the spots because they are less apparent when you have an erection. There are suggestions I would like to offer you about this. Because you do feel worried and because you and your partner are in a "long-term relationship", which is important to you, I think you should talk with her about your concern. Not because the spots are important but because intimacy necessitates emotional honesty. You are imagining that she has not noticed them, with the inference that if she had noticed she would have mentioned it to you. I think it is quite likely that she has noticed but doesn't mention it because you worry about yourself. In other words you are mind-reading her, and she is "protecting" you, imagining that you are unable to deal with the truth.

Looking at it from this point of view both of you are limiting communication with its possibilities for individual growth. What you will do when you communicate clearly with one another is talk about what you feel. In the example you have given, a clear statement would be something like this:

"I have white spots on my penis which scare me. I believe you may be scared/angry if you know about them, and think I have got a venereal disease. I want you to reassure me that you don't think I've got VD and are not angry with me. Will you do that?"

Some such statement from you provides her with the opportunity to know the facts, your feelings and beliefs and what you want, and in response you are certainly likely to get what you want more often. I should add that you will need practice but it will work for you.

Mystery symptoms

I have a problem which I sincerely hope you can help me with. My girlfriend spent Christmas in West Africa, where she admits she formed a relationship with a visiting white man. She also had a one-off liaison with a local colored man. When she arrived home she complained of feeling uncomfortable in her vagina, and had made an appointment to see her own doctor. In the meantime she suggested anal intercourse, as she had always wanted to try it. This we did. About two hours later I experienced a burning sensation along the length of my penis, which progressed to my groin and down the side to my testicles, eventually moving across the top of the pubic bone, accompanied by an uncomfortable feeling in the pit of my stomach, with movements similar to wind and a slight feeling of nausea. My girlfriend said the doctor had given her some pills (flagyl) which had cured her symptoms. I explained that I had got a reaction and suggested we both went for further tests to the local clinic. At the clinic, all the tests proved negative (urine, blood and smear). The doctor gave us some pills, bactrim and metronidazole, which eased the symptoms until 24 hours after finishing the course. My girlfriend suffered no further reaction, but in my case they all returned. I

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returned to the clinic with my girlfriend for another check-up. Again all the tests proved negative and I was prescribed oxytetracycline — a 10-day course. I still have a very uncomfortable feeling in my groin, slight feeling of nausea and a slight burning sensation underneath the tip of the penis after urination. Could you please help? I am frightened to have intercourse in case I have something that can be passed, or which will increase the present pain. My girlfriend has no symptoms at all. I really don't know what else I can do. — *E.W.J., Sydney*

You say that your girlfriend had two sexual relationships while holidaying in West Africa, and you report that soon thereafter she began to feel vaginal tenderness. Then you developed discomfort along the length of the penis with pain in the groin and nausea.

The probability is that you contracted an infection of a common type from your partner: most likely this would be caused by the yeast Candida albicans *or the protozoal organism* Trichomonas, *which are often implicated in cases of "cystitis" or "thrush". These pathogens do not always show up on blood, urine or smear tests. Only if the ailment were of bacterial origin would anti-biotic/sulphonamides (such as co-trimoxazole Bactrim or oxytetracycline) be likely to clear it up (eg these are excellent in cases of gonorrhea). However, there are relatively few drugs which are effective against other micro-organisms like those mentioned; of the medications available, metronidazole (Flagyl) is a widely-prescribed and useful remedy. A problem is that Candida and similar infections recur in many cases, and long-term treatment with metronidazole is undesirable for several reasons. Among its side-effects are gastro-intestinal disturbances, including nausea. Other treatments for such infections are the very recently introduced ketoconazole (Nizoral), which is taken as tablets, and isoconazole (Travogyn) vaginal pessaries: short courses of either may produce dramatic improvement, but practitioners are not encouraged to prescribe them because they are extremely expensive.*

While the most likely explanation of your symptoms is as already described, other possibilities should be considered. For instance, you might be suffering from epididymitis: this causes an inflammation of the spermatic cord, and symptoms include scrotal swelling, nausea, pain in the groin and fever. The condition is often, but not always, associated with prostate problems, and is a bacterial infection for which antibiotics are indispensable. The fact that your girlfriend has spent some time in a tropical country may have clinical significance: have you mentioned this to your specialist? In any case, do not hesitate to return to the Clinic for further treatment if the condition persists.

Fertility

There is a friend of mine who wants expert medical advice:

1. Age 47
2. Total Sperm Count 48 million Spermatozoa per ml.g. semen
3. Motility 80 to 90/sperms motile
4. Morphaby: 72/sperms normal 28/sperms abnormal

He wants to know:

a. Can he father a child with this sperm count?
b. If not — what medicines could enhance the sperm count?
c. Does age affect the sperm count?

When he was in his 20s and early 30s he fathered four children. — *J.M., Perth*

A satisfactory seminal analysis is only one of many factors involved in assessing a man's fertility.

The analysis given here is within the range of normal, so on these grounds alone one can say that the person concerned should be fertile. But the degree of fertility of the partner is equally important. It is rather more difficult to assess the fertility of the female, and quite elaborate tests may be required before even an answer based on only probability can be reached.

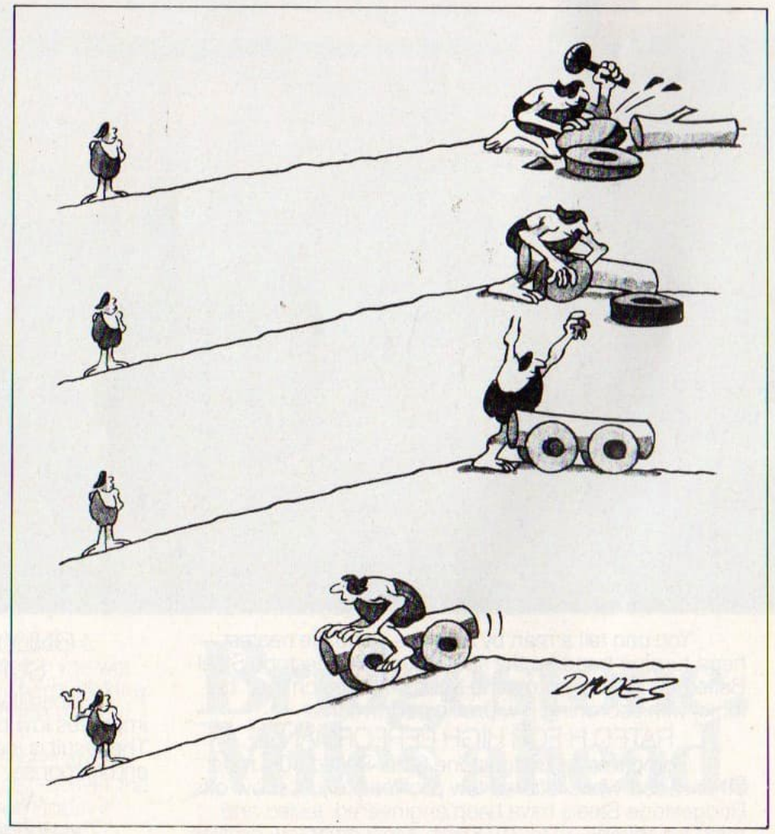
Age is a most significant factor in both sexes — maximum fertility is from 17 to 27. Thereafter fertility diminishes slowly until about 38 when there is a steeper fall which continues to become more marked as the years pass. This loss of fertility is relative and the views given refer to "probabilities" only, so in fact from time to time women in their 50s and men in their 70s may produce an offspring. In this particular case the details of the partner are of great importance.

Untidy tag

I have an amount of loose skin underneath the head of my penis where my frenulum used to be (I have been circumcised and my frenulum cut) and it looks very ugly. In erection this loose skin still hangs down. My own doctor doesn't seem interested with the problem. — R.T., Brisbane

I am sure you can have a small operation under local anaesthetic to improve the appearance of your penis. A certain amount of loose skin at the site you describe is not uncommon. It would have been unwise of your surgeon to cut the frenulum as it tugs on the glans when the skin of the penis shaft is stretched proximally and sensation in the glans is thereby enhanced.

I advise you to give priority to whether your penis works well for you.



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Sex is a two-way street, a matter of give and take, and one shouldn't quit too easily

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

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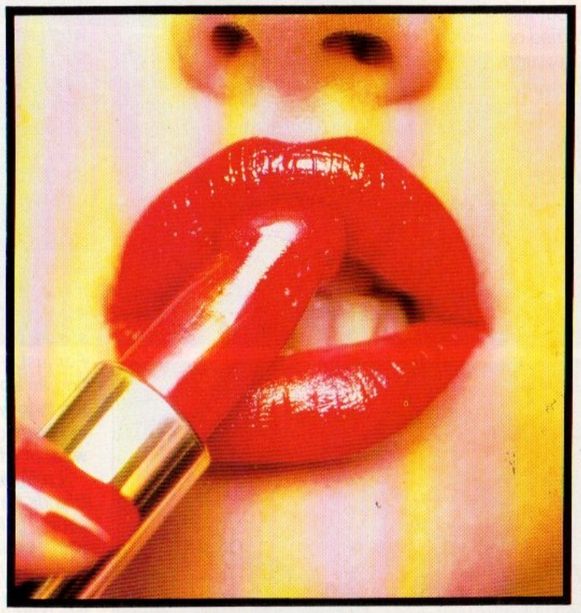


LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am a 24-year-old woman, married to a man with the problem of premature ejaculation. We have tried everything to make our love-making last long enough for me to get something out of it, but with no success.

A few months ago a friend of ours called me on a day off and asked if I wanted to go fishing with him and his son. His wife had to work, and so did my husband, so we planned a lunch and left early in the morning.

As he fished I played with his two-year-old son. We all had a lot of fun. His son got tired, though, so they dropped me off at my house and went home. It was still early in the day, so I called him up and asked if he would like to play cards.

When I arrived at his place, he answered the door only in his robe, saying to be quiet because his son had just dozed off. I asked where he put the cards, and he asked if I was serious. I replied, "Yes." After a few hands, he got up to get himself another beer (he had been drinking all morning). On his way back he came up to me and forced me up against the wall, pressing his lips against mine. He told me that he had wanted me for a long time, and that he wanted to take a shower with me and make love to me. I was so excited, and yet my upbringing did not allow me to cheat on my husband. So we had an embarrassing situation, and I ended up leaving.

We went a couple of months without even a word, and when we finally did start doing things together as a foursome, it was very awkward for him and me.

I want desperately to pick up where we left off that day, but the thought of cheating on my husband ruins the romance of what could be. If my husband was able to last for more than his 30 seconds in and out, only satisfying himself, I wouldn't consider another man. But as it stands now, all I can think about is what would have happened that day so long ago if I would have stayed to enjoy it. It would have been an act of pure lust. I need the satisfaction I'm not getting at home.
— A.T., address witheld

I don't think you have tried everything to help your husband. Remember his problem can be defined in two different ways: either the man ejaculates too soon or the woman comes too late. Thus a woman may find a man unsatisfactory because it occurs before she is satisfied. But the same man may well be able to satisfy another woman with quicker responses. The timing of orgasm is basically a matter of couples' mutual adjustment, and in many cases it may well be the woman who can contribute the most. At any rate, she should know that with her help practically every man can learn to delay his orgasm as long as either of them want it delayed.

Have you tried oral sex or has your husband tried to please you before intercourse? During foreplay he can stimulate your clitoris while you gently touch his penis. When you feel he is approaching orgasm, squeeze the tip of his penis really hard and distract his attention. This action has to be repeated several times, and once you have orgasmed, then he can do as he likes; and even if it lasts 30 seconds, at least you will have been satisfied. I often read of husbands who accuse their wives of being frigid, while in return, women like you refer to their husbands as selfish. Sex is a two-way street, a matter of give and take, and one shouldn't quit too easily.

PASSION FOR PANTIES

I am male, age 25, and married two years. I have a fetish for

XAVIERA

panties. This all started when I was 18. My sister's friend Cynthia was staying at our house for the weekend. She was 18 and beautiful. All that Saturday I had numerous chances to see her yellow panties under her dress. As you remember, dresses were then so short that every time a girl sat down you had a shot (as we called it). It used to make me very horny.

That night, after they were out, I went into my sister's room to borrow a Beatles album, and I noticed those yellow panties on the floor. I immediately took them into my room and locked the door. I stripped down and lay on my bed and examined them for 30 minutes. I found them extremely arousing.

Since then I have been collecting worn panties by taking them from dirty clothes hampers when we visit friends. My wife is open-minded and doesn't mind my fantasies with the panties. I have over 30 pairs. I have also corresponded with a girl who sent me a pair of panties and a picture of her with them on. I have talked about this with her on the phone. I also get turned on when I can see the panty line through jeans or skirts. Is this strange? — A.C.C., address withheld.

As I have said in previous letters, I see absolutely no harm in cherishing lots of ladies' undies. I've heard about a lot of men who are turned off by the scent of a woman's vagina, so it's great to hear about guys who can get off on it. It's so natural! But I wonder if your wife's panties are similarly erotic.

THE PERIL OF OVEREATING

I am only 21 but I have been working at various jobs since I was 14. I do look older than my age, and most people believe I am 23 or 24. I know that I am built better than most girls, and I don't dress in a provocative way, because I found out when I was 15 that most guys automatically assume you are easy just by the way you dress.

My problem is that every man I have known over the age of 30 wants to have oral sex with me. I will admit that I have had sex with a few guys, but I am very selective, and once every couple of weeks is all I want and I can do without sex. I had to leave one very good job I had because, even though I liked it, the boss, who was married with three children, wanted to have oral sex every night after work. Even though the pay was exceptionally good I didn't enjoy sex with him that much.

What do you say or do to turn men off? Even my minister has suggested that oral sex wouldn't be the same as intercourse and that it would be best for me at my age. You may think that I am conceited, and I will say that I am and I have a right to be. I work hard, I dress in good taste, I keep my mind and body clean, and I don't drink or take drugs. I don't smoke and I mind my own business. — J.K., address withheld

You live a perfectly healthy life and may well live to be a hundred years old. But it seems like one of the dullest possible existences. Does a girl like you have any fun at all? I would have thought at your age you would at least be interested in a nice young man to share a long term relationship with. As far as your story about your boss is concerned — come on, I believe most of what you wrote, but that has to be a phony story. Nobody has to have sex with her boss every night.

GERIATRICKS

I was married more than 20 years when it came to an end two years ago. For a while I was too bitter to have anything to do with women, so I took up a flirty relationship with a waitress named Catherine at a coffee shop near where I work. She's good looking, with a figure that would do justice to your centrefold. One afternoon after work we were talking about modern music when she invited me to her flat to listen to some records. I went up with no intention other than listening to music, since I regarded her as too young, and probably too innocent, for me.

Once we got to her place she put on some records and went into her room to change. I made myself comfortable on her lounge.

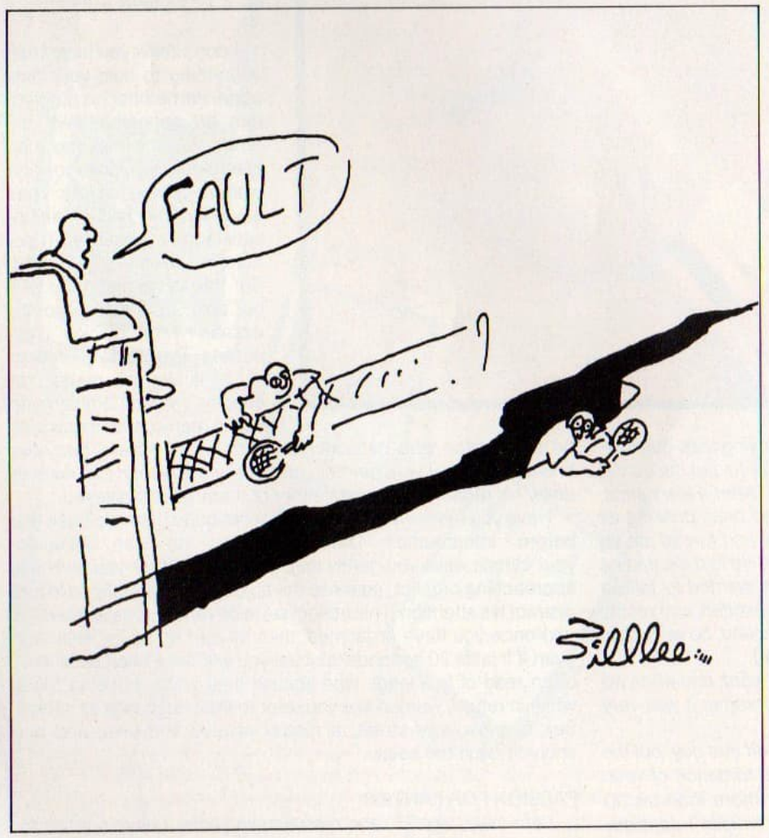
We had not turned on the lights on entering her flat, since it was summer and it was still light. But when the music came to an end the light was dim. That was when she kissed me, catching me by surprise. For just a few moments I considered putting an end to the matter, but I had been too long without a woman and responded very enthusiastically. I have never met a woman who is so sexual.

I married her within a few months. My friends say I am a fool, thinking she's a young gold digger, but she went to bed with me not knowing much about my finances. I kept quite a bit after my divorce and I never let her know until after we were married. — P.R., address withheld

So now you are married to a pretty, sexy young lady and you can taste the delights of being young once more. You complain that your first marriage was much more conservative, but so were you and everybody else in the country. You should not really blame your ex-wife. The relationship you have right now seems to be purely sexual.

You did not mention anything about her as a person, other than how nice she is to make love with.

Inner beauty usually grows with maturity in life, and your present wife has probably got a long way to go before reaching an adult level of thinking.



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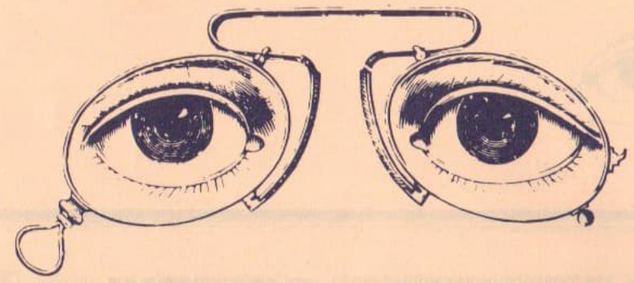


VIEW FROM THE TOP

BUT IS IT CRICKET?

BY MUNGO MACCALLUM

In the summer of 1982-83, Australian cricket enjoyed a boom period unexcelled since the war. The only comparable season was that of 1960-61, when Sir Frank Worrell's amazing West Indians demonstrated just how stultified the game had become, but the Sixties revival was not really sustained; for some time, cricket resumed its traditional status as a game for cricket lovers. Then the cricketers themselves became increasingly restive at what they saw as the stuffy, elitist, and above all miserly attitude of the game's administrators. And on the commercial horizon, a cloud no bigger than Kerry Packer waited, brooded and schemed.

When Packer finally made his move, the split which followed caused a period of unexampled chaos. The traditionalists hated every moment of it: the new jazzed-up rules (which at that stage applied to the Packer five-day games — the so-called "Supertests" — as well as to the limited over stuff) were anathema, the white balls and the colored costumes an affront, and above all the quite cynical and blatant commercialism involved in the whole operation seemed for many to signal the end of civilization as we know it. But the problem both the traditionalists and the administrators had to face was that, to some degree at least, the commercialism worked. Not only were vast sums of new money channelled into the game in the form of salaries for the players and promotion for the fixtures, but interest in it lurched upwards. A whole new audience suddenly appeared — one which ultimately had the numbers. When the shattered administrators finally signed their peace treaty with Packer, it was this that they were really acknowledging. On paper, at least, the traditionalists had regained control of the game, but it was a game which had changed forever. Brighter cricket meant more action, faster scoring and bigger hitting. At the conclusions of the first day of Packer's first Supertest, one of the maestro's PR men produced a page of statistics which, he said, proved conclusively that Packer cricket was better than traditional cricket. The conservatives were appalled at such naivete, but the new audience, whose money was every bit as valuable and a lot more prolific than theirs, seemed to agree with Packer.

Brighter cricket also meant heroes and villains. Again, this was not exactly a new concept, as anyone who has read of the bodyline series of the 1930s would be painfully aware. But as his name implies, Packer packaged them. Dennis Lillee, the Chappell brothers, Rod Marsh, Doug Walters and the like had always been popular players; Packer made them into superstars. They accepted the transformation with enthusiasm. Not only did it mean they suddenly became considerably richer, but it meant they could now indulge their not inconsiderable egos in a manner which would have been completely unacceptable in the days when cricket was considered, rightly or wrongly, to be the sport of gentlemen.

And as it happened, the big name players later found that they and their sponsors and tax accountants (many of whom were spin-offs from the Packer days) could afford to get choosey. They were available for the glamor games, which meant mainly those in Australia, but not for the hard work that kept the whole industry for such it had become, running. The Packer people said, with considerable justification, that the centre of the cricketing world had now shifted from Lords to the Melbourne Cricket Ground. What they meant was that tradition had ceased to matter as much as the pulling power of the box office, but it was an argument which was hard to refute in terms of modern day cricket. The Australian season had certainly become the business boom period. In their eagerness to reap the boom, just about everyone involved over-reached themselves. "Disgusted of Yagoona" and his friends started writing querulous letters to the editor about the confusing nature of the summer: you never quite knew who was playing whom, or at what. The Australian cap-

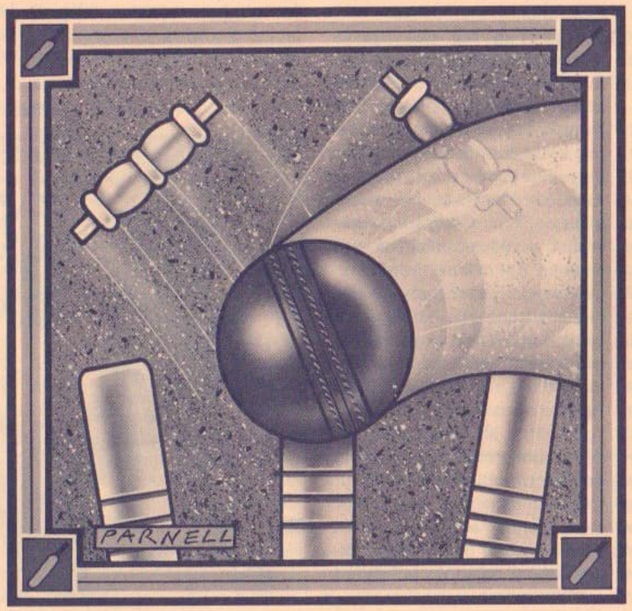
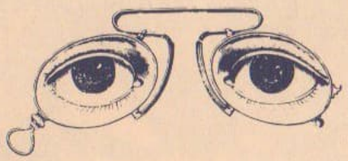


Illustration by Miles Parnell



taincy changed hands at the whim of Greg Chappell's business commitments, and the best of the forgotten Sheffield Sheild players, such as Dirk Wellham and Greg Ritchie, could find themselves demi-heroes during thankless (and generally losing) overseas tours, only to be ruthlessly discarded on their return to Australia, where the superheroes were waiting to resume the real business of the day.

The past summer has seen at least the start of some kind of rationalisation, which is one reason for the extraordinary success of the operation. Essentially, what the controllers did was to recognise that there are now two kinds of cricket, and two kinds of audiences. In doing so, they turned the whole thing into a quite well-structured dramatic production.

Of course, there was a lot more to it than that. But it was a remarkably satisfying summer, and perhaps there is the hint of better things to come. There are at least signs that the players and the selectors are starting to realise that "real" (or Test) cricket, and "pyjama" (or one-day) cricket, are essentially different games, and need to be treated differently on every level. Obviously, the audiences overlap, especially in Melbourne; but then, on a Melbourne Sunday you could probably get 40,000 people to a tiddliwinks tournament as long as you sold pies and beer. What is slowly dawning on everyone concerned with cricket is that it now is quite literally a different ball game — or more correctly, two different ball games. There is no earthly reason why both should not succeed as commercial propositions, and each on its own terms. Nor is there any reason why players, and for that matter trainers and administrators, should not make the transition from one to another. This has happened in other areas of commerce, and indeed of sport — the most obvious example being the football codes of rugby league and rugby union. But the key point is that there are essentially different skills required for each, there are essentially different audiences who want to watch the different skills, and it is time to make the break.

Limited-over cricket is not about individual innings or wickets; it is about runs. Batsmen have to make runs fast, and bowlers and fieldsmen have to prevent them from doing so. Nothing else matters. If the fielding side has the good fortune to strike a slow batsman, or one they can tie down, the last thing in the world they want to do is to get him out — the next man in might start getting runs. Bowlers should avoid the temptation to bowl straight at the slow man, in case he misses one. If he gives a catch, it should be dropped. It might take some time to unlearn the basic cricketing skills of bowling and fielding, but probably not too much of it. After all, the better one-day batsmen have managed to rid themselves of everything they were taught about correct play in a remarkably short period.

Separating the two events completely would also mean that the one-day promoters could have a completely free hand in experimenting with the rules, to enforce still brighter play: eight-point sixes, tougher rules on time-wasting, more dials on Tony Greig's Weather Wall ... the possibilities are endless. But mainly, the separation would mean that the tradionalists could have their game back, with their own collection of flannelled fools gently stroking the red ball into the covers, to the occasional murmur of "good shot sir." And we latter-day cricket conservatives could go back to writing lyrically about this last remaining link with a more gentlemanly past, while the real world of one-day commercialism raged on unheeded around us.

SOUNDS

NICE GUYS

Martin Plaza, lead crooner with **Mental As Anything,** has one of those disarming smiles and languidly soothing voices that make women melt and men envious. No matter how big a bastard he may be, he is always somehow a victim: "Fiona, if you find the worm is turning and headed for another piece of ground / Remember that the worm is only learning / His crying is a most depressing sound." He can be pragmatic ("No, I don't feel a thing / You'd better feel nothing too"); a cuddly lover ("Once again my hands are warm / Feeling your familiar form") but above all, he is Mr Nice Guy. On *Creatures Of Leisure* (Regular) he and fellow Mentals continue their production relationship with Bruce Brown and Russel Dunlop, who were responsible for *Cats and Dogs.* Prior to that disc the Mentals had been the act you really liked, but you had to work very hard to love their albums.

In this current guise they are lounging lawn lizards sipping Brandivino and lemonade under the fringed Shelta tropicana beside the Dri-clad above-ground with the Victa Corvette purring in the background. These suburban playboys continue to refine their song making with minor changes. The rhythm section still provides snappy two-feels or light shuffles, and Reg Mombasa remains infatuated with the dwayne bar on his electric guitar. There is more acoustic guitar, as heralded by the introductory offer single "Close Again", and the melodies tend to float more, like next-door neighbors in your pool as summer deepens. Greedy Smith, the Les Patterson of Australian rock, clocks in with some pleasant surprises in keyboard

Mentals . . . *suburban playboys?*

sounds. Transcending his image as a mere Farfisarist, he has used a Fairlight synthesiser to provide a xylophone ("Spirit Got Lost"), tasteful atmospherics ("Brain, Brain" — a little gem) and other sonic subtleties. *Creatures* contains at least a good handful of fine hummable tunes to tan by.

"We are living far from home, Dreams of Immigrants" sings Sandii with the **Sunsetz** on *Immigrants* (Sire). Rock is historically a Western invention, though it has since been embraced in a creative way by other parts of the world. This band is possibly one of the more Westernised of Japan's new league artists, and Sandii even appears on the cover in the style of a Japanese actress made up for a Hollywood era when slanted eyes probably only got you a role as a house domestic. The Sunsetz don't adhere to the electronic idiom of national faves the Yellow Magic Orchestra, but draw more from people like Talking Heads, Blondie (as in the up-tempo pumper "Wanted"), the B52s (hear the mono guitar twang of "Perfect Strangers") and British band Japan. Japan's bombshell David Sylvian has even provided lyrics for three tunes as well as backup vocals, and the expanded Heads are represented by percussionist Steve Scales and singer Dollette McDonald. This multi-cultural mix is perversely compounded by translations of some lyrics being sung in French. The Far East has recently been a fashionable preoccupation with sections of the Western rock world like Sylvian's band. The result here of this international trading in influences is not a patchy curio but a stylish (their "image maker" even gets a credit), hugely listenable disc. Shifting, lilting rhythms with handclap and snare accents underpin melodies and keyboard sounds that more than hint at their country of origin in beautiful songs like "Illusion" and the typical Sylvian pose "Living On The Front Line."

More strictly European territory is **Lene Lovich's** *No Man's Land* (Stiff) — her first album for more than two years. The lady has been busy touring Stateside, along with TV show crawls in Europe and starring in a musical on the mysterious dancer Mata Hari in London. A song from that show, "Rocky Road", is included here — "There's a land I've seen in a

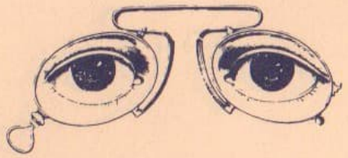
Sandii and the Sunsetz

dream where peace of mind is easy to find." Eschewing her 1978 notion that "Home is just emotion sticking in your throat" she and companion/guitarist/co-writer Les Chappell have also been hard at work installing a studio in their new country home. All this points to a busy little Lovich who unfortunately has produced and solicited songs of limited value. Lyrically none of them have the edge of early tracks like "Lucky Number", "Home" or the Thomas Dolby-penned interim single "New Toy". They generally chug along at a consistent level of danceability, slowing only for the melancholic guitar figure of "Walking Low". Nine producers have delivered a surprisingly homogenous collection of nine tracks with only a few memorable guitar/synthesiser lines (eg "Special Star"). There is, however, that magnificent Lovich voice with its mighty whoops and swoops — great sounds, but what is she really trying to tell us?

"God ain't in my kitchen and God ain't in my room / God ain't in the lampshade / I think we're safe" sighs a relieved Neil Arthur as he signs off from **Blancmange's** debut album *Happy Families* (London). Believe me, this boy's been through a lot. From disco anguish of "Feel Me" ("feel me now, feel the pain"), to "I've Seen The Word", to being asked to save a friend from "this coma called life", and finding himself "living on the ceiling, no room down there" (with tabla and sitar echoes of Third World over-population). Blancmange is the synthesiser duo of Arthur (an Englishman who must surely go to bed with his coat, cravat and sunglasses on) and Stephen Luscombe, the non-vocal half. Other players guest, including a real drummer (gasp, horror) on two tracks. They vacillate between getting down (as much as their drum machine's bubbling funk feels allow) and being down. The quirky humor of their singles "God's Kitchen", "Feel Me" and "Living On The Ceiling", and the moodiness of "Waves" sound less impressive en masse and fleshed out to an album with tracks like the banal instrumental "Sad Day". Blancmange is essentially a sweet white jelly and the boys make the mistake of trying to inject it with some of the angst of a failed souffle. If not totally satisfying, *Happy Families* is still palatable and fun.

White man's disco might have faded with the satin flares and reruns of "Saturday Night Fever", but the music has survived on mainly black radio stations. American city streets resound with the painfully loud ghetto blasters — massive portable radios that make city blocks pulse to disco as their colored owners boogie along (whitey strolls oblivious, protected by his Sony Walkman cone of noise). Two phenomena arising from this second-generation disco have been star DJs who play sets like a band, juggling sounds from a whole myriad of records with two record players; and "rap" — a spoken, free association banter to this funky collage. **Grandmaster Flash** ("the king of the cuts on two turntables") and **The Furious Five** (rappers with "platinum vocal chords") have gained notoriety here with "The Message", a tale of street-wise wisdom in the face of New York City's sordid realism ("Don't push me cos I'm close to the edge"). The subsequent album *Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five* (Sugarhill) turns out to be more like an interesting sociological document than a great record. Apart from "The Message" we get four funky raps that basically babble on about the speakers' sexual largesse and how you just got to git on down mama and dance. These are contrasted heavily by a schmaltzy ooh-ah tribute to Stevie Wonder — "When we dream of you we believe everthing you see" (are these guys for real?) — and one to the Lord: "You Are (very beautiful to me, our Father.)" Er . . . great, guys . . . leave your phone number and we'll be in touch.

From New York City where "all the people dressed like monkeys" to Los Angeles for some wholesome white cynicism. **Randy Newman** chronicles *Trouble In Paradise* (WEA), where "everybody's very happy 'cause the sun is shining all the time." He slips again into the good ole boy persona, this time LA-based with occasional excursions to Capetown and Miami ("best dope in the world"). This hip redneck manages a thought for those who died defending the Lifestyle's right to exist. "Our country, boys ... though it's quite far away found itself jeopardised by these very gooks who lie beside you." The



prime rationale for all the values he adopts, and consequently trashes, is "My Life is Good, you old bag."

The Party Boys *Live At Several 21st's (Oz).* Five local rock luminaries (from Angels, Mondo, Sherbet, Clapton, Oz Crawl) relive their formative years in public.

Our own Men are still hard at work but in Canada there are three **Men Without Hats** on *Rhythm Of Youth* — sparse "new wave techno pop" Little Steven and the Disciples of Soul have hats but lack the sobering effect of a sheila. *Men Without Women* (EMI) sees Miami Steve amateur pop effort that nevertheless inspired Altered Images and Haircut 100. Replayable.

Manfred Mann's Earthband *Somewhere In Afrika* (Bronze). Mr Mann returns to birthplace with tape recorder to collect black South African music to be computer-coded with his London band.

From somewhere in New Zealand comes **Blam Blam Blam** with *Luxury Length* (Propellor), a sense of humor and strong, well-played modern pop influences. Nextdoor the **Screaming Meemees** claim *If This Is Paradise I'll Take The Bag* (Propellor). "Raw and stirring" effort from current Kiwi popsters sub-

Flash and the Five . . . *funky rappers*

on leave from Bruce Springsteen's band sounding like the Boss impersonating early Dylan in an R&B setting.

The Jam *Beat Surrender EP* (Polydor). Ultimate vinyl preserve from this great defunct British trio.

Dire Straits *Extended Dance Play* (Vertigo). After introspective investigations it's time for some "Twisting By The Pool".

Fad Gadget *Under The Flag* (Abstract). East London via Leeds Polytechnic, Frank Tovey sings evocative lyrics through closed teeth to a burying backing.

Orange Juice *Rip It Up* (Polydor). More in tune than last year's ject to real local adulation.

Doobie Do Disc (Propellor) — Six-track sampler from Propellor Records containing all of the above and more from a host of new and used artists.

Eric Clapton *Money And Cigarettes* (Duck). Ever since the Cream soured, God Slowhand has been living off picking and sliding the blues. Despite recent ill-health, doctors have prescribed no change in diet.

Gilberto Gil *Ao Vivo* (WEA). Postcalypso age South American populist on voice, guitar and band at Montreux Jazz Festival. Only song in English: "Chuck Berry Fields Forever." — *Jeremy Cook*

WORDS

TOUGH TRADE

William H. Hallahan's latest thriller **The Trade** (Thomas Nelson, $5.95) has a preposterous proposition as its central theme — a plot by a bunch of bitter old German army officers to overthrow the USSR by enlisting the help of communist China. It's unbelievable; it's absurd. But Hallahan, with remarkable literary dexterity, gets away with it, creating an exhilarating tale of adventure and intrigue.

The trade is the arms industry. When a prinicpal of Excalibur Ltd, one of the world's biggest arms dealers, is gunned down in Cologne, uttering the cryptic phrase "Doomsday Book" as he dies, his partner in the business, Colin Thomas (ex-CIA, ex-Vietnam), sets out on the trail of his killers, but soon discovers that he has bitten off more than he can chew. Thomas is no superman. He has a number of interesting flaws and the author makes full use of them.

Hallahan, after making quite an impression with his previous thrillers, is bound to enhance his reputation with this one, combining a tight and neatly-woven plot with a variety of interesting characters and brilliantly-created action sequences both in and out of doors, which all build up to some gripping and very satisfying final scenes.

The world needs another self-help book like I need a second arsehole. Australian bookshop shelves are clogged with slim volumes telling you how to be powerful, successful and irresistible to the opposite sex . . . instruction manuals on every subject from how to be your own best friend to how to have a beautiful bum.

As far as I'm concerned, you can't teach an old dog new tricks, so I didn't expect Donald Carroll's **Why Didn't I Say That?** (New English Library, $3.95), which offers to instruct you in the art of verbal self-defence by permanently protecting you against interrogation, intimidation, boredom and other disastrous conversational situations, to change my life for better or worse, or even improve my limited conversational abilities. And it didn't.

Carroll claims his book is more than a collection of bon mots. In fact, it's less. Most of the ripostes supplied by him to predictable verbal affronts such as "You don't know what you're talking about," "Didn't anybody ever tell you that . . ." or "What do you do?" are so pathetic that the term "bon mot" cannot be applied to them.

Among other methods for shutting people up, Carroll suggests tactics which create confusion, diversion or exasperation but are also likely to enrage your opponent to such an extent that he will reply with an appropriate form of non-verbal communication — namely a knuckle sandwich.

Once a man-hater, always a man-hater. Erica Jong couldn't write a recipe for apple pie without inserting some snide reference to the inadequacies of the opposite sex. So it is not surprising to see that she has turned her latest effort into an anti-male diatribe. But, despite the handicap of her prejudices, this babe can write. **Witches** (Granada, $15.95) is an illustrated mix of fact and fantasy, a poet and artist's evocation of witches rather than a dry historical analysis.

Artist Joseph A. Smith lets the author down with his illustrations: his cute images of witches don't complement the words. They would look good in a book of children's fairy tales. But Jong's energetic and entertaining poetry and prose present some interesting tit-bits of information. In the Middle Ages, the witch was a scapegoat for the religious and ruling classes, who blamed her for deteriorating social and economic conditions. Historians' estimates of the number of women executed between the 14th and 17th Centuries, after being forced to confess to acts like flying through the air and making love to the devil, vary between half a million and nine million.

Despite her occasional flashes of erudition and insight, the feminist author of *Fear Of Flying* and *How To Save Your Own Life* can't restrain herself from marring the text by reiterating the shaky assetion that the history of witchcraft is inextricably bound up with male fear of women. A hex on her and her hairy-legged coven.

Ted Willis has chosen the Japanese break-out from the Cowra POW camp as the central event in his novel **The Naked Sun** *(Thomas Nelson, $5.95).* His protagonist, Australian farmer Tom Boyd, watched his wife being raped and killed by Japanese invaders in New Guinea. With hatred festering inside him, Boyd is drawn to Cowra, where he gets his chance to take revenge when hordes of prisoners, unarmed and vulnerable, swarm over the wire and into the surrounding bushland.

Willis concentrates on one Japanese prisoner, Captain Tomochika, and sets up a confrontation between him and the Australian as the climax to his tale. It is the reader's desire to know the result of this clash which motivates him to push through the 200 pages of flat prose. Unfortunately, while the resolution is quite neat, it is not the dramatic denouement which the author insinuates is inevitable throughout the story.

Willis' clumsy attempts to give an insight into the mind and motivation of the modern Japanese warrior are a little off-target, as are his descriptions of the Australian character and environment. The book does contain some fine passages, but these are distinctive mainly because they are rare. *The Naked Sun* is competent but colorless — the perfect adventure thriller for the weak-hearted. It certainly won't set your pulse racing.

Depending upon which books you read, the earth is going to be inherited by either the meek or the cockroaches. Douglas Dixon's book **After Man** (Granada, $14.95), sub-titled "A Zoology Of The Future", presents another option, with his vision of the fauna which will inhabit the planet 50 million years from now.

Meticulously illustrated by a variety of artists, Dixon's creatures are humorous, imaginative and credible, by dint of his credentials as a graduate in palaeontology. His future world is described by a time traveller from today who has voyaged to the world of that time and studied its animal life.

Man is extinct. After he dies out, the evolutionary processes upon which he has wreaked such destruction get back to work and repair the damage. According to Dixon, man would still recognise the world 50 million years from today. The climate and vegetation will be similar, but the geography will have changed. Continental drift will have turned South America into an island, while Australia, Eurasia and North America will have been driven together.

Animals, adapting to the changes in their environment, will adopt new forms — like the Rabbuck, a rabbit which has evolved to take on many of the characteristics of the deer. Predators include the Falanx, a dog-like creature with an obvious and evil tinge of rat in its features, which hunts in packs.

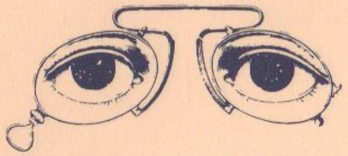
The desert shark is a different type of predator; he is sausage-shaped and pink, with a blunt, strong head and powerful shovel-like feet which he uses to swim through the sand rather than for burrowing. He bursts into small rodents' nests and devours them. At rest, the desert shark lies just below the surface of the sand with only his eyes protruding.

Witches . . . *energetic but prejudiced prose*

After Man includes a section on Australia and the likely evolution of the marsupials. Some diffusion of animals will have taken place 50 million years from now, between Australia and the rest of the northern continent, but the subcontinent will still have predominantly marsupial fauna, although these creatures will have adapted to the tropical forests which will cover much of the region.

The vicious hiri hiri, a descendant of the Tasmanian devil, will prey on small creatures like the slobber — a marsupial sloth which spends nearly all its life hanging from trees and vines. The slobber is totally blind and subsists on insects that it catches in the flowers of its home creeper by entangling them in long strands of mucus dangling from its mouth. Despite Dixon's assertion that mankind will have been extinct for 50 million years before the appearance of the slobber, the similarities between it and my girlfriend are so great that I can't help wondering whether this blind, snotty, sedentary creature is not some sort of throwback from her breed. But that's another story. Dixon's is a better one, and *After Man* is a marvellous book.

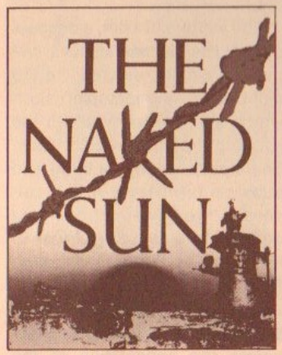
The best laughs are those that are had at someone else's expense, and if there's one social class that can afford to be ridiculed it's the upper one — the stiff upper lip types who went to the right school, who still wear its tie, who survive because of their leech-like connections to the old-boy network, and who invariably stutter slightly as a result of genera-



tions of inbreeding amongst their ancestors and strict toilet training from frustrated nannies.

In **The Official Sloane Ranger Handbook** (Angus and Robertson, $6.95) authors Ann Barr and Peter York have done a comprehensive hatchet job on the British upper classes, imitations of which do exist — from Toorak to Turramurra — in this colonial outpost.

Starting their book with a few definitive rules for aspiring Sloane Rangers — don't look sexy, avoid tight clothes, no facial hair — Barr and York move on to discuss "What really matters", which includes breeding, society and the country. "Just saying you were brought up in the country stands for so many

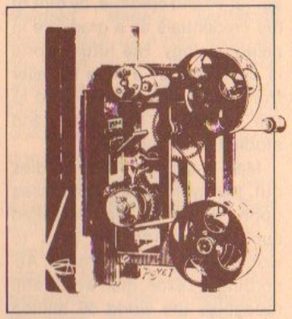


Naked Sun — *not so hot*

things," the authors advise. "Having the old stuff, handling village people, understanding animals, riding well."

They continue with a detailed look at the Sloane at school (preferably Eton), at work (the law, or perhaps another lucrative profession like accounting; the arts are too poofy), and at play (skiing or sailing please). *The Official Sloane Handbook* is high-quality humor. It spent months on the English best-seller lists and deserves to do well out here because it is one of the most sophisticated and sustained pieces of social satire seen in print for many years. — *Phil Abraham*

FILMS



NO SOLUTIONS

There was nothing final about Hitler's "Final Solution" where literature and the arts have been concerned. Anger generated by the slaughter of six million Jews burns like an eternal flame, with each retelling taking on new coloring as it strives to realise the immensity of the madman's bloody purpose. Colorings in **Sophie's Choice** come by way of author William Styron's best-selling novel; the new realisation through screenwriter and director Alan J. Pakula's adaptation of what had been declared an almost impossible book to transfer to the screen.

Following World War II, the young former non-combatant Stingo (a Southern alter-ego for Styron) arrives in New York with dreams of becoming a writer. Having moved into the low-rent district of Brooklyn — a pink palace decorated in Army surplus paint — his envisaged summer of creativity is encroached upon by two passionate people living in the room above him. Sophie, a Polish immigrant whose past is clearly marked with the concentration camp stamp of identification, and Nathan — Jewish and intellectual, blazing with the schizoid moods of true brilliance — are lovers as passionate in battle as they are in peace in their all-consuming relationship.

Mesmerised by the charisma inherent in these two people — the magic and chemistry that is both their bond and, ultimately, their damnation — the young Southerner's Protestant sensibilities are challenged by the complexities of these two with whom he becomes infatuated, and through them the complexities of Hitler's Final Solution. At first Sophie, the Catholic daughter of an academic, carries a heavy burden after having survived the horrendous concentration camps experience while those she loved had not. Framed in his romantic vision as a figure of doom, Stingo dotes on Sophie; he becomes willing to ignore the passion she carries for Nathan, the brilliant academic (or so he seems) who is working on some top secret project which has the potential to take him to the top of academia.

Nathan's mood swings, put down by Sophie to the enormous pressure of work, destroy the tranquility of the growing love between the three, as Sophie's lover uses the truths he has managed to bury about her concentration camp experiences as ammunition with which to wound her — and undermine Stingo's infatuation with the woman. Each new revelation of bitter truth is meant to shake the pedestal on which Stingo's adolescent, virginal yearnings have placed her. Gradually, in the course of this lengthy (at around two and a half hours) excursion into human enigma, Sophie's "choice" becomes apparent; it exists both in the present, in her pendulum swing between Stingo's innocence and Nathan's emerging insanity, and in the revelation of her past, in finally stripping away the lie with which she has managed to give her life some credence since her fateful meeting with the ever-maddening Nathan.

Wearing his three hats as screenwriter, director and co-producer, Alan J. Pakula has made his transferral of Styron's novel to the screen a personal quest, one stamped with an integrity that is rare for today's cinema. Never allowing spectacle to get in the way of the

Streep and Kline in Sophie's Choice

recreation of New York 1947, where the emergence of Sophie's "choice" takes place, he keeps the eye decisively on Sophie (played superbly by Meryl Streep, with a Polish accent delightfully fracturing the English language), Nathan (Kevin Kline, twice a winner of Broadway's Tony awards and now making his film debuts in *Sophie's Choice* and *The Pirates Of Penzance*) and Stingo (Peter MacNicol, also theatre-based, moving from last year's fantasy feature *Dragonslayer* on to more substantial material here). Their dialogue, although concerning the world's abhorrence at a crime against humanity, focusses entirely upon the privacy of the three. It is their hope, despair, damnation and (for Stingo, at least) education with which Pakula/Styron are concerned; thus they reinforce the age-old realisation that any choice made by an individual or a race carries with it an inheritance from which there is no escape.

Searching for a location and a subject to combine in a story about Queensland, writer/producer John Dingwell (author of *Sunday Too Far Away*) settled on central Queensland's gemfields at Rubyvale, near Emerald, and a conflict between tradition and progress. **Buddies** — Mike and Johnny — are part of the shantytown mining community picking and shovelling a living from the gems, and pursuing a life free of any conformity or strictures. That is, until the price of sapphires takes off on the American market and their bush tranquility is destroyed by the coming of the front-end loaders. In a sequence of *Mad Max 2*-like mobile destruction, opposing factions take to each other in the unwieldly mechanical monsters, the loser being a D9 bulldozer which takes a dive over a cliff. *Buddies* was produced in co-operation with the Queensland Film Corporation.

Buddies . . . *a duel between mechanical monsters*

As those films that have managed to garner audience approval at the box office wend their way through the national distribution chain of capital cities, suburbs, country towns and outposts, *Penthouse* updates its assessment of what's currently on offer.

The Verdict: Paul Newman finally makes the break from sex symbol of the Sixties into full-blown middle age with one of his most significant performances since the fire-in-his-belly days of *The Hustler* and *Hud.* Playing the washed-out and near-alcoholic Frank Galvin, a lawyer from the wrong side of the Boston tracks, he takes on the Catholic Church in a malpractice suit. Galvin is given one last chance to rectify a life gone off the rails.

An Officer And A Gentleman: Doing for the Eighties what Newman did for the Sixties, Richard Gere gets up there where he belongs with Deborah Wigner, the two coming from a place similar to Frank Galvin's. Both are determined to make something of their lot, he as an officer and a gentleman in the navy flight arm, she (hopefully) as the wife of an officer. The film has been damned by some as Fifties melodrama refitted for these times; but screenwriter Douglas Day and director Taylor Hackford know their Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn well enough to dish up an appetising pastiche as digestible now as a less bowderised mix was back then.

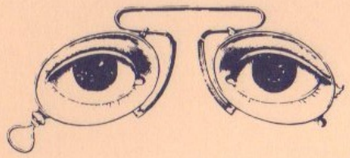
My Favorite Year: Staying with male bravado performance, Peter O'Toole portrays an extravert-alcoholic-hedonist and all-round swashbuckler from Hollywood of the Thirties guesting on a 1954 *live* TV comedy hour. As with Newman, O'Toole makes the most of his best role in years — able, as he is, to use those character traits that have kept him at second ranking for so long to make this a favorite of the year, with an impressive directorial debut for actor Richard Benjamin.

The Dark Crystal: Creator Jim Henson shows that his efforts in developing The Muppets into the social phenomena they became by the latter part of the Seventies were only muscle-flexing for the real job at hand. Taking a smidgen of creative impetus from Tolkien, he traverses sophisticated puppetry and fantasy to spin a tale of the dark time that has befallen his imaginary world — one (methinks) Walt Disney of old would have instilled with the magic missing from Henson and Co's production. Kermit and Miss Piggy would not have gone astray.

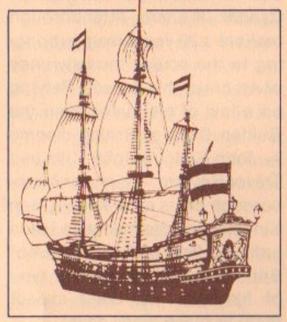
Gandhi: Richard Attenborough realises a 20-year dream in bringing to the screen the *Lawrence of Arabia* of this decade. Relying on a few of his mates from the Golden Days of British cinema — John Gielgud, John Mills and Trevor Howard — director Attenborough casts an unknown, Ben Kingsley, as the man who leads India out from under the cloak of British imperialism, in the type of film you just don't expect them to make these days.

The Clinic: Chris Haywood, for some time now one of the mainstays of Australian films in his co-star billings, takes the lead in an unusual socio-comedy concerning a day in the life of a VD clinic. Also making his step up (from TV and *A Town Like Alice*) is director David Stevens, who juggles the multitude of characters, ever aware that he is working a sensitive topic where the danger could have been that of laughter turning to smirk. An adventurous step for writer Greg Millin, and for Stevens, Heywood and cast.

We Of The Never-Never: Part of the rich tapestry of Australian colonial days romanticised along with *The Man From Snowy River* and here documented with a more basic eye, but just as beautifully photographed. Angela Punch-McGregor and Arthur Dignam bring "new chums" Jeannie and Aeneas Gunn very much alive as they tackle the hostility and prejudices of our great barren northern interior. If for no other reason, the heartache of reviving and rebuilding an Australian film industry out of the ashes of what the foreign monopolies wrought asunder in the Forties is worth every cent now that we have *The Man From Snowy River* (as populist entertainment) and *We Of The Never-Never* (standing for part of what we are as Australians, and for cinematic worth) up there on the screen. — *Denis Whitburn*



TRAVEL



TICKET TO RIDE

I quit my job on Friday, broke up with my girl on Saturday and bought a ticket to London on Sunday. I needed adventure, and quickly. Many times I had listened to travellers finish their yarns by saying: "That's the magic of travel — anything can happen to you." I wanted desperately to taste that excitement, yet I had no idea that the "magic" could appear so quickly when you become a wanderer in a strange land. After just 24 hours in Britain, my dream of unlimited adventure had already come true.

After catching the National Coach from Victoria Station at 7 am, armed with backpack, surfboard, a ready smile and a positive attitude, I crashed on a seat towards the rear of the coach. My destination was Land's End, at the bottom of the Cornish coast. I don't remember much about the beginning of the trip except that Pommy bus drivers don't like surfboards and hangovers are not valuable assets when travelling through south-west England.

When I awoke from my illness about five hours later, most of the passengers had departed along the way, but at the front of the bus was a girl about 20 years old who was sitting alone. Being a hot-blooded young Australian, I moved towards her and enquired whether she too was going to Cornwall. As it transpired, she was a lovely French lady called Annie, enjoying five days holiday from teaching French to Parisian school children. Her plan was to spend the night in a small town outside Penzance and then make her way toward the west coast.

However, when we reached her town, there was nothing. The only landmarks which could distinguish the town from the rolling hills and hedges were two dilapidated farm houses beside the road. No accommodation, no bed and breakfast, no hotels; nothing.

Annie became quite anxious. So, with the help of a little sign language, survival French and adulterated English, I suggested to her she would have a much greater chance of finding accommodation in Penzance. She reluctantly agreed.

The coach arrived in Penzance at about 10 pm. It was the end of the line. Land's End was now hitchhiking territory. So after retrieving my board and pack I made my way into town along the narrow cobbled laneways. I could not believe the charm and character which oozed from the dwellings, half expecting to glimpse pirates and smugglers scurrying from darkened passageways carrying contraband.

At the top of the hill, I stumbled down a few steps into a Cornish pub which I shall never forget. As I entered this old mariners' refuge, I noticed the walls were covered with pictures and drawing of ships and shipwrecks, storms and lighthouses. The low rafters were permeated with tales of ill-fated voyages and maritime disasters, and in the far corner beside an open log fire were two old sailors reminiscing over dark brown ales. Behind them were weather-beaten windows overlooking the Atlantic. I cautiously made my way to the bar and enquired whether any rooms were available for the night. The swarthy barmaid asked whether I wanted a single or double, and without realising that Annie had followed me into the pub, I was about to reply: "Single." However, before I could utter a word the young French girl said from over my shoulder: "Double." I looked back in surprise, then turned to the counter quickly, whispering hoarsely: "Double . . . yes . . . double."

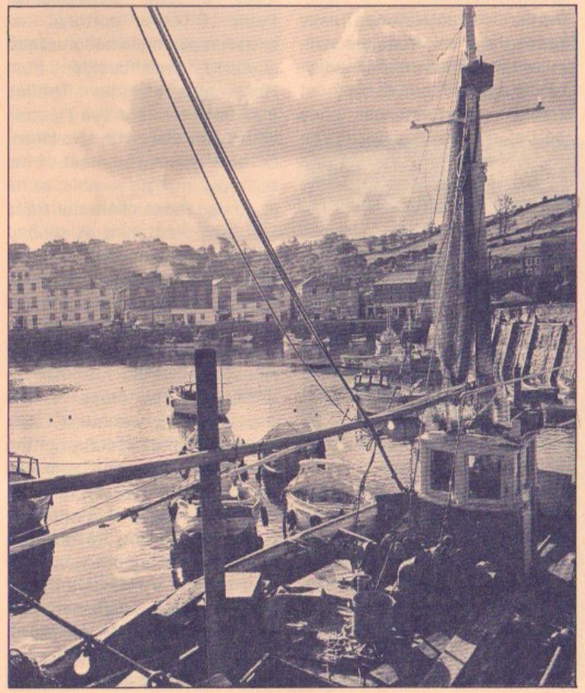
Cornish pubs are indeed cozy. The following morning I woke late to find an empty bed and a message scribbled on her pillow saying "Au revoir." French schoolteachers certainly don't waste time when on holidays. As it happened, I was never to meet her again.

After eating cold bacon and eggs I made my way down through the narrow laneways of Penzance, hoping to find the road leading to Land's End. It wasn't long before I became hopelessly lost in the maze of lanes and passageways. I stumbled across a fisherman by the docks and asked if he could show me the way, but he too had no idea. However, he was sailing to Portugal on the high tide and if I wanted a lift I was welcome to join him . . .

French schoolteachers and boat rides to Portugal. It was happening fast. I hastily stowed my pack and board in the trawler and we made for a pub to wait for the tide to change. After half a dozen ales and a few travelling stories we made our way back to the boat, ready for cast-off.

I remember pondering, as I threw the forward rope, about the "adventures" I had been through until then. They paled into insignificance when compared with the charming simplicity of just going anywhere the mood took me. There is nothing in the whole world like being a traveller abroad. — *Christopher Dyce*

Anything can happen — even in Cornwall



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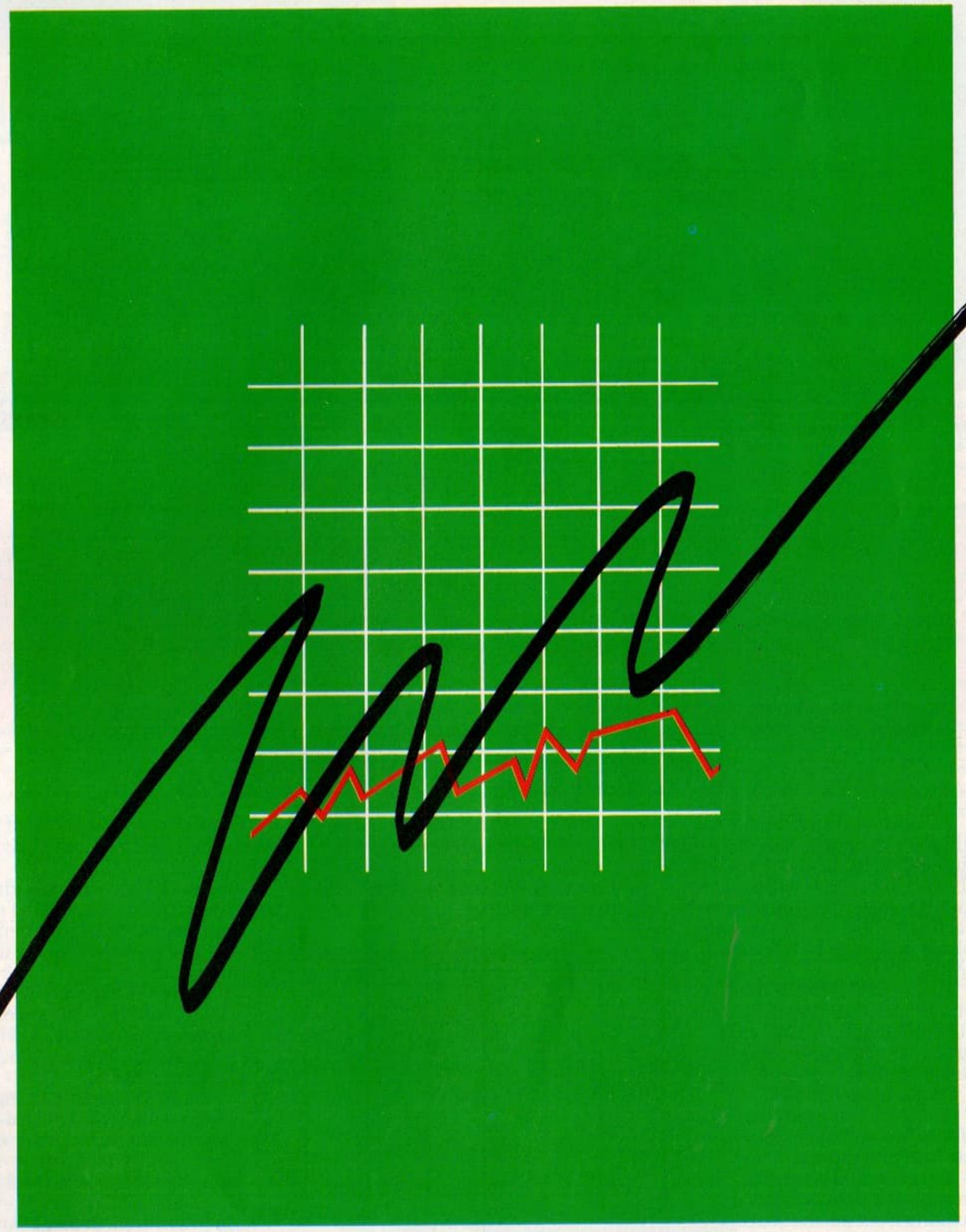


While the bureaucrats moan about the recession, Australia's underground economy is thriving

BLACK MONEY

BY WILLIAM ROYAL

Quite a few years ago, I used to help out after school in my parents' grocery store. At the end of the day, I would help my father balance the till and determine the day's takings. I felt sorry for dad, who seemed to be so chronically short of cash that he always had to take $20 or $30 of loose change for his wallet. Since it was all his money anyway, I never saw anything wrong; in fact, my meagre "wage" was frequently paid from the same source.

Not for many years afterwards did I realise he was "skimming the till" — a practice so widely indulged in by small self-employed businessmen that it has become an unconscious ritual, an integral part of day-to-day business life. Nothing wrong with it: everybody does it.

Our business was such a line-ball proposition, involving endless scrimping and scraping just to turn a profit at year's end, that my mother also put in long hours behind the counter. Naturally, she didn't have time to do the housework so the old lady next door, a pensioned widow, used to come in twice a week to help out with the washing, ironing and cleaning. Sometimes my parents rewarded her with a few dollars (also from the till); more frequently they gave her a week's worth of groceries.

As an adult I now realise that my parents, the old lady next door, the man at the garage who fixed the truck and sold us petrol, the doctor, the dentist — in fact the whole bloody town — were part of the mysterious underground economy. Crooks, according to the government.

Just like the guy a friend brought to the

ILLUSTRATION BY TONY LUNN

BLACK MONEY

pub the other night. Nice chap, works for a computer company where his two university degrees allow him to earn three times my annual income — enough to finance a backyard business. He claimed to have a couple of container loads of brand new, top-of-the-line video cassette recorders ("They fell off the back of a ship") which he was flogging for $300 a pop. He is, of course, a fence: a real crook. But he is also part of the same nebulous underground economy, participating for the same reason as everyone else: a desire to get ahead, to achieve a higher standard of living without having to subsidise a growing governmental white elephant.

It doesn't just happen in my neck of the woods; it's happening all around the world as people, sick and tired of increasingly greedy governments finding a bewildering array of ways to rip off their hard-earned bucks, rebel against the system. It has been going on since time immemorial, a natural evolution of the barter system conceived by the first civilised men.

Even in today's complex materialistic society, this primitive ritual is so deep-rooted that no government — albeit not for want of trying — has been able to stamp it out. And it is not limited to the Western economies; there is ample evidence that it is just as prevalent in the socialist States. In Poland, for example, it is so hard to find a loaf of bread that we take for granted that a thriving black market has sprung up.

The Russians call theirs the "second economy", and estimate it to equal one-fifth of official production; South Africa's unrecorded sector adds half as much again to the recorded one; Israel's *kalkala schora* approximates one-third of the measured economy. Australia, America and Britain call theirs the cash economy, the underground economy, the hidden sector, the subterranean economy; West Germany has its *schattenwirtschaft* (shadow economy), France its *travail au noir*, and Argentina its *morocho*. Nations around the world are trying to come to grips with the same problem.

Only in Italy, where it has been hailed as an economic miracle, is the *economia sommersa*, the *lavorno nero* properly included in official statistics and planning. Other nations, including Australia, fall back on the hopelessly inadequate "statistical discrepancy" to explain differences between production and expenditure in their national accounts.

But the Italians have always been pragmatic when it comes to money. They are among the most determined and innovative tax evaders in the world. The vast organised crime combines which plague the world originated in Italy, although as they spread to other parts of the world they became increasingly sophisticated. Distinctions between legal and illegal activities became blurred by the need to launder money; profitable legitimate businesses sprang from black venture capital, often running with a simplistic, more efficient style of management that graduates of the world's leading business colleges can only envy.

Today, just about everyone at some time or another participates in the underground economy, although most people do so in a passive way: paying the housekeeper, repairman or delivery boy in cash; not declaring dividend or interest income for tax purposes; or just having a flutter on the horses with the local SP bookmaker.

So entrenched and accepted is this concept that a government agency, the Commonwealth Bank, was able to exploit it in an award-winning series of advertisements for its automatic tellers. Remember the poor man who went to pick up his car from the garage without any cash, and found the mechanic unwilling to take a credit card or a cheque? A brilliant ad, illustrating the unthinking acceptance by everyday Australians of the underground, or cash, economy.

> Just about everybody participates in the underground economy, most in a passive way: paying for service in cash; not declaring income; just having an SP flutter

By midnight on August 31, the deadline for personal tax returns, some $30 billion in 1982/83 income will have gone unreported, according to a majority of so-called "informed sources". The estimate may be too high, or it may be too low. The actual figure does not matter; what is important is that the past decade of roaring inflation, high and rising taxes, and growing disenchantment with government greed and interference has produced an underground economy so vast, and growing so swiftly, that it is not only affecting the world we work in but perhaps permanently changing the way we live.

The underground economy is not easily defined, although it can be said to encompass all legal and illegal transactions involving cash, cash cheques, or the bartering of goods and services which either go unreported to the appropriate authorities, or are not captured in conventional statistics. In Australia, various estimates place its size at anything from 10 percent of gross domestic product to more than 20 percent — or from $15 billion to more than $30 billion.

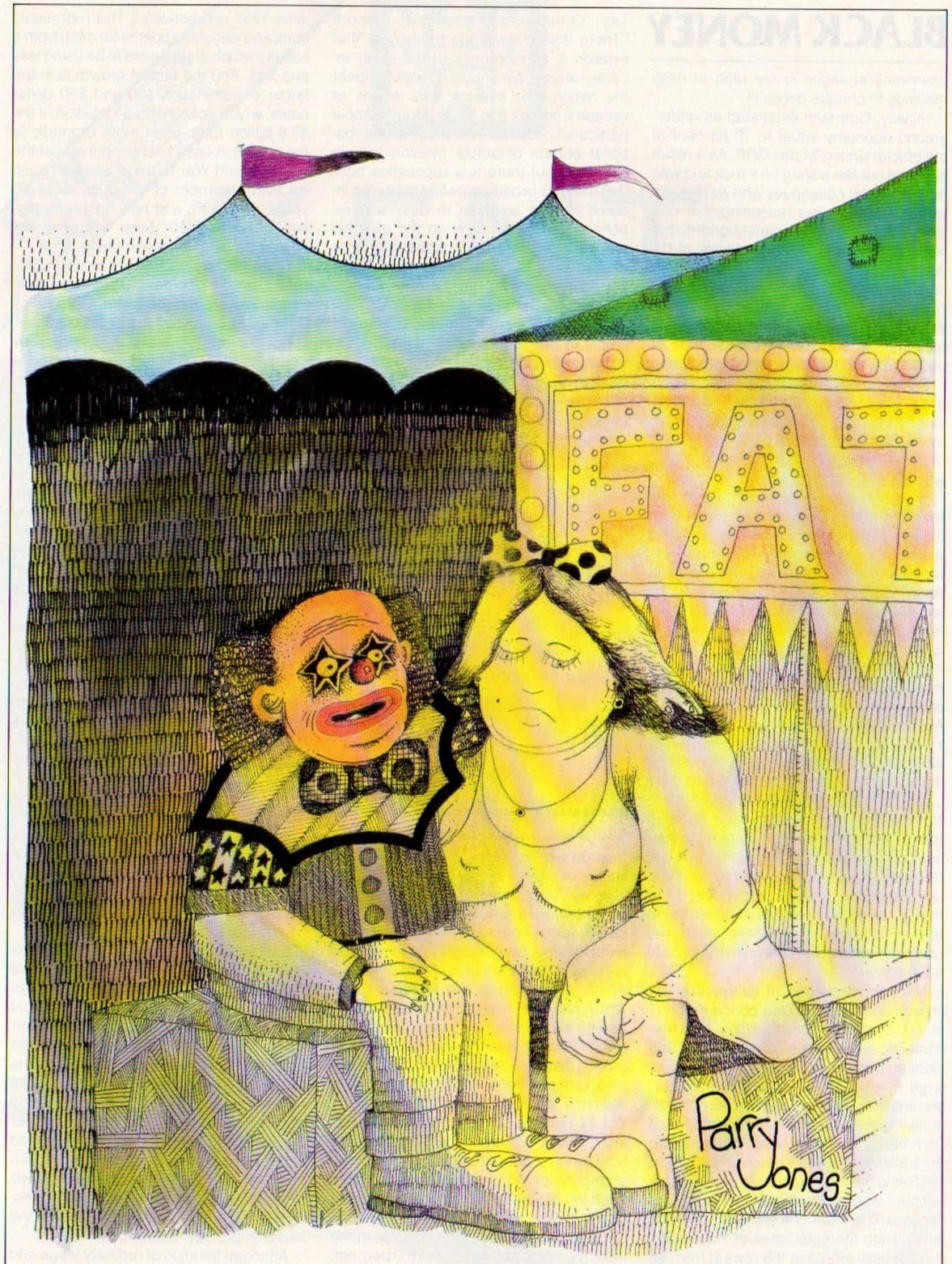
This vast, shadowy world comprises more than just the thousands of prostitutes, pimps, drug pushers, gambling casino operators, smugglers, pornographers and SP bookies. It includes — by a two-to-one majority — thousands upon thousands of supposedly respectable people: doctors, lawyers, accountants, builders, electricians, plumbers, painters, taxi drivers, farmers, manufacturers, retailers, police officers, entertainers, restaurateurs and shopkeepers. Anyone, in fact, who fails to report part of a primary income or all of a secondary one.

Many of these people are not consciously breaking the law; most are merely trying to maximise their incomes to ensure a better standard of living for their families. For the self-employed, the opportunity to trade goods for services or vice versa is just a way to get a better deal — after all, few small businessmen can afford to give more than 60 cents in the sales dollar to one form of government agency or another. And people on wages, who don't have any influence over the deduction each week of their tax payments, frequently resort to a second job — driving delivery trucks or taxis, working in theatres or restaurants or bars. Even off-duty policemen are regularly found doing security work for clubs, discos and concert halls.

Because of the pervasiveness of the underground economy, policy-makers and forecasters no longer have an accurate picture of what is really happening. No-one can say with any certainty just how big the unrecorded sector is, although the pundits are quick to voice their predictions for economic growth, unemployment, inflation and a host of other economic indicators — predictions which are beginning to look like so much pie in the sky.

The fact is that vast amounts of goods and services are being produced but not recorded in official statistics, and therefore are not part of the government's planning strategy. In other words, gross national product is probably much higher than the numbers say, unemployment much lower, productivity much greater, and savings much more robust.

The spectre of a burgeoning underground economy was first raised publicly in 1977 by an American economics professor, Peter Gutmann, who set the normally austere world of academia spinning when he announced that the size of the underground economy was much larger than everyone thought. Reasoning that final payment for all transactions is made by either cash or cheque, Gutmann pioneered the use of monetary statistics as an indirect way to measure the size of the underground sector. Underground transactions, he assumed, shunned traceable cheques in favor of cash so he began



"I like you a lot Petulia, but I can't afford to get serious."

BLACK MONEY

examining changes in the ratio of cash holdings to cheque deposits.

Initially, Gutmann estimated an underground economy equal to 10 percent of the official United States GDP. As a result he stood out like a shag on a rock and was thus vilified by colleagues who were quick to find fault with his reasoning. For one thing, they said, he completely ignored the huge increases in foreign holdings of US dollars. But by 1981, when Gutmann had updated his estimate to 14 percent of GDP, other US economists using different analytical techniques were beginning to feel that he was erring on the side of understatement. Gross understatement.

Edgar Feige, presently studying underground economies around the world, looks at the ratio of total transactions in the economy to official GNP numbers to bring in those underground dealings which are transacted in other than cash. According to one US report, Feige now feels that the underground economy is at least two-thirds larger than Gutmann's estimate. Even if Gutmann's estimate is in fact too low, it still translates into an American underground business world worth more than $420 billion in 1981 — or more than three times the size of Australia's official GDP for that year.

Using Gutmann's approach, a Commercial Bank of Australia study team estimated the underground economy in Australia to be worth some $11 billion in 1978/79. In other words, for every $10 worth of official production there was one dollar worth of underground production. Last year, Melbourne academic Dr Neville Norman, doing research for the Committee for Economic Development of Australia, found almost $14 billion underground. Releasing his findings at the height of the tax avoidance row, he also pointed out that about $3.5 billion of lost government tax revenue was buried there which was costing honest taxpayers an extra $200 to $350 a year.

Norman, a skeptic of Gutmann's approach, found a "peculiar concentration" of tax evaders in the building industry, domestic services, personal services and clerical trades, as well as "a relatively large number" in paramedical services, primary industry and directorial occupations. Chairing one of several Royal Commissions which have inquired into Australian tax reform, Justice Asprey in 1975 said the high number of professional people who owned farms was not necessarily a reflection of their love for the land: "High marginal rates of income tax substantially increase the reward from an activity of this kind (because of the tax offsets to be gained)."

Dr Norman added last year, after studying about 100 tax evaders caught and named in the "honors list" at the end of the Tax Commissioner's annual report: "There is little evidence to suggest that evasion is concentrated at the lower income ranges. We should do well to reject the notion that evasion is a means of escape from tax that helps poorer people particularly. Overall, the income distributional effects of actual evasion remain unknown, but there is a suggestion here that they are broadly spread across the income ranges such as to deny any rationalisation for evasion on the grounds that it assists any particular income class." Which is just a long-winded way of saying everybody is doing it.

Despite Dr Norman's and others' criticism of Gutmann's methods, there is ample evidence to support them. For example, we are frequently told that the rapid proliferation of credit cards (there are now roughly 3.5 million Bankcards alone) and the growing use of new electronic banking technology is fast propelling us toward a cashless society. How then do we explain a more than doubled supply of cash in circulation since Bankcard was introduced?

> By midnight on August 31, the deadline for personal tax returns, some $30 billion in 1982/83 income will have gone unreported, say "informed sources"

Last year, there was more than $5.8 billion worth of paper money passing from hand to hand; two years earlier it was $4.4 billion, and 10 years before that only $1.2 billion. According to the Reserve Bank, which has total responsibility for printing, issuing and monitoring banknotes in Australia: "Most payments are still made in cash, despite developments in other means of payment."

In the bank's October 1982 bulletin, W.L.W. Griffiths of the Currency and Banking Operations Department wrote: "The total amount of the note issue has grown strongly over the last decade or so. From 1960 to 1965, the average compound rate of growth was only 0.4 percent per annum, but this rose sharply to 7.1 percent in the next five years and again, to 16.0 percent, in the five years up to 1975. Since then, growth has been somewhat lower, averaging 12.4 percent per annum in the five years to 1980 and 13.1 percent and 12.5 percent in the years to June 1981 and June 1982 respectively." This represents quite an insatiable appetite for cash from a society which is supposed to be using less and less. And the fastest growth is in the larger denomination $20 and $50 dollar notes, which account for $4.9 billion of the $5.8 billion total. Even more dramatic is the growth in cash held per person: at the end of World War II, there was $50 cash for every member of the population; 25 years later, $90; and now, just 13 years later, almost $400. Even adjusting the figures for inflation doesn't help.

Since Gutmann's revolutionary first report, a rash of other studies have been conducted around the world — some by Gutmann's critics, others by his disciples. Long denied (or at least ignored) by governments, suddenly the need to clarify, quantify and hopefully remove underground economic activity legitimised a new industry: estimating the size of the subterranean business world and working out ways to tap it. Even bodies such as the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD), the United Nations and the US Federal Reserve Board got into the act. While they frequently differ on methods of defining and measuring the underground economy, they all agree that it is now fundamentally important to solve the riddle.

The plain fact is that more and more people are demanding, and receiving, payment in cash. Says one part-time taxi driver, a public servant by day: "Everyone's doing it. It's the only way to get ahead." Adds a chartered accountant, employed full-time by a major firm but running a lucrative tax consultancy on the side: "Of course it's tax-free. I couldn't afford to do it otherwise." Therein lies the real reason for the rapid growth of the "legal" underground economy. High rates of taxation, or at least perceived high rates, are the catalyst for the proliferation of the underground economy; and tax evasion is the biggest component of the underground money pool.

Last year's hysterical anti-tax avoidance scenes in the parliament and the press did not reveal the public's real feelings. Sure, people were pissed off at fat-cat bureaucrats, executives and other rich people who had used fancy schemes to artificially reduce their tax burden; the same angry wage-earners are hoping like hell that these big knobs will be lumbered with huge back-tax bills. The intensity of their feelings stems from a misguided belief that payment of anything from $3.5 billion to $7 billion in unpaid taxes will result in swift cuts to their own tax rates. This is, unfortunately, a pipe dream. And most people now realise it.

Although taxation of ordinary wage and salary earners in Australia is disproportionately high, it is not likely to fall because of growing government inefficiency and greed. *Choice* magazine, journal of the Australian Consumers' Association,

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BLACK MONEY

turned its attention from washing machines, condoms and hair driers to the government last year. Putting the government's give-and-take activities through the same sort of rigorous test that manufacturers have come to respect, *Choice* concluded that the Fraser Government "may not be giving good value for money." The magazine pointed out that although tax revenues have risen steeply in recent years, the value to the community of government spending has fallen. The taxation system is becoming more biased against the little man.

Choice's estimate of lost tax revenue was one of the highest: $7 billion a year. If it could be collected, ordinary tax payers could each take a $23 per week tax cut. Immediately. "It is not fair that so much of the total tax collected comes from ordinary wage and salary earners," the magazine said. "It is not fair that the more PAYE (pay-as-you-earn) tax collection takes from individual taxpayers, the less corporate taxes contribute. It is not fair that widespread tax evasion and avoidance push up the tax bill for ordinary taxpayers. It is not fair that tax revenue is redistributed far more generously to industry and wealthy individuals than to the ordinary taxpayers who contribute most of it."

Workers are increasingly finding (if they still have jobs) that their wage gains of recent years have been KO'd by a combination of double-digit inflation reducing purchasing power and a phenomenon called "tax bracket creep," which reduces take-home pay. Tax bracket creep occurs when wage increases, in inflated dollars, push workers on to a higher tax rate.

Choice particularly castigated the government for being business-orientated to the detriment of people. It said that while personal tax has risen dramatically, the government's "social wage" spending on areas like education, health, welfare, housing, urban and regional development and culture has fallen. In 1976/77, the magazine said, the equivalent of $19.2 billion (in 1981/82 was spent on a population of 14.3 million — $25.77 a week for each Australian. Last year, the government spent $18.8 billion on 15.5 million people — $23.24 per person.

Where did the extra tax money go? To business. Inefficient business. The amount paid out in subsidies, bounties and grants during the same period rose from $326 million to $917 million, an increase of 181 percent.

Liberal Treasurer John Howard resorted to retrospective legislation to outlaw tax avoidance schemes. Hailed by industry leaders and some academics as a brave step necessary to restore some balance to the tax system, the move was really aimed at helping finance a mushrooming government deficit. The real problem — the underground economy — is only receiving superficial attention.

In a little-reported part of his budget speech, Treasurer Howard gave notice that the government was planning to crack-down on tax evasion, particularly in the building industry, where it is thought to be especially rife. From July 1, the government intended introducing what it calls "income tax deductions from payments for labor and services" in an attempt to impose some form of withholding tax on areas not presently caught by PAYE.

"Tax deductions at source are to apply in the building and construction industry, but will not be confined to that industry," said the Treasury papers. "They will also apply in a range of other activities. The new arrangements are not an extension of the existing PAYE system and are quite separate and distinct from that system.

> Rather than taking preventive action at grass roots level, the government is foolishly trying to scare people from something they feel is comfortable and lucrative

Because of this distinction, amendments to the existing PAYE provisions of the income tax law will be necessary to clarify the boundary between their application and the application of the new system."

Behind the public service speak, however, is nothing. The government has been making the same sorts of noises about various forms of tax avoidance and evasion for years, but in the final washup, had to resort to changing the law and then backdating it. Blinded by the need to recoup millions of dollars of avoided tax, the government was prepared to overlook the confidence-sapping effects of its precedent. The majority of its supporters, however, weren't. Realising the potential damage to the basic building block of our free enterprise economy — the concept of limited liability — Liberals across Australia rebelled. They were finally bludgeoned into submission by the party-heavies who, like the government, were only concerned with retaining power.

Rather than seeking to understand why the underground economy is growing, and taking preventive action at the grass roots level, the government is foolishly trying to scare people out of something they already feel comfortable with and know is very lucrative. All that is likely to happen is that we will wind up with even more pages in our voluminous Income Tax Assessment Act, modified but not revised in 47 years, and now exceeding in size the telephone directories of all the capital cities.

Instead of ad hoc reaction, what is needed is a complete revision of the tax system, adhering to the principles espoused in the findings of the 1975 Asprey Commission, which said: "As and when the Australian taxpayer becomes accustomed to a broad-based tax, it should be quickly practicable." The commission advocated increasing the broad-based tax progressively, while at the same time reducing marginal and average rates of personal taxation. It is a solution openly coveted by the Liberals, who feel there will never be an effective assault on the underground economy until we have a greater reliance on indirect taxes, preferably some form of consumption tax. The system works well overseas, but the government so bungled its attempt to introduce it here two years ago that the Australian Democrats — a Quixotic group with no real future in a two-party political system — became instant heroes and prolonged their lifespan by swatting it from the Senate.

But disgust and rejection of a usurious personal tax system is not the only reason for our flourishing underground economy. Just as important, especially from the point of view of roughly three-quarters of a million self-employed small businessmen and professionals, is the ridiculous, profit-eroding cost of complying with all sorts of red tape. The growing number of regulations, prohibitions and reporting requirements at all levels of government literally force businesses and individuals to operate outside the laws in order to escape the myriad costs and problems of complying with them. A survey of 1200 small businesses by the Australian Bureau of Statistics in 1978 found that the cost of completing government forms that year ran to $215.3 million, or $604 for each business. Of the total cost, 80.5 percent was attributable to paperwork originating from the Commonwealth Government, 18.3 percent from the state governments, and 1.2 percent from local authorities. Commonwealth and state taxation paperwork alone took out more than three-quarters of the total cost. And the survey only looked at direct monetary cost; no provision was made for the "cost" of lost time. The government, in an attempt to play down the horrendous result of its own survey, stressed that this was the cost as perceived by the businesses themselves; the wording of its finding implied that the businesses didn't really know what they were talking about. The survey was never repeated.

The reason for the rapid growth of the illegal side of the underground economy is its huge profit potential. There are virtually no overheads in dealing drugs, for example, providing one does not get caught. A recent US survey found that shops in New York selling marijuana "if not over the counter, then through a hole in the wall" took tax-free profits ranging from $20,000 a week to $20,000 a day. Heroin is even more profitable. A wholesaler pays $240,000 a kilo for 75 to 80 percent pure heroin (which started out as 10kgs of poppies worth between $350 and $10,000), cuts it in half by adding milk, sugar or mannitol, and resells it for $480,000 to a distributor. He in turn cuts it to about three or four percent purity and sells it for about $1.66 million. With profit markups like that, it is no wonder that money-starved respectable businessmen like John De Lorean are prepared to take a punt. Not to mention the hundreds of thousands who get a piece of the action along the way. For every person caught, 10 get away.

Illegal gambling and prostitution, while not in the same league in terms of profit per invested dollar, are just as lucrative — and don't carry the same heavy penalties. Australia is renowned as a nation of gamblers, and some studies estimate that we spend up to 20 percent of our disposable income on one form of gambling or other. Governments, rather than trying to stamp it out or water it down, seem to be racing each other to find legal ways to get in on the profits.

Other stimuli to the expanding underground economy include:

- continuing high inflation, which pushes people into higher tax brackets (particularly for overtime work) and provides an incentive for them to seek alternative sources of income which are not detected by the taxman;
- the knowledge that loopholes exist in our laws encouraging people to try and buck the system. It is possible that the tax avoidance scandal of last year, rather than deterring people from trying it on, will in fact encourage them;
- the growing use of transfer payments such as unemployment benefits, pensions and medical care, which often provide a disincentive to work in the legal system. People receiving university scholarships or the dole are particularly fond of finding additional part-time work or odd jobs to supplement their incomes;
- a growing sense of cynicism and disillusionment which leads people to bypass conventional procedures. This is particularly evident among school leavers or young and middle-aged retrenched workers who, unable to find legal employment, look elsewhere;
- the increased leisure time resulting from reduced working hours, which allows people to gain extra untaxed income through a second job (moonlighting);
- the growing trend towards early retirement. Skilled tradesmen, used to being active, enter the underground workforce on a cut-price, cash only basis;
- the opportunity for young skilled professionals, instilled with a sense of dynamic achievement, to earn extra dollars by using their skills outside their regular jobs.

There are several beneficial aspects of the underground economy. One US study, for instance, estimated their underground economy grew at 2½ times the rate of the official economy during the Seventies.

Further studies indicate that the underground economy is basically countercyclical; that it speeds up as recession intensifies and vice versa. Therefore, true economic growth is higher than officially thought and the recovery, when it comes, may be far quicker than most people expect. By the same token, it must follow that employment is higher than offically stated, and unemployment lower.

One argument in favor of lower than expected unemployment suggests that in times of recession, people laid off work just switch into the underground workforce. This is partly supported by the generally apathetic public response to the highest levels of unemployment on record for 50 years. Also, since most people employed in the underground economy are moonlighting, or holding down more than one job, then productivity must be higher than it is supposed to be. Few economists can adequately explain the drop in productivity during the Seventies — blaming it on union greed, increased government regulation, or less skilled women and migrant workers, is insufficient. The main reason is probably that the underground economy thrives best in the hard-to-measure service sector, where output has undoubtedly increased.

> Solving the underground economy problem is perhaps the greatest single challenge facing the government, since failure to do so could lead to social conflict

Most importantly for future investment and job creation, a buoyant underground economy means that national savings levels are probably understated. (Savings, as economists are fond of saying, equal investment and investment creates jobs. Jobs create income which is either spent or saved, and so the spiral grows.) Australia's GDP is calculated by what is called the "incomes approach", which means that understatement of income flows through to the national accounts. Because the government's number-crunchers are understating the amount of income people earn by much more than they are underestimating the difference between income and expenditure — are a lot higher than the official estimate.

This is also reflected in the growth of cash outstripping the growth of bank deposits, and also the rapid rise in the number of self-employed. Growth in the number of self-employed and employers has outpaced the increase in the number of wage and salary earners in Australia by 20 percent during the past 10 years.

But perhaps the most beneficial result of the underground economy's growth spurt in the Seventies, according to the OECD'S report, is that the "stagflation" a favored term of the Reagan administration — which plagued most of the world "might be nothing but a statistical illusion."

The OECD suggested that the average Australian household spent about $2000 in the underground economy in 1980. Since the OECD concluded that the size of this sector was only around four percent of GDP, if other, higher estimates are true, the figure could be five or six times greater.

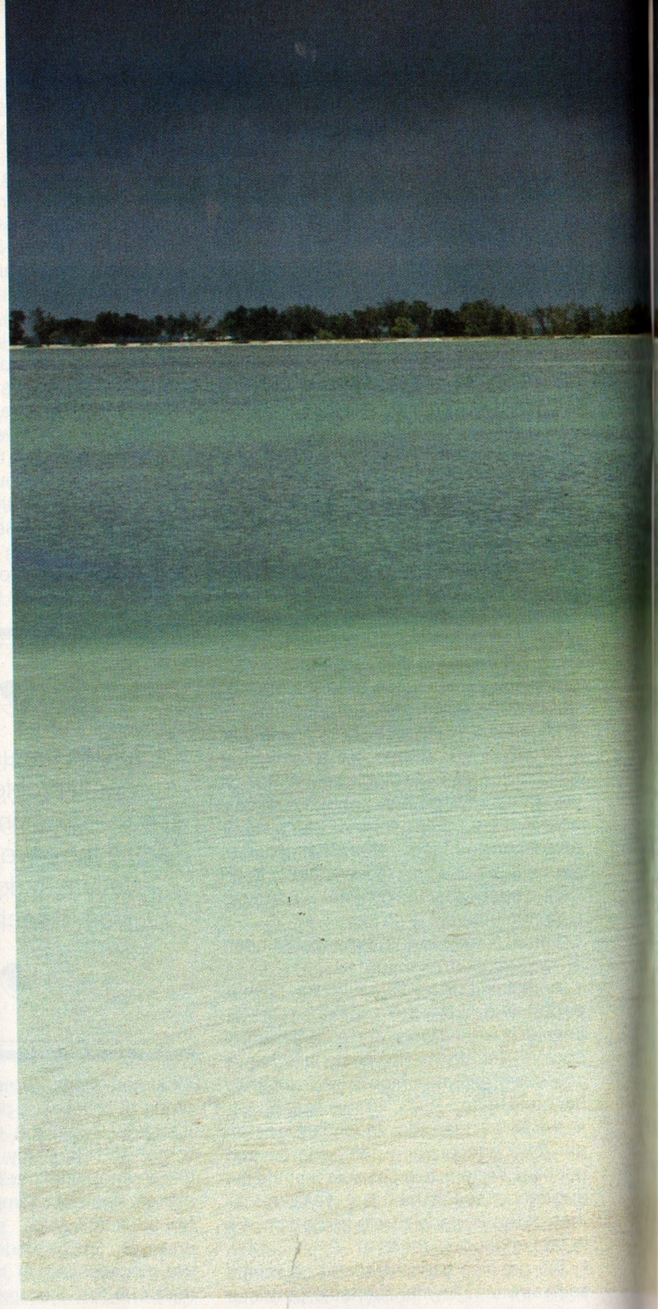
While there are many sound reasons for the growth of the underground economy, and ample evidence to suggest that many Australians are direct participants in it, it still presents a problem for the government.

As mentioned earlier, most people participate passively, or indirectly, in the underground economy. Active or direct participants — those who do not declare their income or under-report it for tax purposes — are a minority, and the tax burden they escape falls back on to law-abiding taxpayers.

Solving the problem is perhaps the greatest single challenge facing the government, since failure to do so could ultimately lead to social conflict. Studies show that the more people a taxpayer knows who are evading tax, the more likely that taxpayer is to also evade tax. The underground economy feeds on itself, operating in a self-perpetuating cycle which, for all the platitudes about entrepreneurship, erodes the moral fabric of society by creating imbalances in the system.

Call it a taxpayers' revolt, a conspiracy to cheat the Treasury, a demonstration of no confidence in the government, or whatever you like; the simple fact is that if more and more people are entering the underground economy, then obviously a complete overhaul of the taxation system becomes an urgent priority.

Without that, we are heading for economic anarchy.

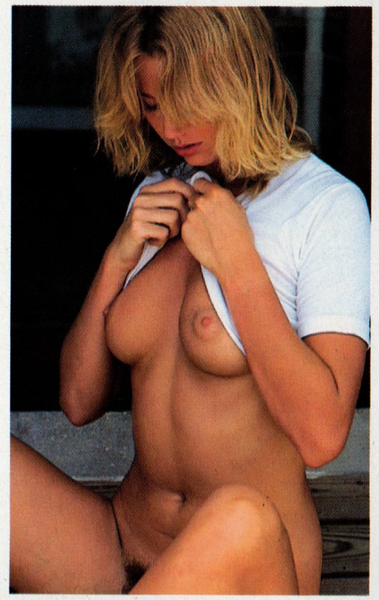


TELL IT LIKE IT IS

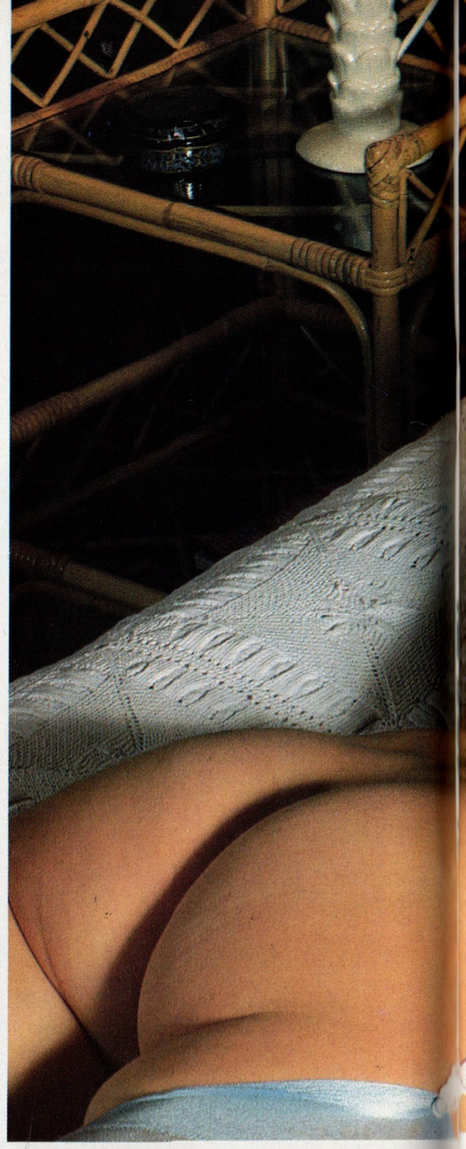
Her name is Cathy Foster and her hobby is sex. Quite a bold statement of introduction for our 22-year-old Pet, but she's a bold lass. Our initial interview with this blonde terror went something like this: Favorite pastimes? "Sex." How do you keep fit? "Energetic sex." How do you unwind? "Slow, gentle sex." This girl is uncontrollable . . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD MILNE

And that's what her parents thought when they were struggling to instil a little discipline in their wayward daughter. Cathy's folks are strict Calvinists who emigrated from Scotland when she was 13. They packed her away to boarding school when she was 14. She ran away when she was 15. They gave all hope away when she was 16.



All Cathy now retains from those early years before her rebellion is a soft Scottish brogue and a stunning natural aptitude for a fling — highland or otherwise. And she's adamant that it be known: "Can all this coy and cutesy stuff. If you want to write about me, tell it like it is . . ."



"I don't like the sensuality of surf surging against my nubile young body. I can't swim. I don't like drifting into the past with a romantic novel — Barbara Cartland gives me a pain in the arse. I don't like men dominating me at any time — in or out of bed. I wear the pants and I'll take them off when I'm ready . . ."

A frightening prospect? Not at all. While she may sound like a shapely cousin of the Loch Ness monster, our Pet speaks with her tongue firmly in her cheek. "I'm really quite an easy-going tart," she giggles. "But I have to admit I do like wearing the pants. So if you're looking for a tartan trousers, you've come to the right place."

GROUPIES: PART I

Plenty of girls are willing to
bend over backwards to root for their team

THE GREATEST GAME OF ALL

BY GREG HUNTER

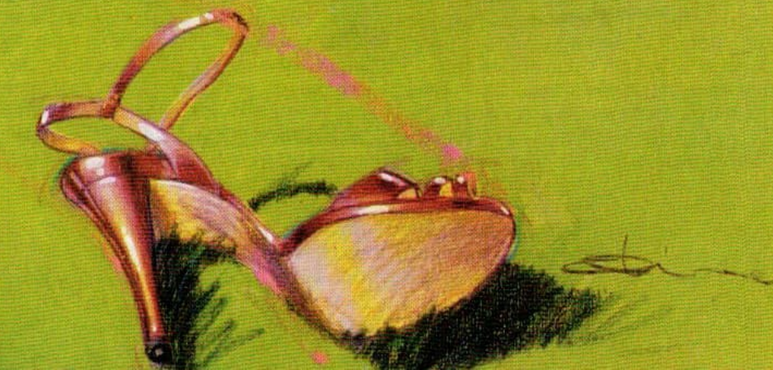
For the star performers in any field of entertainment, there is one reward — apart from money, fame and satisfaction — which ensures that they never get bored with success. It is the ability to command the attention of groupies — girls who wait patiently in the wings until, after the game or performance, they get their own chance to shine. There are rock and roll groupies, tennis groupies, cricket, badminton and even bridge groupies; but without any doubt the most resilient, versatile and uninhibited of all groupies are those who chase footballers. They have to be, because the objects of their desire normally don't hold with the notion that three's a crowd. On the contrary, to a footballer three is only a beginning.

This means that ladies who set out to score with a footballer usually end up with a whole team on their hands. Footballers train, play, drink and screw together. It's good for team morale that way. Therefore, club officials either turn a blind eye, or in many cases actively encourage and even participate in "gang-bangs" and other forms of group sex. It's all part of building harmony and "teamwork" in the club.

If you thought the concept of lining up to ceremonially defile some hapless wench in a dimly-lit carpark had passed away, along with other obscure aspects of Australian lore, with the coming of the liberated woman — forget it. Like so many arcane practices, including the heckling of deformed midget wrestlers and the weekly convergence of Aussie battleaxes in the bingo room, the bizarre ritual of gang-banging is alive and well in football clubland.

In fact, no institution other than a typical football club could possibly harbor the quaint sexual and social mores that make this sort of behavior possible. The football club represents the pinnacle of sexual ockerdom. And far from being a dying cult, it is actually on the upsurge as the people who make it possible — the football groupies — grow in numbers and enthusiasm every year.

ILLUSTRATION BY BARRY OLIVE



GREATEST GAME

The following anecdote, related by a Sydney first-grade Rugby League player, illustrates what the football groupie phenomenon is all about:

"It was after training one afternoon, and three of us were lined up to visit this sheila down the road for a gang-bang. Anyway, the promoter — that is, the bloke who knew her and had set the whole thing up — got called up for a rep game, so he couldn't come. Well, we figured we still wanted three blokes, so we rang this other player up and told him he was first reserve, and asked would he like to come along. He agreed. So I pulled up in my car and waited for the others to arrive, and when they got there, the first reserve jumped out, opened the boot and pulled out a dozen cold cans. He was going to make a day of it. Anyway, we fronted up at the door — and none of us knew this girl, but she was aware that we were first-graders — and she opened up and said: 'Go straight into the bedroom.' The way she said it made me crack up — as if she was just telling us the time. So we marched in, popped a tinnie each, and away we went — three on one."

The football groupie scene is a game. It is played to well-defined rules (which vary from club to club and from code to code), and generally in a spirit of fun, camaraderie and old-fashioned sportsmanship, by players, officials, hangers-on and groupies alike. In the Sydney Rugby League after-match competition, the rules which apply pretty much across the board are these:

Rule 1: The motto is: "Get your end in, get your friend in." Players must attempt to set up group sex encounters whenever practicable. By doing this they earn the right to call themselves "promoters". This rule applies especially to end-of-season and representative tours.

Rule 2: Any player involved in a promotion must not leak details to girlfriends or wives. A strict code of silence applies.

Rule 3: Sexual activity with the wives of other players is strictly forbidden. The penalty will normally be instant dismissal from the club.

Rule 4: Promoters of group sex encounters may always have first go.

Rule 5: Any player unable to attain an erection is instantly out of the game.

Rule 6: No poofters.

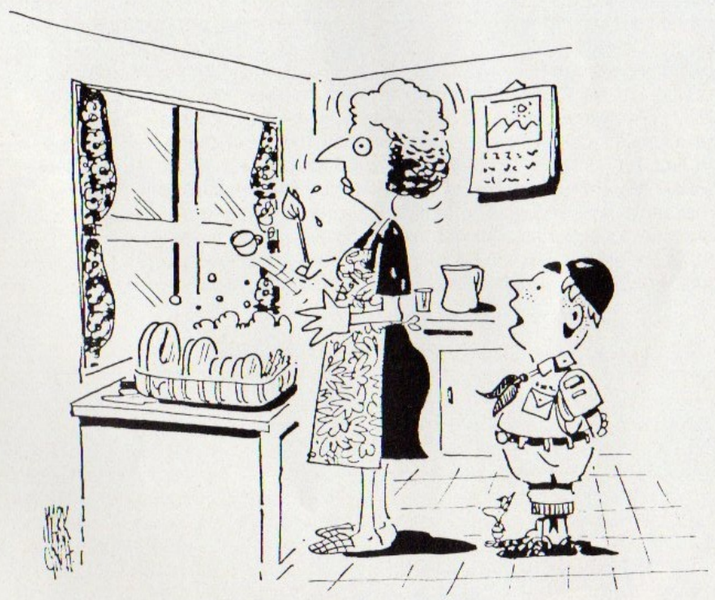
Rule 7: Individual variations like "tag team" sex may take place on consensus.

Rule 8: The winner of the game is the player who, by general agreement, is said to be the sneakiest of all.

How does a girl become a football groupie? Melanie, a 25-year-old blonde, had a typical introduction to the scene. She'd been a follower of one team for a while and was getting drunk at their Leagues Club one night when a reserve-grade player propositioned her. "I found him very attractive, so I agreed," she said. "A few weeks later the same guy rang me and said, 'I've got one of the footballers here . . . would you come over?' I told him I wasn't into that sort of thing, but I really liked this guy and I sort of knew the other bloke a bit, so in the end he talked me into it. Now, he's the kind of person who'll tell you there's two guys and you multiply by three and that's how many there really will be. When I got to his place there were six of them, and eventually I thought to myself, 'Oh well, here we go . . .' And the next time it happened there were eight of them, and I stormed around and went on like a lunatic . . . but it doesn't take long before you sort of get into it, and it becomes a habit. As long as you make sure it's a game and don't get involved emotionally, you're okay."

Melanie found her way into the scene through the swift action of a promoter. According to a Sydney first-grade League player, there are likely to be "two or three top-class promoters in every first-grade team. They're the knockabout blokes who don't take anything too seriously." There's a definite status associated with becoming a promoter. Not only do they get to go first, but they tend to be held in high esteem by everyone involved. One player who views himself as an up-and-coming promoter outlined the methods he employs thus: "Usually the way it starts is that one girl who's already in the scene will bring her girlfriend along to the club one night. Somebody will get on to the girlfriend and then he'll be teeing her up with somebody else, and the next thing you know she's a candidate for a group scene. When that happens we try not to throw too many blokes in too quickly, but the boys get a bit dirty if you don't spread the word, and usually there's no worries just throwing an extra one or two in. It takes a while to get them into the idea of a real gang-bang; you have to work them in gradually, by introducing new people until they've been with a whole lot of different groups. So in the end you reach the point where they've been screwed by practically everyone at various times, so they don't object when it all happens at once. At other times it'll be a bit more direct — it depends on the girl. One bloke might go outside with a girl, and he'll sort of insist on bringing his mates, and eventually the boys will just sort of start queueing up. That's for the ones who've been around a bit. But really, I reckon these chicks who come along with their girlfriends often don't realise just how bad they are. So you've got these innocent girls who suddenly find themselves in a gang-bang, and after that they're right into it."

What do the ladies think about all this? Almost without exception, according to several players interviewed for this story, they don't seem to mind at all. "When they first get involved in this scene, as they start to realise the boys' attitude to sharing, they might get a bit of a shock. But 99 times out of a hundred, they come back for more. They handle it really well; for instance, one of the tricks we play on tours is where one player has a girl in a dark room and when he's finished with her, he'll get up, pretend to go to the toilet, and send in a replacement. Now I'm sure the girl knows what's going on, but usually she'll pretend she's none the wiser." Most groupies, it seems, are good sports.



"I've been expelled from the scouts for eating brownies."

When a football team goes on tour, the pace at which the game is played accelerates rapidly. The atmosphere buzzes with the excitement of conquering new territory and pushing the limits of debauchery to spectacular new heights. The "one in, all in" rule becomes mandatory and the niceties which apply to the domestic scene go out the window as the boys prepare to pull out all the stops. Negotiation is replaced by the tactic of kicking the door down; dirty tricks, like hiding a few extras under the bed as an easy way to set up a group grope, become all the rage; and the art of conversation gives way to a simple: "Pleased to meet you, how about a root?" Even an apparently innocent bus trip to the country for a pre-season match can be quite entertaining: "You can usually have your pick of the girls in a country town. When we're not staying the night we normally try to drag them into the buses as soon as it gets dark."

The prize tour is a trip to Britain with the Kangaroos. It provides limitless opportunities for some of the stars to really shine in the off-field competition. During last season's hugely successful tour, our lads were turning away excess groupies by the dozen. According to one player, "There's so much fun to be had that many players dream of making the tour, even if they don't get a game." Apparently there are plenty of good sports on the other side of the world: "You can throw in as many blokes as you want and they don't balk at it one bit — they just seem to love having Australians on top of them."

Most Sydney Rugby League First Division clubs have a "stable" of about 20 groupies who make themselves available in the club after a game. On Sunday nights the pace of events becomes breathtaking as the promoters move in on likely "candidates" while the regulars are doing the rounds, moving from first-grade to reserve and finally third-grade players as the night wears on and aspirations plummet; lesser players are "running off" the stars and trying to pick up the scraps, while the more ambitious officials are running off everybody; then, all of a sudden, a bunch of the lads will make a break for the carpark because the word's out there's a gang-bang on, and all the while the wives and girlfriends are sipping their marsala and cokes and pretending that nothing is happening at all . . .

Sometimes it gets too easy, as in the case of the girl who would regularly walk into the dressing room after the first-grade training session, rip off her clothes and jump into the showers; or the lady who fronted at the club after a memorable home win and demanded to be ravaged by four first-graders right on the halfway mark at the nearby field. Needless to say, the boys obliged.

And somehow it all runs quite smoothly. Problems only crop up when someone who doesn't know the rules gets involved — like the girl who, having been flat on her back in the carpark moments ealier, came into the bar only to see her partner go off with someone else. She threw a tantrum and complained to the management; predictably, there was little official sympathy.

Above all, the groupie game is viewed as *fun*. Every player (and groupie) stresses that the whole thing is one monstrous joke: "Just imagine what it's like standing in a line-up of 10 naked blokes, all jostling for positions and falling all over the place — half the time we do more laughing than rooting."

> It's by no means rare to see a selector or a coach or a treasurer lining up with the boys

The official reaction to all this frenetic activity varies significantly from club to club, but in general, officials view groupies as a handy vehicle for instilling a sense of togetherness and intimacy within the club. "It keeps the players close when they do this sort of thing together," said one experienced groupie. "They like to share everything." While some officials simply turn a blind eye, many try to get involved at every opportunity, so that it's by no means rare to see a selector or a coach or a treasurer lining up with the boys for a gang-bang. But official encouragement can go deeper than this; at some clubs, groupies are instructed not to entertain certain players until they overcome a form slump or an injury, while others are "steered in" as a reward for a good performance. In this way groupies can serve as a powerful motivational tool and thus become an integral part of the club's effort to succeed. "I'll often negotiate these things with the coach," said 20-year-old Sharon. "It's all completely above board, because the officials realise that the only time the players can relieve the pressure on them is when they get with a groupie and have an all-in screw. I view myself as very much a part of the club; I watch the three grades to see who's coming up, and I've been doing it for a long time."

Football groupies have to be ready for anything. When confronted by a mob of randy, booze-crazed suitors, their versatility is often stretched to the limit. "Usually the boys don't bother lining up, so it's hands going, mouth going, rear entries — everything together. A lot of girls seem to go into a trance after a while, and they don't care what happens, so the boys are entitled to do anything." Carol, a regular groupie with five years' experience in the field, concurred: "Sometimes they'll line up and go one at a time, and sometimes it's everyone together. I like it when it's 'one in, all in' because then it's more of a game and everyone's laughing and generally stuffing it up. Most of the time they're so pissed they're falling all over one another."

However, it was not always like this. Old-timers are either turning in their graves or green with envy as the groupie scene mushrooms out of control. "It's even easier now than it was a couple of years ago when I first got graded," said one player. "In the old days they used to get up to some fun on tours, but the domestic scene was very low-key. But a lot of the old-timers who've become officials are catching up fast."

The action is indeed hotting up; however, the prospects of any individual are very much dependent upon his standing within the intricate status web. Geoff is a promising young player who eventually cemented a first-grade spot last season. "When I was in the reserves," he said, "I had to hang around with my mates in first-grade and run off them. But when I made first-grade and started to get a few raps in the papers, they all wanted to know me. Once you're in firsts you're expected to get anyone you want. If you've just had a good game, your odds are definitely higher. Last season was my best year in football and I got more roots than I'd had in the rest of my life. I had to give my girlfriend the arse and I've never looked back."

Anyone who is associated with football can jump on the groupie bandwagon. A keen observer of the scene put it this way: "If you're a referee, a linesman, an official, a retired player with a big name, or anybody in the public eye connected with football, you can get a piece of the action. It all depends on your stature, because what it boils down to is the fact that everyone loves a winner."

Being sneaky is definitely the name of the game. A carefully orchestrated atmosphere of danger and intrigue only adds to the fun. Players use every available tactic

GREATEST GAME

to stab each other in the back, and sneakiness can reach the level of an art-form, as in the following tale: "One of the players brought this girl who he was very keen on to a party. He left her to go and talk with his mates, so one of the boys got on to her and took her outside, but before that he arranged it so that six of us would catch her in the act of screwing him, so she had to agree to put it on for all of us in the backyard, or we'd tell the bloke she came with all about it." A well-conceived scam, and neatly executed.

Ever since journalists began writing about football, the reward for the players' dedication to agonising training routines has always been perceived as the honor and glory of representing the club, the state and finally the country. And, of course, there's the money. But in the light of the statements contained in this article, is there another side to the story? One Sydney first-grader admitted that one of the biggest motivating factors in his football career had been the ability to walk into his own club after a game, or into the local pub after training, and virtually command the attention of a groupie. "I can guarantee," he said, "that the groupie scene is uppermost in the minds of many players. Of course the money and the glory are most important, but the three factors go hand in hand."

Not everybody throws themselves into the fray with gay abandon. Some clubs adopt a rather more austere approach to the wholesale defiling of groupies; some officials dissociate themselves from the excesses of the lads under their charge; and there will be a few players in every team who are reluctant to go poking themselves into every available nook and cranny. However, pressure to conform to the "rules" can be very strong: according to one established first-grader, footballers are expected to participate along with their mates, and are often ridiculed if they don't. "I've seen that happen many times; the player will usually just get it over with as quickly as possible and then bolt." Carol, a groupie accustomed to performing before a large crowd, agreed: "Some of the guys are very shy and they sort of sneak over and have their little screw very quietly, and then go. It's really a hoot. Others can't get it up in front of a crowd, but they feel like they have to go through with it so they'll fake it."

The Rugby Union scene pales in comparison with the practices outlined above; indeed, the rah-rahs' approach could be viewed as admirably restrained — even tasteful — befitting their status as gentlemen. In any case, they'd be hard-pressed to match the feats of their professional counterparts because the cult of personality has never really applied to the amateur code; it doesn't get saturation coverage. Therefore, for a Union player to really get amongst it, he has to make it to representative level — and even then, the rules of the game are significantly different. According to a former Union international, "it's expected that when you get on to a girl you try to talk her into bunging it on for the boys, but there's none of this 'one in, all in' business you get in League. We're much more civilised and discreet; for instance, we might get into a gang-bang but we won't all be lining up at once. In fact, I remember a country tour when I went to a party with about 50 players and there was just one girl putting it on for the lot of us. We were each given a number by the bloke who was running the show — very civilised. Anyway, I was number 36 so I gave it a miss."

That's the football groupie scene: incredibly nonchalant, abundantly decadent, and above all, a bizarre and ludicrous joke. But who are these extraordinary women, and what motivates them? Psychologists are quick to categorise any sort of aberrant personality within strictly defined parameters, but a cursory glance at the range of groupies who presented themselves for this story reveals that there are as many types of groupie as there are footballers in the average gang-bang. The only characteristics they all share are an astounding degree of resilience, and a complete absence of inhibition.

> "They're not interested in becoming friends of the players; many will work their way through one club, then move on to another and start again"

Ingrid, for instance, is 27 years old, with a husband and one child. She's been a committed football groupie for 10 years. "I'm a sex maniac and I really like ultra-masculine men," she said. "And I wanted freedom to indulge myself, so footballers were the obvious choice. I guess the reason I'm still doing it is that I've always got company, but I don't allow myself to become emotionally involved, so I can live my two separate lives. It's worked out very well for me. I think a lot of women would love to be doing the same thing, but haven't got the courage. Basically the footballers I associate with are nice guys, and I have no regrets. I feel flattered that they think I'm good enough for them."

And then there are groupies like Catherine. At 23, she's a very attractive legal secretary. Her motivation is simple enough: "I'm in it for the buzz. It's a thrill to be looked at, to be classed as a groupie. I love pretension; I love it when people look at me and say, 'She's screwing so-and-so — a star.' It means that you're *in* — you've taken that step. I'm not concerned with the fact that they're footballers; that's irrelevant. They could be anybody, as long as they're famous. I'm fascinated by stardom. It just happens that footballers are very accessible. They're much easier to get at than an actor or a politician, for instance."

Debbie is a girl whose wide experience of the groupie scene throws a good deal of light on this perplexing social phenomenon. At 20 years of age, she's an economics student who has done time as a biker gang groupie and a rock groupie, and is "just starting to get into footballers — I'm going to work my way through them." She has observed gang-bangs and black masses complete with ceremonially ravaged virgins and sacrificial animals; she has been a recognised groupie attached to a couple of big-name Australian bands; and she has keenly observed the behavior of all types of groupies during the past five years: "What I'm really interested in is experiencing totally different kinds of people. I infiltrate myself into these scenes because I'm driven by curiosity." Debbie views her activities professionally; her heroines are the great groupies who have used the stars to achieve a sort of stardom of their own. "I look at having sex with a star as an achievement," she says, "because that's another category of successful person that I've known intimately in his own environment. To achieve my goal — which is to become very successful in Public Relations — I feel I have to understand a really wide cross-section, and footballers are part of that. Anybody, though, can become a groupie if they're motivated enough to work at it. As a rock groupie, I was practically working 24 hours a day."

If there's anyone qualified to analyse the scene from the viewpoint of a professional groupie, then Debbie is that person. She believes it is necessary to separate groupies into two categories: "The first, and the most numerous, are those who simply claim to enjoy sex with famous people — the starfuckers. In reality, the thing they enjoy is being able to brag about it to their friends. Most of them are just bored people looking for a thrill — they're stupid girls with no aim or real motivation. They have no intention of gaining any insights into the guys they screw; they just throw themselves at certain people and would give anything to get into bed with them. And then they move on to someone else — they don't becomes friends. They are totally expendable.

"Then there are those who infiltrate a scene in order to get to know the stars and use them for any purpose other than simply sex; for instance, they might use them to gain introductions to others who they particularly want to know. They eventually become friends rather than just fucks. They're older, more intelligent and more aware than the other type, and regard themselves as infinitely superior to them."

It's clear that the vast majority of football groupies would fall well within the parameters of the first category. There is, after all, very little to be gained from being worked over by a sequence of characters whose primary interest is making sure that none of their mates misses out. That view was abundantly confirmed by the players interviewed for this story, some of whom offered further explanations of groupie behavior based on their own experiences. One Sydney League star expressed this view: "The major motivation in just about every case is simply the desire to be fucked by a star, because it allows them to attach themselves to the inner circle after a game. Everyone stands around drinking and talking football for hours after the match, and they want to be involved in that scene, and pick up some reflected glory. They're not interested in becoming close friends of the players; many will work their way through one club, then move on to another and start again."

Sharon, the 20-year-old groupie who sees herself as an integral part of the club, admits she is something of a rarity: "The dolly birds who only hang around the big stars think I'm a bit strange, because I don't discriminate between first-graders, reserves and third-graders. Those girls are very concerned with the individual status of players."

While status considerations are uppermost in the minds of most football groupies, there's also a strong element of rampant sexuality. "The girls get right into their own fantasies, just like the boys do," said one player. "A lot of the time they're motivated by the same thing that motivates us — they just want a really good screw."

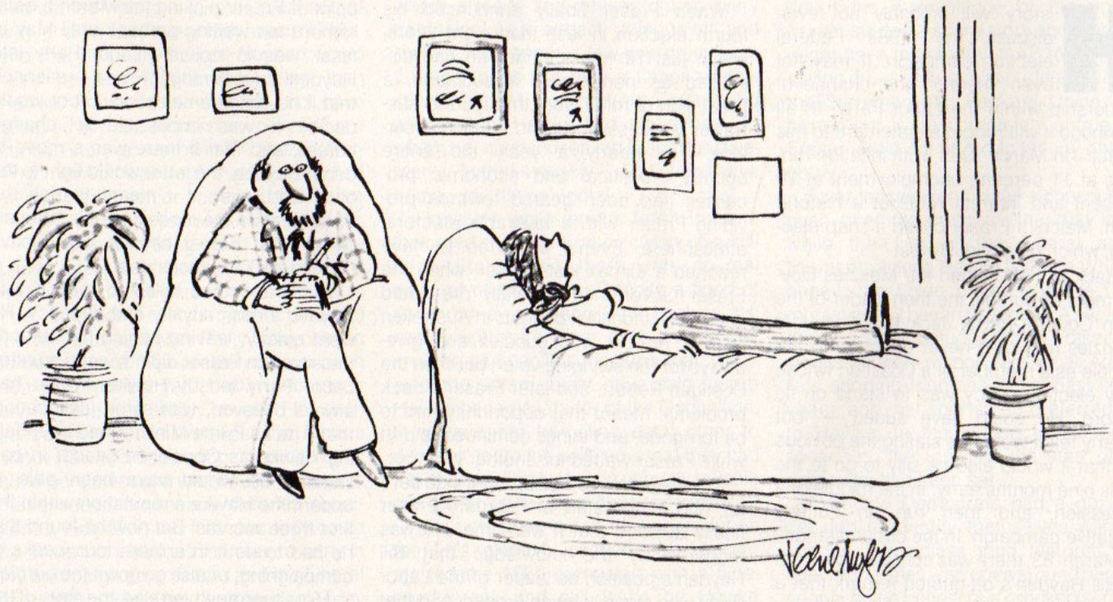
Another player attached to the amateur code extrapolated on that: "I've talked to a lot of groupies and I have a theory about them. It seems to me that footballers get their satisfaction out of smashing the shit out of each other on the field. Now the only way a sheila can get a kick along similar lines is to get right into screwing a group of footballers — a real workout. They're turned on by physical men, and so naturally they want to get physical themselves.

"But," he added, "there's another type of groupie found in Union circles but hardly at all in the League scene. Mostly you'll meet them on tours to England and South Africa. They're highly sophisticated, classy, attractive ladies who sort of follow the Australian team around, subtly waiting in the wings until the opportunity arises to make a move on the man of their choice. They don't want sex with the average run-of-the-mill bloke; they're in the market for someone special, someone who represents a higher standard. They're not at all interested in gang-bangs or indiscriminate sex."

By any standard, the football groupie scene is an extraordinary amalgam of unique sexual and social standards. Particularly in Rugby League circles, many would regard it as rivalling the sport itself for the title: "The Greatest Game Of All." An equally large number of outsiders would undoubtedly view these practices as constituting a rare surviving example of ritual humiliation.

Whichever standpoint you're inclined to take, one thing is certain: as the media redouble their efforts to provide saturation coverage of football, and in the process turn quite ordinary people into celebrities, the singular phenomenon of the football groupie will continue to expand its presence in football clubland, Middle Australia. That's an arresting prospect in view of the terminally bland philosophies upon which clubland is founded.

As one player put it: "There's something about football that does strange things to women. I don't really know what it is, but we've forever got promotions on. From what I've seen so far, the sky's the limit."



"My sexual hang-ups all began the first time I faked an orgasm. I was alone!"

FRASER'S LAST STAND

The Liberal big guns went off half-cocked in the 1983 campaign

BY MUNGO MacCALLUM

ILLUSTRATION BY PATRICK COOK

History will probably not even discuss the 1983 Federal election campaign. It may not even mention the change of leadership within the Labor Party. In all likelihood it will record a statement to this effect: "In March 1983, with inflation running at 11 percent, unemployment at 10 percent and interest rates at a historic high, Malcolm Fraser called a snap election, which he obviously lost."

Back in 1961, when the Menzies Government all but fell, the then leader of the then Country Party, Jack McEwen, told Menzies he would never again go to the people as a member of a Coalition whose only election policy was to stand on its record. He could have added — but clearly felt it would be stating the obvious — that it would also be silly to go to the polls nine months early, in the middle of a recession, and then run an entirely negative campaign. In the circumstances of March '83, there was considerable truth in Bill Hayden's oft-quoted remark that a drover's dog could have won the election for Labor. Certainly, Hayden could have. But then, had it not been for the Hawke factor, Malcolm Fraser would probably not have run such an absurd campaign.

When Fraser finally announced his fourth election in less than eight years, which just 72 hours earlier he had dismissed as nonsensical speculation, a great sigh of relief went through the Australian business world and the public service. For nearly a year, the entire country's political and economic processes had been geared towards providing Fraser with a favorable electoral atmosphere. Events appeared to have reached a climax last August, when the Fraser Government gleefully presented one of the shonkiest budgets in Australian history, replete with goodies and giveaways for the swinging voter; but then the Costigan Report, and later Fraser's back problems, meant that opportunity had to be foregone, and things continued to drift while Fraser waited for another chance.

The wage freeze was brought in to set it up, and at the start of February Fraser finally decided that it was time. He was triggered by the knowledge that Bill Hayden's position as leader of the Labor Party was steadily being eroded, and that if Hayden went he would inevitably be replaced by Bob Hawke, who was still (according to the opinion polls) the most popular politician in the universe. The sole point of Fraser picking the March 5 date, rather than waiting perhaps until May at least, was to lock the Labor Party into Hayden's leadership. Fraser reasoned that if he called an election, Labor would decide it was impossible to change horses, and that if there was a move to dump Hayden, the latter would fight to the bitter end, even if it meant tearing the Party to bits in the process — this, after all, being what Fraser himself would have done in the circumstances.

But Fraser had failed to reckon with Hayden's basic loyalty and decency. He went quietly, leaving behind him exactly the situation Fraser did not want: a united Labor Party led by Hawke. Fraser had always believed, with some justification, that if he as Prime Minister had been facing Hawke as Opposition Leader in parliament, he would have been able to undermine Hawke's reputation within the first three months. But now he found that he had to do it in a mere four weeks of campaigning, or else go down the gurgler.

More than anything else, the story of the 1983 election campaign is the story of how Fraser and his apparatchiks set out to smash the Hawke image.

The first thing Fraser did after the dust had settled was to say, in a genial sort of way, that in fact everything was all right, and that he really thought Hayden would have been a tougher opponent than Hawke. Someone may or may not have believed him, but within a couple of days a curious story appeared in the *Sydney Morning Herald* claiming that Fraser had always had a senior source in the Labor Party — a mole, if you want to be dramatic — and that everything going on within the Labor ranks was known to him before it was known to the participants. While it is true that some of the more paranoid members of the Labor Party have chosen to believe that their problems have been due to treachery rather than incompetence, there was simply no need for such speculation in this instance: the rumors about Hawke's impending coup had been quite persistent and well-based enough to make added conspiracy theories superfluous. However, the fact that they could be floated in a serious manner so early in the campaign gave Fraser and the Liberal machine, under the command of Tony ("the Maltese Falcon") Eggleton, the sort of style they were looking for. The theme of their campaign was going to be to discredit Hawke; the idea that there were already people within the ALP prepared to do so for them was precisely the line they needed to plant.

Stage Two was what might be called the general destabilisation process. A few of the hardy perennials were trotted out: Labor would tear up the Australian flag, Labor wanted to change the national anthem, Labor would abolish the states and turn Australia into a socialist republican dictatorship. None of this got the Libs anywhere, but then it was not really supposed to. The aim was simply to create an atmosphere of doubt and confusion, which would form the background from which the Liberals could start flinging the real mud when (as they were all sure he would) Hawke started making mistakes.

But in the first few days, Hawke had to be given his honeymoon. He was ceremonially enthroned as leader, and gave a bland and relaxed press conference in which he talked a lot about "my government." If there was a controversial moment in it, it was when he repeated Labor's policy to withdraw Australia from the Middle East peacekeeping force in the Sinai desert. Fraser said this would leave the country naked and defenceless, thus showing that he was not about to lose his talent for hyperbole. Fraser then went to Queensland to promise more dams and railways, and to kiss a few babies. His press secretary, Eddie Dean, said Fraser was "not in an election mode", which seemed an odd situation for a man who had just called an early election.

Labor's first advertisements, featuring the hoary ritual of the Leader of the Opposition challenging the incumbent Prime Minister to an open debate (a challenge which is made and refused during every campaign) were already going to air, and Hawke held another low-key press conference to discuss how a Labor administration would work. Tamie Fraser said she thought Hawke had sex appeal, to which her husband replied in some puzzlement: "Is that a quality?" Mal, if you have to ask, you haven't got it.

However, while reports from Brisbane indicated that the Fraser camp was still fairly disorganised, there were no real signs of nervousness. Despite a flood of early money for Labor, the bookies still had Fraser as a clear odds-on favorite, and the early polls suggested that, whatever the voters might have said before Hawke became Leader of the Opposition, they were not trampling each other to death to get to the polls now that they had the chance. The first even vaguely reliable poll gave Hawke 50 percent and Fraser 42 — an eight-point break for Labor; but as the Libs gleefully pointed out, Hayden started the 1980 campaign with a nine-point break and still lost. The Hawke factor, which was after all what the whole process was about, still appeared to be an unknown quantity.

The Liberal strategy was to nail the Hawke factor down, and to do it hard. This was not quite as easy as it appeared. Hawke was known as a reformed drunk and a self-confessed womaniser, but it appeared that the electorate had already accepted both facts without becoming terribly censorious. After some discussion it was agreed that Hawke should be taken on two fronts: firstly as an inexperienced politician, and secondly as a captive of the unions.

The initial (pre-policy speech) moves by the Liberals were helped by two things. The first was the release of Labor's economic platform, a document which was fairly short on detail but long on hope. Among other things it envisaged spending $2750 million on job creation. The Libs gleefully latched on to this as evidence that Hawke would return to the big-spending days of 1972-75, which they had spent the last seven years convincing an apparently credulous pubic were the worst in Australian history and indirectly responsible for everything that had happened since. This line, coming as it did from Fraser — the man whose last budget deficit had already blown out by more than $3000 million through a combination of incompetence and deceit — seemed a little rich. But it was an easy way of suggesting that Hawke, well-intentioned as he might be, was still an inexperienced and immature child when it came to the intricacies of economic management.

At much the same time Hawke was photographed accepting a $50,000 cheque from the left-wing Amalgamated Metal Workers and Shipwrights Union, which fitted nicely into the captive-of-the-unions line. Just in case anyone should doubt the malevolence of the unions, Fraser started a scare story about how he might have to use the RAAF to bring life-saving drugs to Australia during a strike by the Storemen and Packers Union. This turned out to be completely untrue, but Fraser could not afford to let any chance go by.

Over the weekend Hawke continued to push unemployment as the real issue, while the first of the Liberal advertisements linking Hawke with the Whitlam bogey, the union bogey and the Communist bogey began to appear. A separate series sought to suggest that Fraser was singlehandedly responsible for all Australia's sporting triumphs in the past seven years, and that sportsmen preferred him to Hawke. In the leadup to the policy speeches, the tone for the start of the campaign had been set.

Even the Democrats had a go: they decided to identify themselves with the Minder, a mindless thug featured in a television series who goes around bashing people at the behest of a crooked second-hand car salesman. By a coincidence which the Democrats would not have appreciated, "The Minder" is also the nickname given by the Canberra press

LAST STAND

gallery to one of Fraser's more extroverted press officers . . .

At this stage the Libs were still not saying much about the Democrats, apart from the usual line that anything that was not a vote for Fraser was a vote for Labor. But they were having trouble on other fronts, notably with pre-selections for the Senate. Their Queensland aboriginal Senator, Neville Bonner, had been dropped to an unwinnable position by his state branch, and was now standing as an independent. There was the usual row between the Libs and the Nats in Victoria.

As the phoney war drew to a close and the crowds started lining up for the policy speeches, two things stood out: one was that for once the Labor Party looked a good deal more steady and united than the Coalition, and the other was that Hawke was still making the running. Fraser was simply responding to Hawke — albeit in a fairly effective, if rather distasteful, manner.

But the form of his response was now clear, and on the day of his policy speech Fraser received what looked like an unexpected bonus. The High Court rejected an appeal from Norm Gallagher, the Secretary of the Builders'Laborers Federation, against a previous conviction for contempt of court, and Gallagher was carted off to jail. Fraser himself rang the High Court, asking to be informed the instant the judgement was handed down. Builders' Laborers started walking off the job. There was already a train strike in NSW, which appeared to have reached deadlock. There could have been no better time for Fraser to launch a policy based on union-bashing, and he duly did so.

Just what Fraser could reasonably have hoped to achieve after an election is not entirely clear; after all, on his own admission, after more than seven years of Fraserism the unions were more maverick than ever. But he suggested secret ballots for union positions (which were already a fact in all but a tiny number of cases) and a referendum to give the Commonwealth emergency powers (which simply duplicated already existing state powers, and in any case was no guarantee to pass), and the faithful at Malvern Town Hall cheered like mad and sang: "We're not waiting for the world", although exactly what they were not waiting for the world to do was far from obvious.

The only innovation in the policy speech was a bizarre commitment to take 10,000 people out of the dole queues and put them in the army for two years, which would not only make virtually no impression on the dole queues, but would also tie up half the army's already overstrained resources in looking after the horde.

Next morning brought two major disappointments to the Fraser camp: both the train strike and the Builders' Laborers' strike had been brought under control, and a new poll suggested that the elevation of Hawke had, after all, achieved some effect. Labor was now 11 points in front. Fraser's team focused grimly on the Sydney Opera House, where Hawke was to open his official campaign at lunchtime, and gained some satisfaction from the fact that the ABC hastily canned a live radio broadcast of the event on "instructions from senior management." No-one had any serious doubts about who had advised senior management to issue the instruction. However, Hawke went to air that night with a fairly radical program for economic and social reform, and the Libs finally had something more substantial than Hawke's ACTU record and the rather tattered trade union bogey on which to bite.

However, as it happened their jaws were to seize up in mid-chomp, because of

However, as it happened their jaws were to seize up in mid-chomp because of large bushfires in Victoria and South Australia

large bushfires in Victoria and South Australia. Fraser barely had time to gasp "Spend, spend, spend" and "Where's the money coming from?" before the fires pushed political news off the front pages and left him back in the position of being Prime Ministerially sombre about the disaster. Both campaigns went into abeyance for 24 hours on the grounds of good taste, and lack of media space. Hawke resumed on Friday, but Fraser, who was enjoying being Prime Minister again rather than just a candidate for office, decided to unilaterally extend his moratorium through the weekend, which he declared a period of national prayer and mourning.

This was a calculated gamble. Fraser was still running from behind, and needed all the campaigning he could get to catch up.

On the other hand the Prime Ministerial role gave him added status, and in any case his campaign had hit a few rocky spots. Two of the sportspeople in his ads, Greg Chappell and Lisa Curry, had revealed that they had asked to be left out of them, so the ads had to be withdrawn. The weekend gave the Libs a chance to rethink their campaign.

The result of the Western Australian state election suggested that they needed to: the huge swing which put Labor into office there shook the Libs more than any of the polls had done. Ironically, the former Western Australian premier, Ray O'Connor, had insisted that Fraser keep out of the state during the campaign because, he said, Fraser was not as popular as he thought he was in the west. The remaining question was just how popular Fraser was everywhere else.

Fraser did not spend the whole of his self-imposed weekend of prayer and mourning on his knees, although he was photographed in that position at a church service in Melbourne. Shortly afterwards he was on a plane heading for Queensland, chortling over a leaked copy of Labor's prices and incomes policy, which was to be ratified on the next day by the ACTU. This was the high point in Fraser's weekend — perhaps in the campaign to date. He and Eggleton had no doubt that they could sell the document as some kind of total capitulation by Hawke to the unions, and immediately set out to do so.

But it was typical of the way the Libs were conducting things that they had to do it in a devious manner. Instead of waiting for the full document to be released the very next day, and then trying to tear it to bits, they decided to pre-empt Labor by releasing an incomplete version, which left out the last three pages — the ones that talked about consultation and co-operation with employer groups and state governments, rather than just with the unions. This distorted policy was savagely attacked by Fraser as he concluded his weekend of prayer, mourning and plotting. Hawke pointed out the distortions and accused Fraser of gross fraud. On Tuesday the Sydney *Daily Telegraph* headlined its front page: "Dirty tricks campaign", and the *Sydney Morning Herald* editorial said that while there were serious questions to be asked about the prices and incomes policy, Fraser's treatment of it had ensured that most of them would not even emerge. The whole thing had backfired.

It was at this stage that the Liberal campaign took on elements of total desperation. Fraser began shrieking about the dangers of international Communism and waving aloft pictures of Hawke receiving money from left-wing union officials. He also circulated a years-old petition on non-alignment signed by Hawke, and informed the ethnic press that Labor would close down multi-cultural television, which was untrue. Queensland premier Joh Bjelke-Petersen tried to provoke a train strike by cutting penalty rates for overtime; it did not work. At the same time the Libs started circulating rumors that Hawke was back on the grog (which he demonstrably wasn't) and that a secret Costigan Report would contain very damaging stuff about some of Hawke's friends. Considering that one of Hawke's most prominent business friends, Sir Peter Abeles, had already declared himself for Fraser, this may not have been entirely helpful.

But quite clearly, desperate times required desperate measures, so at his first public rally of the campaign in Melbourne Fraser announced that Labor would reintroduce death duties and would steal people's savings from the banks to finance its program. Hawke laughed off both suggestions as nonsense, but the real damage was done by the Executive Director of the Australian Banker's Association, Ron Cameron, who issued a statement refuting Fraser's claim on the savings banks and demanding an explanation. Wednesday's headlines were all about Fraser's clash with the banks — enormously damaging to Fraser's remaining shreds of credibility. At the same time Fraser had to answer a challenge by Hawke, who said that if re-elected Fraser would reintroduce the sales tax bills which had formed the basis for the double dissolution. Cornered, Fraser replied that he wouldn't, thus removing most of the legitimacy of his early election.

At this stage the polls were still running very strongly Labor's way, although there were signs that things were getting fairly close in the marginal seats which Labor needed to win. But Labor had finally made the slip that the Libs had been waiting for: its spokesman on tourism, John Brown, suggested that penalty rates in the tourist industry were far too high, and should be looked at. A fairly minor union official disagreed. The Libs tried to seize on this as an example of the way the prices and incomes policy would fail, but the story did not really run. The media had become preoccupied with the battle of the leaders, which was increasingly consisting of a more and more manic Fraser heaping wilder and wilder abuse on a consistently confident and relaxed Hawke.

Then a somewhat extraordinary factor entered the campaign: some politicians started telling the truth. Commentators hardened by the experience of seven and a bit years of the Fraser Government were shocked and horrified, and said it was a major mistake. Labor's shadow Treasurer, Paul Keating, admitted that while every effort would be made to get the prices and incomes policy working, he could not give a cast-iron guarantee of its success. Fraser pounced, only to find Andrew Peacock saying that really, no-one could give cast-iron guarantees about the success of any policies. Sir James Killen added that no government could give a cast-iron guarantee not to raise sales tax. Ian McPhee then said there were actually some quite good things in the prices and incomes policy, which Fraser was now describing as a "socialist manifesto" which would allow the Communist unions to control the education of young children.

Fraser's tendency to hyperbole, or "hysterical nonsense", as the *National Times* described it, was not going down well with many members of his own Party. But the machine men still saw it as their only hope. While Fraser made valiant attempts to moderate his image into a kind of wise Uncle Malcolm as the campaign drew to a close, there was no real change in the tone of what he was saying or writing — in NSW alone, 300,000 individual letters were sent to voters in marginal seats warning them of the threat to their savings. In Queensland, Joh Bjelke-Petersen was drawn belatedly into the campaign to spread fear and loathing. The Libs began a last-minute advertising blitz featuring two-minute lectures by Fraser — not a concept, one would have thought, which would capture the imagination of tens of thousands of swinging voters. But desperate times require desperate measures.

By the start of the final week, the polls

Then a somewhat extraordinary factor entered the campaign. Some politicians started telling the truth

were already showing that it was all over. Fraser, looking very frazzled indeed, continued to hammer the lines about the socialist menace and the trade unions controlling all aspects of people's lives, and the deficit which would bankrupt the country; but neither the interest nor the credulity was there. In desperation, Fraser took to selectively quoting some of the more rabid commentators in his defence; he also lashed out in a random fashion at the journalists who had been covering the campaign, among whom there were, he said, "committed socialists." What he really meant was that they were not going along with the dirty tricks campaign; whereas in 1977 or 1980 Fraser's scare tactics would have been reported straight (at least for the first 24 hours), thus allowing him to set the debating ground, this year they were being queried before they even started to run.

Even Fraser's set piece speech at the National Press Club went bad on him. After what was, for Fraser, a fairly reasoned attack on Labor's policies (we were still hearing very little about his own), he allowed himself to be baited by questioners. During one of his more extravagant answers, a drunk union official interjected: "Bullshit." Fraser yelled back: "Bullshit from the press gallery." This unedifying and unstatesmanlike exchange dominated the radio and television reports that night. Next morning the press was more sympathetic, stating that Fraser's speech was his best performance of the campaign. To those of us who sat through it, this only demonstrated how truly terrible the rest of the campaign had been.

The journalists travelling with Fraser were full of horror stories about the total lack of organisation on the trail. At one stage a number of them had ended up stranded in Hobart, having not been informed of a last-minute change of plans. This was a bonus for the Wrest Point casino, but it meant that Fraser's campaign went uncovered by a large section of the media for almost two days. Since these were the days when Fraser was honing up his attack on the prices and incomes policy, it was a serious mistake.

Fraser had one card left: he informed the world that vast quantities of migrants were now turning around and leaving the country because they knew all about socialism and communism, and he started a fun on foreign capital by encouraging the idea that Labor would devalue (in fact, the general view was that the new government would have to devalue whoever won the election; Fraser's prediction served only to make this more certain). Labor replied with a series of last-minute newspaper advertisements which claimed that Fraser wanted to deregulate housing interest rates, a course which would cause them to rise by several percent.

The Libs, in great indignation, cried foul, which was a bit like Adolf Hitler complaining that the Jews were fighting back. But it is most unlikely that anything that happened in the last week had any real effect anyway. Certainly it saw the gradual disappearance of all those extraordinary and short-lived groups calling themselves things like the "Small Business Association" and "Concerned Citizens for Democracy", which appeared to have been formed on February 3, and to be able to afford a great deal of very expensive advertising to inform people that Bob Hawke molests children. The Liberals had apparently decided that there was no real point in throwing good money after bad.

The extent to which their scare campaign had failed was dramatically revealed in the final Australian National Opinion Poll, which contained the extraordinary finding that the overwhelming majority of those surveyed believed that the Labor Party was not only more likely to reduce unemployment than the Liberals, but was also more likely to control the unions and to lower taxes.

With things at this disastrous stage, there was nowhere left for the Libs to go except out; and so they duly went. ○

Comic country singer
Chad Morgan's teeth are his trademark.
But Chad's bark is worse than his bite

SALUTE TO THE SHEIK

BY PHIL ABRAHAM

A couple of decades ago, before those giant, gut-wrenching mechanical rides made the little man redundant, Sideshow Alley at Sydney's Royal Easter Show provided a marvellously sleazy array of entertainments — the sort of amusements now denied to the Space Invader generation.

There were the "strippers", who invariably disappointed their audience of gaping adolescents when they failed to remove even the tops of their bikinis; Sharman's boxing tent, a great Australian institution; the freak shows like the headless woman and the half man/half woman; and Chad Morgan.

Chad, country singer and comedian extraordinaire, often worked the show from nine to midnight, and the sawdust on the floor of the old tent he performed in would be tramped hard by the crowd that clamored to see him — cow cockies from Bega, cane-cutters from north Queensland, farmers, graziers, rodeo-riders, country folk from every part of Australia, with a sprinkling of city dwellers.

And when Chad launched into the number he inevitably starts his shows with — the song he first recorded more than 30 years ago, *The Sheik Of Scrubby Creek*, beginning with a few rough guitar chords, then the painful, plaintive mongrel howl which has become his catchcry — the audience to a man would join in with a chorus of equally horrible sounds.

These people were committed Chad Morgan fans. It was an odds-on chance that Chad had played for them in their home town during the years when the *Chad Morgan Show* and its offshoots covered the country circuit from Hobart to Darwin, stopping for a one-night stand at every hick town in between, and there was bound to be an old Chad Morgan LP among their collection of country favorites. For Chad Morgan's music — crude, rude and hilarious — is as ingrained into Australian country culture as the dung in a sheep's dags. The straight country music establishment would say it was just as unsavory, because Chad Morgan is the man who put the cunt into country music.

A lot of whisky has flowed under the bridge of Chad's nose since the days when he starred at the Easter Show. His career

ILLUSTRATION BY CLIVE HAYBAL

SHEIK

has probably had more downs than ups since the early Sixties, as Chad trod a path which is common to more than a few popular performers — suffering marital problems, mental breakdowns, serious accidents and accusations of a drinking problem. Some people reckoned Chad was well on the way to pickling himself. In 1983, at the age of 50, he has been preserved . . . but not in a bottle.

The country music scene is a funny one. For many of the fans, it's more like a religion than mere music, and more than 30,000 of them make the pilgrimage to Tamworth every year on the Australia Day weekend for the country music festival. Many travel thousands of miles to treat their eardrums to country corn like "Dropkick Me Jesus Through The Goalposts Of Life."

These pilgrims revere the stars of the country scene. They are particularly keen on constructing shrines to their hillbilly heroes. Tamworth's places of worship include the Roll of Renown out at radio station 2TM — a cluster of granite boulders imbedded with brass plaques proclaiming the achievements of a variety of country stars; the Hands of Fame park, right in the centre of Tamworth, which consists of a series of concrete slabs featuring imprints of the hands of top country performers; and the most recent addition to the country music capital, the Gallery of Stars — a waxworks which currently presents eight famous figures from the country music scene.

Pay two bucks at the door and you can check out Smoky Dawson and his horse Flash, who died last year at the age of 35 but is now immortalised in wax. There's a youthful Frank Ifield, the McKean sisters Joy and Heather, Johnny Chester, 2TM's "Mr Hoedown" John Minson, Australia's "pioneering yodelling sweetheart" Shirley Thoms, and The Sheik Of Scrubby Creek — Chad Morgan.

Chad's waxworks figure has been surrounded by paraphernalia which is supposed to reinforce the Sheik persona — Persian carpets and painted minarets on the walls. They've even put the tube of a hookah in his hand. "I don't like the pipe," says Chad. "People will probably be saying: 'Ah, he's on pot.' I'm going to have a yarn to them about that. The Sheik thing has got nothing to do with me. I can see what they were trying to do, but I'm a bushie."

Observers of the wax reproduction of Chad's remarkable features are suddenly affronted by the same barking sounds he has been making for more than 30 years . . . and then the overhead speakers emit a brief commentary on the man's career. "Chad Morgan was unleashed on an unsuspecting Australia when he won the *Australian Amateur Hour* by a country mile in 1950. The lad from Duckinwilla was a natural comic and was quickly established as the clown prince of country music.

"No baggy pants or greasepaint for Chad," continues the commentary. "All he needed was his floppy hat with its giant safety pin, and his enormous buck teeth, to set an audience laughing. Chad is regarded as one of the first truly Australian comics. He recognised the commercial possibilities of Australian humor, an insight later confirmed by Barry Humphries. Chad's routines, although outlandish, are carefully related to the essential Australian male.

"Chad captures the lighter side of Australian country life with a humor that survives fad and fashion. He is the larrikin non-conformist, careless and carefree, the outback lout — and Australians are proud of him. As we all agree . . . there is only one Chad Morgan." But the commentator has it wrong, for on this Australia Day

> The lad from Duckinwilla was a natural comic and was quickly established as the clown prince of country music

weekend in Tamworth, Chad Morgan is appearing in triplicate.

Outside Treloars department store, where the Gallery of Stars is temporarily housed during the festival, it's country music madness. The streets are chock-a-block with cowboys — guts and tats and 10-gallon hats. You could write a country and western song about them. Buskers litter the footpaths. On one side of Peel Street a couple of bearded blokes are singing "I Got Stoned And I Missed It", as the open guitar case in front of them slowly fills with loose change. Right across the road a trio of hot gospellers are intoning: "Jesus loves you, I love you and that's the way it should be." They aren't collecting donations. Perhaps they're expecting pennies from heaven.

Down the road, Hiscock's clothing store is doing a roaring trade in western gear — Cuban heeled boots, carved leather belts, garish opal buckles, fancy shirts with ornate embroidery and piping, feathered hatbands, string ties . . . the full cowboy look. If you want to strut your stuff on the streets of Tamworth, you'd better look the part. As one tee-shirt proclaims, "If you ain't a cowboy, you ain't shit."

The climax of this big weekend is the Country Music Awards presentation on Sunday night, but prior to that every club and pub in town has a show going. Digger Revell is at the Services Club, Rex Dallas and The Dallas Cowboys are playing in the KFC carpark, and the annual talent quest is underway at the Locomotive Hotel, where a big bunch of bikies are jeering at some girl who looks like Little Lotta as she struggles through a terrible Tammy Wynette imitation.

Every hotel and motel in town is brimming over with country music fans and players. Round at the Travelodge a bunch of fat musicians are taking time off, sitting around the pool drinking Fosters and occasionally taking tentative steps into the water, but only going in waist-deep, immediately making other pool-goers assume that they are only in there to take a piss. Half the shops in town have got country music blaring out of their entrances, the Mr Juicy Concert in the Hands of Fame park is featuring a series of amateur acts, and up at the Town Talk Hotel, why goddam it, it's that crazy Chad Morgan bark again — a long, low howl from the beer garden.

It's mid-afternoon, and the Town Talk beer garden is packed. The crowd is broiling in its own sweat; like the steaks from the food stall, they're looking very well done. The beer compensates for the heat but there is a correlation between its consumption and the deterioration in the quality of conversation. "If people can go around in Sydney with dyed hair (have you seen them? They look like bloody parrots), then I don't see why I shouldn't wear a cowboy hat," asserts one bloke.

"Hey Leanne, your spots are getting inflamed. You're not breaking out in that rash again are you?" says a girl to her companion. But Leanne isn't listening. She's at the Town Talk to hear John Williamson, who's just tuning his guitar as he prepares to play his second bracket for the afternoon. Williamson, of Old Man Emu fame, is one of the most polished solo performers in the country style, presenting a range of authentic Australian songs — some old ones, some new ones and a few of his own. One of his most popular acts is his Chad Morgan impression.

Williamson launches into the Sheik Of Scrubby Creek. His bark is on par with Chad's, and as soon as he starts howling, the crowd, reeling from the beer and the heat, joins in, barking along with Williamson as he bays his way through Morgan's classic.

While the speakers above his waxworks model in Treloars are reproducing Chad's bark, and Williamson is doing a pretty good imitation of the same sounds in the pub up the road, it just so happens, on this hot Australia Day Sunday, that the real Chad Morgan is doing exactly the same thing — the real thing — on the other side of town. Chad's back in Tamworth, performing with the Terry Gordon Show at the Workmen's Club, and he's been packing them in all weekend.

When the legendary Chad Morgan saunters on to the stage to play the afternoon smoko session the crowd roars, and despite the sedate nature of the surroundings, they join in when he does his howling prelude to The Sheik Of Scrubby Creek. Then, accompanying himself on his acoustic Yamaha guitar, Chad begins to sing in that familiar, high-pitched, tremulous, nasal whine . . . "All the sheilas think I'm handsome / Their fathers think I'm mad / Their mothers think I'm a villain / But I'm just a lovable lad."

Morgan's routine includes a selection of his songs, broken up by some dirty jokes and his own brand of patter: "I'd like to do a song made popular by Harry Belafonte and made unpopular by me. It's called 'Banana Boat'. It almost kills me every time I do it, and it'll probably kill you too." He launches into a series of physical and oral contortions . . . a brand of Calypso which would make Belafonte blanch, but which has his audience in stitches.

Chad's brand of low, farcical slapstick humor is filthy: "Now Rosy was sweet, she was just seventeen / When I showed her the works of my thrashing machine . . . There was only one sight that her eyes never seen / Was a vertical piston-drive thrashing machine"; sexist: "Oh I'm a model husband, considerate and kind / I never beat the missus up, unless of course I'm blind"; self-deprecating: "But if they (sheilas) get close enough / They scream when they see my dial / Cause I look like a car that's been / In the latest Redex Trial"; and satirical: "In the zoo I met a taipan snake / And me he seemed to like / I wanted to be a wharfie / So he taught me how to strike."

Morgan has a remarkable rapport with his country audiences. They love him, despite the fact that a large part of his act consists of taking the piss out of individuals in the first few rows with a cruelty which is reminiscent of, but probably preceded, Barry Humphries' approach. In a highly perceptive biographical sketch of Morgan in *Country Music In Australia Volume 2*, author Eric Watson sums up the character Morgan plays on stage as "a low, idiotic rustic, totally concerned with sex and grog and quite pathological in his pursuit of them." It is this persona — the Australian version of the village idiot — which has kept Chad Morgan's career afloat for so long. However, the drongo character (which many people have cajoled Morgan into maintaining off-stage) has also created some problems for him. This down-market Sir Les Patterson look-alike has commanded the dedication and devotion of hundreds of thousands of fans for more than three decades. Their affection for him is reflected by his record sales, which proud EMI executives claim have been consistently high throughout Chad's career.

Despite his success, Morgan's life and career have been punctuated by setbacks and failures, many of them beyond his control. If Chad, with his natural ability as a slapstick comedian, and highly developed sense of humor, timing and ability to manipulate an audience, had hit Hollywood, he would have outgooned shallower talents like Jerry Lewis. If he'd been city-bred with a proper education, Chad could have shone in any occupation. But The Sheik Of Scrubby Creek was born at Wondai in Queensland in February 1933, in the middle of the Great Depression, when his parents were still in their teens. The eldest of 14 children, he was brought up by his grandparents, who moved about the state seeking work throughout his early years. That itinerant lifestyle meant that Chad — a shy and sensitive youth who copped heaps of flak from other kids because of his funny buck teeth — didn't get much schooling.

> The big break came at the age of 16, when he wrote the Sheik of Scrubby Creek, which was much more than a maudlin, derivative cowboy love song

His grandfather died when he was in his early teens, and Morgan went to work with his father as a timber and cane-cutter at Duckinwilla, also known as Scrubby Creek, halfway between Bundaberg and Maryborough. Like most country musicians of that period, Morgan was self-taught, getting his inspiration from the radio and writing a few simple songs in the style of his idols. But the big break came at the age of 16 when he wrote "The Sheik Of Scrubby Creek", which was much more than just a maudlin, derivative cowboy love song. Morgan explains how the song was created: "When I was young, any bloke who was chasing sheilas or mucking around was considered to be a real bloody sheik. You were a sheik if you could get on to sheilas.

"Well, I was that bloody shy in those days, and I was madly in love with this girl. But I wasn't game to even ask her out. I was sitting down writing a love song to her and I got halfway through it, and I thought: 'Ah, stuff it! I can get any sheila I want. I'm a real bloody sheik.' And that's what the love song turned into" . . . a defiant outburst. "The Sheik of Scrubby Creek" ("They say I'm like Casanova / I drink, I smoke, I swear / They say I'm The Sheik Of Scrubby Creek / But I don't care") became Chad's signature tune.

There were not a lot of opportunities for public performance at Scrubby Creek, and Chad's youthful modesty made it difficult for him to get up and play his songs in front of even one person. But eventually he was persuaded to make his debut, although it wasn't exactly in front of a crowd. "My first public performance, when I was 16, was at the Duckinwilla Dance. I was so nervous I had to play behind a wall, but the song went down quite well anyway."

Morgan's next important appearance was in the *Australian Amateur Hour* competition, after his friends in the RAAF, which he joined in 1950, convinced him that he would have a good chance of winning. Chad took second place in the finals, which led to a recording contract with EMI — an impressive achievement in those days, especially for a lad of 19. Morgan once again turned into a bundle of nerves when he found himself in the recording studio. "I was shit-scared. When I first recorded the Sheik, in 1952, they didn't have tapes like they do today. These days some of these bloody rockers might have dozens of takes to get down one track. In those days it went straight on to wax, and if you made a mistake, it stayed there."

The record sold exceptionally well, but Morgan missed his chance to capitalise on it, when he was hospitalised for more than 12 months after a motor bike accident. "It was Christmas, 1953," Chad remembers. "I went out to Scrubby Creek on the motor bike. There's a sharp corner just before you get to the turn-off, and I was coming round there at about 80 kilometres an hour when some bastard came round on the wrong side of the road with his lights on high beam. I went up over the bank and into an ironbark tree, and broke my leg in five places."

Morgan spent that Christmas, his 21st birthday, and the following Christmas in hospital. "They wanted to take me leg off, but I wouldn't let 'em. So they said, 'You'll never walk again without crutches', but I'm still walking. I've only got half circulation in it — some arteries were cut. It plays up a bit now and then — the weather affects it. I can't stand the cold; it goes blue in the cold."

When he was mobile again, Chad moved down to Sydney, made a few more recordings, and then began his career on the road when Slim Dusty asked him to join his travelling show in 1956. It was the many years spent on the country show circuit which established the Chad Morgan cult. As Chad says: "Australia is my backyard." With a changing cast, which included country stars like Gordon Parsons, Rick and Thel Carey and Reg Lindsay, Morgan went everywhere. The only two

SHEIK

't played are towns in Australia he has he's planning Wyndam and Broome, and on. on doing them sometime in those days, "We started from Sydney head north as living out of a caravan. We new year, then far as Cairns, starting in the land and down go through western Queens We'd just go through the back-blocks, ne time you'd right across Australia; by Christmas and get right round it would be hard life. We'd time to start again. It was ry night. But I be in a different town ev used to like it."

Morgan's distinctive fe tures became well-known to country Aus alians through the late Fifties. He was star — even though he didn't live like or , or play in top-class venues, Morgan ga ed a huge and affectionate following. Pe le would travel for miles when they heard is show was in town. "We'd play in some unny places those days," he remini s. "Once, we were booked to play a ace that was about 25 miles out of K psey. We arrived and found a hall in e middle of a bloody bloody paddock, in the dle of bloody nowhere. The nearest n was miles away, and there wasn't n any electricity in the building, just a of hooks hanging from the rafters. We started to get dark and there still was a soul around. Then, we looked up at the rrounding hills and saw all these dots o ht — like flies — coming towards . Then people and vehicles started to ve from every direction. They all had terns, old tilly lights, and they hung the on the rafters to light the hall. Eventually e packed the place out — it was unr ision cruelled

The introduction of t "TV started the country show circ in the early knocking things arou yone scraped Sixties," says Chad. "E they had into around and put everyth st sit at home buying a set. Then they no didn't have and watch it, and those eir neighbors' one would go and wat ne shows any set. So they didn't go good medium more." But television w mor is visual, for Morgan; much of h s a guest on a and he was in big dem adapting easily variety of television sho d has gone on from live performance ally-made films to feature in a couple of w redeeming too; he was one of th ad a brief spot features of *Dimboola*, a Sixties, The in *Newsfront*. In the was an estab-Shiek Of Scrubby Cr problem was lished country star. The on was getting that the real Chad M on stage who confused with the cha ears." People "drinks and smokes a the drunken expected Chad to ma nd sometimes hooligan image off-st s, Chad began he did. Like many perf , and alcohol to believe his own pu areer and his started to threaten h health.

Chad has fallen off a few stages in his time, or failed to front altogether, and a lot of people lost faith in him. He admits that accusations of a drinking problem have jeopardised his performances. "The grog rumor has had an affect on my career, in the clubs especially. Bastards that have never even seen me work start telling stories and it gets blown out of all proportion. Another bloke would drink 10 times as much and no-one would worry. In fact, most of the bastards that talk about me are pissed themselves. I used to like my drink — rum or scotch. I was never a beer drinker. But the whole thing has been blown out of all proportion.

"It's because I muck around so much — people reckon you couldn't do it sober. It'd give you the shits. I can't have a glass of water without someone thinking it's gin or vodka." Chad was on the wagon in Tamworth this year, "not because any bastard made me. I just felt like I didn't want to

> I used to like my drink — rum or scotch. I was never a beer drinker. But the whole thing has been blown out of all proportion

drink." Morgan also rejects a number of other stories about his escapades. The biographical piece in Watson's *Country Music In Australia Volume 2* is the only current documentation of his life. Despite the fact that Chad, typically, hasn't even bothered to read it, when questioned about some of the anecdotes included in the piece he begs to differ.

Morgan's marriage broke up in the early Seventies, and he suffered a nervous breakdown as a result of the pressure of that disruption. Watson describes the aftermath: "Suddenly one day he was sitting on a tractor ploughing, on a property near Theodore in Queensland, and he couldn't figure out what he was doing there. He went to a house on the property and said to a man, 'How long have I been here?' 'About six months,' said the man. 'How did I get here?' 'Buggered if I know. You asked me in the Theodore pub if I had any work, and I put you on. I thought you were a bit of a strange bloke at times, but you've been doing a good job. You've ploughed 2000 acres.'"

It's a great story, but according to Chad, it's a bit of an exaggeration . . . he says he just went up north to escape the pressures that were being placed on him in the city. "I was just fed up with everything and I said 'Stuff it' and went out to work on a bloody station up in Queensland. Then the local papers got on to it. They started claiming I was up there to dry out. They got that wrong too. I was drinking more grog up there than I was in the city. Jesus, it would make you laugh."

Morgan was involved in another serious motoring accident in the late Seventies. "I was driving home from a show at Warnambool early one morning. It was a real wet bloody night, there was a lot of wind, big gusts, and the wipers weren't keeping the water off the windscreen. There were a couple of cars parked in the street, and one of them was a fair way off the gutter. I clipped that bastard, and then I ran into a bluestone fence.

"I was lucky the accident happened in town," Chad continues. "The bloody seat belt didn't lock up, and I ended up in hospital with 47 stitches in my head. I signed-myself out the next morning, went home and did a show that night with a bandage wrapped round my head."

Watson contends that the accident, and the medication Morgan took as a result of it, caused many of his problems: "When he came out (of hospital) he had permanent violent headaches, and needed prescribed drugs . . . The effect of the drugs caused people to believe that he was drinking again, when they saw him fumble for words and sometimes black out temporarily on stage . . . The drugs were incompatible with alcohol and one drink taken with them was enough to wreck him completely," the book concludes.

"What a heap of shit," says Chad. "I didn't need any medication." Morgan also refutes the claim that his teeth, such an important part of his onstage character, have been insured for huge sums. "I was going to insure them at one stage," he says, "but the premiums were too high, so I decided against it."

The new, mellow Chad Morgan impressed a lot of people at the country music festival in 1983. He'd cleaned up his act, both on and off the stage. With a new manager, Chad has a busy year planned.

At the age of 50, does the "lovable lad" from Duckinwilla have any further aspirations? "I think I've just about fulfilled all my ambitions," says Chad. "You know how you dream when you're a kid? I dreamed of making records and being an entertainer when I was young, and I think I've made a reasonable success of it. For me, the biggest thrill was performing at the Sydney Opera House with Slim Dusty in 1977. But there was one other thing I fantasised about. I wanted a knighthood. I dreamed of people calling me Sir Chadwick."

And Morgan, with spittle flying from between his monstrous buck teeth, bursts into laughter.

JEANETTE

AMBER FLUID

"There I was lying all oiled up on this beach in Sardinia, of all places," says our Pet of the Month Jeanette Amber, launching into one of her favorite sex experiences. "I looked up from my book and saw a shimmering figure crossing the sand dunes towards me. I squinted and saw that it was a naked man. He was slim and very hairy and he was getting closer all the time."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS DICKSON

"Well," says Jeanette, "I was a little scared, but something in his manner calmed me until there he was directly above me, studying me with the coolest blue eyes. Then without saying a word he extended his arm to lift me to my feet . . ."

"He kissed me very gently, then led me away with him. I needn't continue except to say that the next few days were some of the most erotic of my life, and that's saying something." Jeanette Amber doesn't have sexual fantasies, she lives them.

After that introduction to conversation, the rest seems run-of-the-mill. All the information about Jeanette being a successful Sydney model who's travelled extensively, with a keen interest in astrology . . . it seems to pale in comparison with the actual woman.

Our Pet was born in a tiny township. "It was — it still is — the sort of place where you're born, you go to school, you frigging marry, and then you die," says Jeanette. "But I jumped ship when I was a teenager and started wandering. Sometimes I think I've got gypsy blood."

That gypsy heart has brought her to Sydney for a while by way of Haiti and a flying visit to her sister in Fiji. Next stop Sri Lanka and India, "to check out some interesting fabrics and explore the local life-style." Then Australia will be seeing more of her. And you wondered why they call this "the Lucky Country". ○+▭

MISS JEANETTE AMBER /PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Military intelligence computers predict that Australia's involvement in World War III will last 35 minutes. The entire population will be decimated.

TERROR AUSTRALIS

BY DR GEOFFREY E. SMITH

Australia is living on borrowed time. As the world moves inexorably closer to nuclear confrontation, both superpowers are finalising their plans for the "lucky country" in the aftermath of World War III.

An all-out nuclear war would mean that more than 100 million people in the Soviet Union and up to 160 million in the United States will perish. The populations of the United Kingdom and Europe would be obliterated. In the Northern Hemisphere, tens of millions of acres of agricultural land would be contaminated with radiation, and 95 percent of industries would be destroyed. Civilisations which took thousands of years to develop would vanish.

This means that after the nuclear Armageddon, Australia will be one of the prize spoils for the victor — with vast tracts of uncontaminated and fertile land for growing food, rich natural resources to aid in rebuilding the future, and a relatively small

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK SALWOWSKI

TERROR AUSTRALIS

population to manipulate and control.

If the US wins World War III, we are set to become a potentially important state in the "New United States Of America", and if we play our cards right we might even end up as the New California. But if the Soviets are victorious, what happens to us then? One group of people spends much of its time preparing for just such an eventuality — the war strategists at KGB headquarters in Moscow.

Now, total war is not going to be fought under the Marquis of Queensbury rules. Indeed, there is every reason to suppose that in World War III the Soviet Union will use every type of weapons system at its disposal. Most military analysts agree that Australia could be eliminated within hours of the start of a nuclear conflict by the selective use of germ warfare and just *six* nuclear warheads. In this way four-fifths of our population would be eliminated, but our rich agricultural lands and mineral resources would remain unharmed. This "doomsday scenario" is not the unlikely product of a fertile imagination; it has been carefully planned and rehearsed many times, under the code-name *Terror Australis.*

Operation *Terror Australis,* which the KGB have been perfecting since 1975, involves the destruction of Melbourne, Canberra and Townsville by submarine-launched inter-continental ballistic missiles, the vaporisation of the US communications bases at North West Cape, Pine Gap and Nurrungar, and the deletion of 80 percent of the Australian population by the use of "pneumonic plague" and "breakbone fever" germs.

Terror Australis as detailed in this article is a computer-derived "worst case" scenario for Australia in the event of World War III. It is based on findings from the "Post Game Analysis" (POGANA) of many computerised war games being played out between military planners in the US and Great Britain.

Much of the information fed into the computers is derived from "white" sources — newspapers, magazines and specialist journals. Data is also collected by electronic means — ELINT, or electronic intelligence, and SIGINT, or signals intelligence. Every available piece of information, from the formula for a new rocket fuel to the air temperature over Leningrad in mid-June, is stored in computers and used by strategists in war games. These projected scenarios really are called "games", and the participants, "players".

Computer games based on "what would happen if" scenarios are constantly played out by strategists in both the Communist and Western blocs. In the West, the most elaborate war games are played at the Institute of War Studies Centre (STUCEN), London; the Home Defence College, Easingwold, England; Pitreavie Castle, near Edinburgh; US Defence Intelligence Agency (DIA), Washington DC; US Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, Washington DC.

Terror Australis is the Allied code-name for the "worst case" projection for Australia; it is not known what the Russians have code-named such an operation. According to high-ranking NATO military intelligence analysts, in an all-out nuclear war ("GLOBAL COMMITMENT POSITIVE"), there is a *95 percent* probability that the Soviet Union would activate *Terror Australis.*

The information concerning *Terror Australis* has been provided by wargamers at the Institute of War Studies Centre, London, and confirmed by a senior NATO intelligence expert in private discussions with the author.

In order to clearly grasp how and why

> Since 1975, two of the KGB's most experienced planners have made a number of trips to the Soviet Embassy in Canberra

the plan would be put into effect, it is necessary to look at how espionage operates in Australia.

Many KGB agents are already in place here. In fact, since 1975 they have been arriving in growing numbers because World War III will begin in space, and one of the first engagements will involve a Soviet hunter-killer satellite and America's ultra-secret Aquacade communications satellite orbiting 32,000 kilometres over Alice Springs. Since Australia became an integral part of the Western Alliance's signal communications and intelligence network, KGB activity here has increased dramatically.

In June 1982 a KGB Colonel, Vladimir Kuzichkin, defected to British Intelligence. His disclosures, together with those of Jan Sejna, a former chief of staff to the Czech Minister of Defence and probably the most important Communist ever to defect to the West, have thrown new and disturbing light on the extent of KGB operations in Australia.

The information provided by Kuzichkin was so serious that during the last four months of 1982, there was a massive restructuring of Allied counter-intelligence operations in Australia. As a result, the US National Security Agency (NSA) now coordinates and directs *all* Allied intelligence activities here from its regional headquarters at Victoria Barracks, Melbourne.

This was agreed to by Defence Minister Sinclair at meetings with top-ranking US officials in November 1982. Sinclair had no choice, because the key Western defence facilities in Australia are all operated by American personnel using US-designed and built equipment.

After the latest British "spy scandal" involving Geoffrey Prime at the Allied General Communications HQ in Cheltenham, England, the NSA has insisted that it be solely responsible for security at bases using satellite communications. So far, Margaret Thatcher has refused to accept the idea that Americans should control security at such bases on British soil; however, the Fraser Government is in no position to argue with the senior partner in the ANZUS pact. ASIO — the Australian Security and Intelligence Organisation — now takes its orders from the NSA.

The new "top man" in the Kremlin, Yuri Andropov, is a former head of the KGB who, amongst other things, masterminded the KGB build-up in Australia since the mid-1970s. Before then, Australia was little more than a distant posting for KGB "no-hopers" and young field operatives learning the trade. However, since 1975, two of the KGB's most experienced planners, General Mikhail Vasilyevitch Muzankov and Colonel Leonid Grashkin, have both made a number of trips to the Soviet Embassy in Canberra.

The visits of Muzankov, particularly, are seen in a very sinister light because he is responsible for the training and deployment of the Soviets' Special Diversionary Groups — Russia's equivalent to our Special Air Services. SDGs are KGB personnel trained to operate as small units, from a handful of men to as many as 50. By the end of 1980, Allied intelligence had identified over 1200 such groups stationed in Eastern Europe alone. There, they would be infiltrated into NATO countries before hostilities and be ready to attack important targets and create chaos behind enemy lines.

Recent information strongly suggests that personnel from Soviet Special Diversionary Groups have already been "inserted" into Australia, and their possible presence here is causing grave concern to Allied military planners and security agencies.

Western military strategists use the phrase "The Window of Opportunity" to describe the moment when the Soviet Union will attack the West. Simply put, this means that the USSR will attack when her power is uppermost and her enemies' power is at its lowest point. Most Kremlin watchers believe the Soviet Union would never attack unless it believed it could win,

and Western "think tanks" which try to predict "The Window of Opportunity" are afraid that the Kremlin's decision to start deploying SDG units in potentially hostile countries is a clear sign that the Russians are now ready for World War III.

For most people in the Soviet bloc, Australia is nothing more than a distant destination for some relative who managed to obtain permission to emigrate. However, for many years, groups of specialised planners have worked on various schemes to shape our country into part of the Soviet master plan for world domination.

During the 1960s and early 1970s, Australia was seen as a "strategic hinterland"; Marshal Grechko, a former Commander-in-Chief of Soviet land forces, believed that if the Russians wished to control Asia, they must first control Australia.

According to Communist plans first formulated in 1964, the "neutralisation" of Australia and New Zealand would follow the neutralisation of Western Europe. Like Europe, Australia would advance to socialism step by step, and it would only be in the final stage that a revolutionary government would be established. Before that, and because of the small size of the Communist Party of Australia, the plan called first for exploitation of the extreme left of the ALP, infiltration of the younger working class in the industrial areas, and subversion and control of the trade unions. At the next stage there would be infiltration of the Liberal and Country Parties, and the final target for subversion would be the military forces. According to this long-term strategy, the "liberation" of Australia would be accomplished by the mid-1990s.

But in 1974 this plan was torn up, and at the insistence of the KGB, new strategies were evolved which recognised Australia as an integral and dangerous member of the Western Alliance, one which could not be ignored in the overall battle plans for World War III.

The KGB has since finalised its tactics to eliminate Australia in the first hours of World War III. Essential to its schemes are agents already operating in this country.

Three types of Soviet "spies" operate in Australia. First are the "legal" agents — KGB career officers masquerading as diplomats or embassy employees. These have diplomatic immunity and at the last count, 22 were known to Allied security services.

Secondly, there are a small number of Australians "run" by "legal" KGB agents. These people have been persuaded to sell their secrets, or their souls, for Russian gold.

The third group are the "illegals" and it is these who are the most interesting and most dangerous of the Russian agents. All are highly-trained men and women who have been "inserted" into Australian society. Often they have a completely false background or "legend", complete with documentation. The good ones are superb actors who build up their "cover" by leading lives of painstaking normalcy. They may be plumbers or carpenters, doctors or dentists; all will have a job, hobbies, friends, and a wife or husband. The "illegals" are the elite of the KGB. Usually they are not known to local "legal" KGB officers and they receive their instructions direct from Moscow Centre.

All told, between 450 and 500 people make up the Soviet spy force in Australia.

Since 1975, Australia has become an increasingly important area for KGB operations. Yet one expert from American intelligence has stated that there is no other Western country in which the KGB has such ready access to such high sources. Even on its home territory ASIO has failed to match the KGB, and the most obvious evidence suggesting that Australian counter-intelligence cannot cope is that in 20 years it has not caught a single spy or produced a single defector. In the last couple of years alone, the UK, many European countries, New Zealand, Indonesia, Singapore and numerous other nations have all expelled KGB men for espionage or subversive activities.

> In an all-out nuclear war, there is a 95 percent probability that the Soviet Union would activate *Terror Australis*

In September 1981, Justice Woodward attributed ASIO's lack of success to "bad luck". He also said: "I wouldn't be at all surprised if some time in the not very distant future, the luck does start to break our way, and the organisation is able to produce heads on mats, or if you like, on silver platters . . ."

We are still waiting for the "heads" to be produced. Meanwhile, ASIO continues to recall with pride its two successes against Soviet Intelligence — which took place as far back as 1951 and 1962. And unfortunately, since 1975 the KGB have been perfecting the operation with the Allied code-name *Terror Australis.* According to this plan, in the event of a decision to launch an all-out nuclear war — "TIME RED ZERO" — Australia will be destroyed by three ICBMs fired by the Ninth Regiment of the Soviet Strategic Rocket Force, three nuclear-armed missiles from a "Yankee" class submarine, and about 250 KGB field operatives deployed around the Commonwealth.

At TIME RED ZERO plus eight minutes, submarine-launched ballistic missiles will destroy Melbourne, Canberra and Townsville. At TIME RED ZERO plus 30 minutes, three Soviet SS-18 rockets each carrying a 50-megaton warhead will vaporise the US communications bases at North West Cape, Pine Gap and Narrungar.

Russia has to strike at Australia because three key components of the US Global Communications Network have been set up here. If these aren't knocked out within minutes of TIME RED ZERO, the consequences to the Soviets would be extremely serious.

To effectively "delete" Australia from the conflict before we can become a nuisance, *Terror Australis* proposes the use of "pneumonic plague" and "breakbone fever" germs to first incapacitate, and ultimately kill, about four-fifths of our population.

Operation *Terror Australis* is based on two simple propositions: firstly, we have no independent defence against nuclear attack; and secondly, chemical and biological weapons are ideally suited for an attack against Australia. The factors which deter their use in Europe do not apply here. We live on an isolated island continent. Any gas dispersed here can't blow back in the attackers' faces, and germs spread here will not affect the assailants' own forces.

No place on earth is better suited for conquest by chemical and biological warfare than Australia. Such weapons do not need large and sophisticated equipment for their use. In World War III, no-one is going to pay any attention to the 1925 Geneva Convention which banned chemical weapons, or the 1972 agreement which outlawed germ warfare.

Certainly, lethal gases and deadly germs are weapons of genocide because they do not discriminate between armed forces and civilians. But for the KGB planners, genocide is precisely what is needed to "neutralise" Australia in the first hours of all-out war.

A global nuclear conflict would produce in excess of 500 million dead, so why worry unduly if about 12 million of these are Australians?

TIME RED ZERO is the official code-name for the moment when the 26 intercontinental ballistic missile sites in the Soviet Union will start launching their rockets at preprogrammed targets in countries of the Western Alliance. For those who might like to identify these sites on a map of Russia, they are, going from East to West, situated at: Svobodny, Olovyannaya, Drovyanaya, Gladkaya, Uzhur, Itatka, Novosibirsk, Aleysk, Zhangiztobe, Omsk,

TERROR AUSTRALIS

Tyumen, Imeni Gastello, Verkhnyaya Salda, Kartaly, Shadrinsk, Perm, Dombarovsky, Yurya, Kashkar Ola, Kostroma, Teykova, Yedrovo, Tatshevo, Kozelsk, Derazhnya and Pervomaysk.

There are a grand total of 1398 ICBMs deployed at these sites, many with four or six warheads — or, to use official jargon, four or six re-entry vehicles. Out of this massive armory, three ICBMs are programmed for Australian targets — one each for North West Cape, Pine Gap and Narrungar.

The most terrifying ICBM in the Soviet Rocket Force is the SS-18, and it is this missile which has demolished almost all the West's bargaining power and ability to deter aggression. The SS-18 is the largest missile in the world, at around 35 metres in length, and nobody in the West is prepared for its frightening accuracy, which in combination with by far the most formidable warhead in history — 50 megatons — means that *no* target, regardless of how far underground or well protected it is, will be safe.

In a number of test flights during 1977-78, the accuracy of the SS-18 was truly staggering. It delivers its warhead to within 180 metres of the target centre. The Model 3 SS-18, which entered service in 1979, has a range in excess of 12,000 kilometres. Under the terms of SALT 1, the Soviet Union is permitted to deploy 310 of these "super-rockets".

At TIME RED ZERO, three SS-18s will head toward Australia. At the same time, a "Yankee" class Soviet submarine, carrying 16 SS-N-6 "Sawfly" nuclear missiles with a range of 2982 kilometres, and cruising off the coast of Northern NSW, will fire three rockets at Australian targets. Two of these missiles, each with a two-megaton warhead, will hit Canberra and Townsville. The third missile, a Model 2 type "Sawfly" with three independently-targeted one-megaton warheads, will streak across the sky toward Victoria: one warhead for the Omega Navigational System base at Darriman in Gippsland, the other two for Melbourne.

At TIME RED ZERO plus 35 minutes, all three American bases at North West Cape, Pine Gap and Narrungar will have been destroyed. Australia's defence capability will have been neutralised by the destruction of its communications systems and most of its military hardware. Canberra, Townsville and Melbourne will no longer be recognisable.

However, the first stage of Operation *Terror Australis* will have begun 72 hours before TIME RED ZERO. At that time, throughout the Commonwealth, KGB agents will start sowing the seeds which will first ravage and then lay to waste the civilian population. The Soviets will use some very nasty seeds indeed.

Three days prior to TIME RED ZERO all of the nation's major community water supplies will be contaminated, and "rented" light aircraft will spray every important town and city with the same potent cocktail of germs. The bacteriological mix favored by the KGB contains two types of organisms — pneumonic plague bacillus and the "dengue" virus which causes "breakbone fever".

Both diseases have incubation periods of two to eight days. Pneumonic or respiratory plague is almost invariably fatal. Breakbone fever is the most incapacitating fever known to man, but it is rarely fatal. Why use two germs when in theory one — particularly pneumonic plague — could do the job? The reason is that typical Russian thoroughness ensures nothing is being left to chance. There are a proportion of people in any population whose body defences could fight off an attack of plague; however, if they are weakened by

> The plan proposes the use of "pneumonic plague" and "breakbone fever" germs to incapacitate and ultimately kill four-fifths of our population

breakbone fever, these defences will collapse and they too will rapidly succumb.

Within two days of the introduction of the germs, people will start dropping like flies. Doctors will be baffled, because in the early stages neither disease is easy to diagnose. Hospitals will be swamped, with general practitioners on call around the clock.

The symptoms of plague start with a high fever, muscular pains and general weakness. Rapidly, the organisms multiply and spread to the lymph glands, which become greatly enlarged. The patient soon becomes profoundly ill and delirious. There is a severe cough and blood-tinged sputum; the infection races inexorably through the body and the victim is now thoroughly septic, with blue-black spots appearing on the skin. Finally, the sputum becomes frothy and bloody and, unless treatment has been started very early in the disease, the outcome is usually death.

Dengue or breakbone fever doesn't usually kill the patient. But it causes a very high fever and severe aching of the head, back and extremities. A typical rash appears, but only after a few days, and until this happens, it is extremely difficult to dintinguish breakbone fever from malaria, yellow fever or even influenza.

At TIME RED ZERO minus 24 hours, the KGB agents who have spread the deadly germs throughout Australia will rendezvous on the coast and transfer to a Soviet trawler, their job done.

Next day, at about TIME RED ZERO plus eight minutes, the first nuclear warheads will arrive. A two-megaton warhead will vaporise Townsville; seconds later, another two-megaton bomb will hit the national capital; and two minutes after that, Melbourne will receive two one-megaton warheads while a third destroys the Omega base in Gippsland. The two warheads that will strike Melbourne have been independently targeted on Essendon, in the north-west suburbs, and Oakleigh, to the south-east of the city centre.

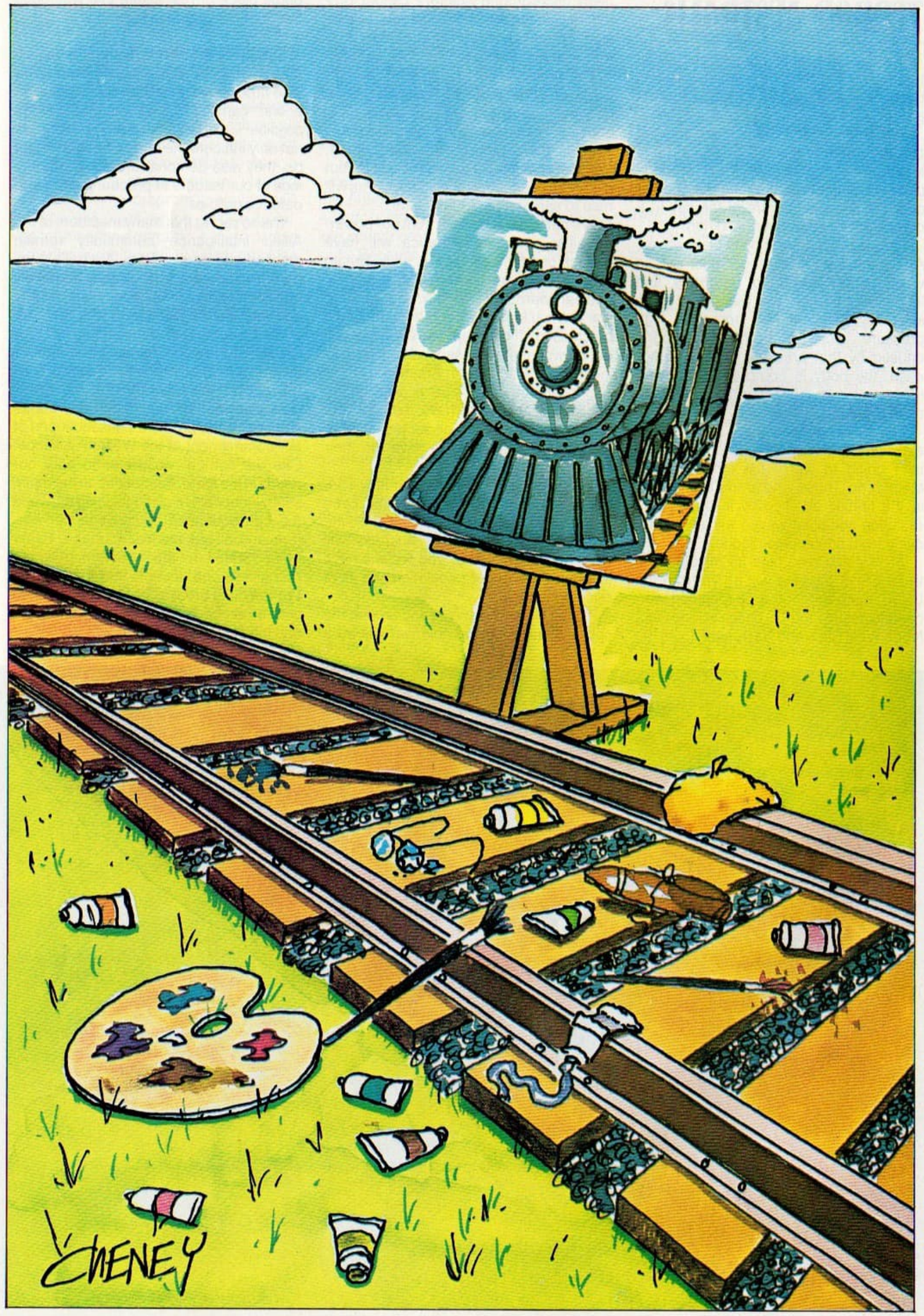
Nuclear explosions are not just very big bangs. When a one-megaton fusion bomb is exploded, the energy of one million tons of TNT is freed. Within 60 seconds the fireball will be two kilometres wide and will have risen about six kilometres from the point of the explosion. Thermal radiation or heat waves from this fireball can cause fairly severe burns on exposed skin at a distance of 20 kilometres, while a flash of warmth would be felt at a distance six times greater.

The fireball is a bright, hot ball of air comprising the gaseous residue of the bomb or warhead. As a result of the energy released by the nuclear weapon, all the bits and pieces of the bomb become unimaginably hot — tens of millions of degrees centigrade, equal to temperatures at the centre of the sun. At the very millisecond of the explosion, pressures of millions of kilograms per square centimetre are set up. The intense heat plus these pressures radiate massive amounts of energy, and the result is the ball of fire.

At the same time as the fireball is forming, nuclear radiations consisting of gamma rays and neutrons are released in vast quantities. Anyone not fried alive by the fireball will feel these deadly radiations as a tingling or burning on the skin. For those people within six kilometres of "Ground Zero" — the target area — symptoms of radiation sickness will appear within half an hour. The most seriously affected will suffer damage to the central nervous system and go into convulsions and tremors. Death comes after anything from one hour to two days.

After the fireball and the instantaneous radiation comes the blast wave; and blast is the nuclear weapon's most destructive aspect. A one-megaton bomb would destroy, through blast, practically every building within four kilometres of Ground Zero, and break windows at 30 kilometres or more. Cars five kilometres away would be lifted and hurled through the air.

Two kilometres away from Ground Zero, the peak wind speed would reach



TERROR AUSTRALIS

750 km/h, and most commercial structures including factories would collapse. Even as far away as 10 kilometres, there is a peak wind speed of 150 km/h.

Two one-megaton bombs exploding in the north-west and south-east suburbs of Melbourne simultaneously will produce blast waves that rush to meet each other over the business centre of the city at a combined speed of over 600 km/h.

People react differently to blast waves. At reasonably close range most people would suffer damaged eardrums and lungs. But there are two ways you can be killed by blast: either from the high pressure itself, or from flying debris caused by that pressure. In the former case, the body is compressed and the lungs ruptured; the victim then dies from asphyxiation.

The fourth consequence of a nuclear explosion is radioactive fallout, but this isn't going to worry the inhabitants of Melbourne. Those who aren't incinerated in the fireball or killed by instantaneous radiation and blast waves will already be dying from pneumonic plague.

At TIME RED ZERO plus 35 minutes, the three SS-18 missiles will arrive from the USSR, each carrying a 50-megaton warhead to destroy the US bases at Pine Gap, North West Cape and Narrungar. Even the deep underground shelters cannot protect the personnel. The 50-megaton explosion creates a crater more than 150 metres deep and up to two miles across.

Thirty-five minutes or so after the outbreak of World War III, Australia will be destroyed and out of the game. The population will be dying of pneumonic plague; there will be no safe water; transport and public utilities will all be out of action; overloaded sewage systems will help to spread the plague faster.

We can expect no help from our powerful allies overseas. America will have enough problems of its own, while Britain will have been devastated by more than 60 nuclear warheads. In the underground war room at Moscow Center, Australia will be crossed off the map, and everyone will get on with the more serious conflict raging in Europe and North America.

Six months after TIME RED ZERO, the nuclear clouds will have settled, the poison gases will have dispersed, and the man-induced plagues will have run their course.

Whoever has won World War III will be, for us, immaterial. Australia has lost. Even if America has won "the battle of the giants", Operation *Terror Australis* will have been completed, and we will have lost four-fifths of our population and all of our independence.

To the victor the spoils, and among the spoils of this most horrible war will be a prime piece of real estate that was once the Commonwealth of Australia.

Obviously, not even the most sophisticated computer can be programmed to take note of every conceivable variable in a war game. Nonetheless, the "worst possible" scenarios built by war planners not only indicate the horrors of what might be, they also demonstrate the shortcomings of our leaders in preparing adequate defence policies.

It is no secret that many members of the Allied intelligence community remain amazed and perplexed by Australia's apparent indifference to its role and likely fate in World War III. Australian military and intelligence personnel who have attended courses at the Institute of War Studies Centre in London are certainly aware of "worst possible" scenarios as they affect this country. Yet we never discuss or debate our role in any depth, and ignore the possible consequences of our commitment to the Western Alliance. Like the ostrich, we prefer to bury our heads in the sand. Australians, in the main, seem incapable of distinguishing between the consequences of conventional warfare and all-out nuclear carnage. Every other State in the Western Alliance recognises and accepts that if and when World War III breaks out, it will be attacked with a combination of nuclear, chemical and biological weapons.

In the Netherlands, legislation makes it necessary for all new houses of two storeys or more to have in the basement a shelter which includes seals for protection against radioactive fallout and gas. Norway has one of the best civil defence systems in the West. The country has four civil defence training colleges, options for those liable for national service to work in civil defence, a comprehensive warning and monitoring program, regular civil defence exercises which involve television information programs, a more or less compulsory shelter policy which provides places for close to 60 percent of the population, and a regularly tested evacuation plan. The Swiss concept of "armed neutrality" is based on the principle of protecting the population so that most of it will not only survive an attack, but will live on afterwards. For the past 30 years all underground cellars in new buildings have had a shelter built inside them. The Swiss provide shelters for 90 percent of the population. In addition, there are more than 100 reinforced operating theatres in underground hospitals, together with 290 medical stations and more than 600 first aid posts.

Now, Switzerland is a "proclaimed" neutral country in any future conflict; contrast the Swiss attitude with ours. We are a vociferous and enthusiastic ally of the US — just raring to follow the Stars and Stripes into battle — but how many nuclear shelters have we built? How many underground hospitals?

Needless to say, the major protagonists in any future all-out nuclear war — the US, USSR, Britain, France and China — all have massive and sophisticated civil defence programs. Australia, the most loyal of America's allies, has none!

Terror Australis describes a "worst case" scenario in a future all-out war; but the American communications bases in Australia lend themselves to other possible scenarios, for example:

1. Because of their distance from the Soviet Union, an attack on the bases here could be used to demonstrate a global, accurate ICBM capability.

2. Because the installations are American but on Australian soil, they could be struck in certain situations without the political consequences a similar attack on the US would inevitably have.

3. The bases are military, and hence there is more justification for destroying them.

4. The bases are undefended and therefore a strike for demonstation purposes is more likely to achieve its intended effect than a strike against a defended base in the US.

5. Pine Gap, together with Alice Springs, could be destroyed as a warning to Australia to disengage from other US military systems.

According to high-ranking NATO military intelligence analysts, in a localised conflict — say a war confined to Europe ("GLOBAL COMMITMENT NEGATIVE") — Australia would *not* be ignored by the Soviets, who would probably choose to implement Scenario 5 (with a 75 percent degree of certainty). However, as has been stated, in an all-out nuclear war ("GLOBAL COMMITMENT POSITIVE"), the Russians would almost certainly activate *Terror Australis*.

That the Australian public is, in the main, unaware of these facts is due primarily to the government's unwillingness to address the question in public. Academic and military discussion of the subject, however, has invariably concluded that the US bases (at the very least) are nuclear targets in a first strike. Senior individuals and committees within the Australian defence establishment have frequently conceded the possibility — but only in in-house memos.

After many extraordinarily costly and complex reorganisations of our defence department, we still have no recognisable defence policy. And no-one seems to care. However, by harboring key US bases, Australia has accepted the risks of nuclear war and become, in fact, little different from a nuclear power. Our enemies are certainly entitled to treat us as such — and there is no reason to suggest they won't.

THE INSTRUMENT OF TERROR

The KGB is the Soviet Communist Party's private security firm. The way in which the Party controls the forces of the USSR and its special operatives abroad cannot be compared to the loyalty Western forces are supposed to feel toward the State, the Crown or the government of the day. It goes far deeper than that. The "Bible" of the KGB and all other Russian forces is *Marxist-Leninism on War*. On the first page it states:

> "The armed forces of the Socialist States are the main organ of the State, and the Marxist-Leninist Parties are their leading and organising force. Only under the leadership of the Party are the Soviet armed forces capable of carrying out their historic mission; and the armed forces owe their invincible might, great morale, high fighting qualities and victories over our country's numerous enemies solely to the leadership of the Communist Party."

In every Soviet military formation, large or small, there is an officer for "political affairs" — the Zampolit. Additionally, all units in the forces, even GRU (military intelligence), have a KGB cell which makes sure that political thinking continues along the right lines.

The Soviet citizen is conditioned from a very early age to have "utter devotion to the Communist Party, the Soviet homeland and Marxist-Leninist ideals." The whole of his training is directed toward making him "a stalwart, ideologically staunch fighter for the victory of Communism." And in the entire Soviet system, no group of people are more highly-trained to achieve, or more thoroughly committed to, a final Communist victory than the KGB.

The Komitet Gosudarstvennoi Bezopasnosti (KGB) is a multi-purpose, clandestine arm of power. More than a secret police force, more than an intelligence and counter-intelligence organisation, it is an instrument for subversion, manipulation and violence, for secret intervention in the affairs of other countries.

As a weapon of control, and at times of terror, the Soviet security apparatus has always been remarkably and ironically similar to the secret police of the Czars, who were a hated symbol of the regime overthrown by the Russian Revolution.

The size and strength of an internal security service is often proportional to the amount of suspicion and fear felt by the ruling clique; under a repressive and autocratic ruler the secret police flourish, and for a classical example of such a situation, 19th Century Russia would be hard to beat. In 1826, Czar Nicholas I established an organised political police force administered by the Third Section of His Imperial Majesty's Chancery. In 1878, the "Third Section" was abolished and its functions given to OKHRANA — the security section of the Ministry of the Interior. The chief aim of OKRHANA was to protect the Imperial Family and its regime; to do this it kept watch on the entire Russian population by using a vast army of informants. Once it even tailed the venerable author Count Leo Tolstoy around the country. Even though he was a world-renowned figure, to OKHRANA Tolstoy was "suspect".

By the end of the 19th Century so many Russian radicals and revolutionaries lived in exile abroad that OKHRANA sent agents to join, penetrate and provoke Russian organisations in Western Europe. For example, when Lenin lived in Prague in 1912, one of his closest associates was an undercover OKHRANA agent.

In the autumn of 1917, the first (and perhaps the last) nationwide free election was held in Russia. About 36 million votes were cast for 707 seats in a Constituent Assembly. In the election the Bolsheviks received about 25 percent of the votes and obtained 175 seats in the Assembly.

Shortly afterwards, as a result of the Bolshevik Revolution of October-November 1917, Lenin dissolved the Constituent Assembly by force and commented: "Everything has turned out for the best. The dissolution of the Assembly means the complete and open repudiation of the democratic idea in favor of the dictatorship concept." Thus Lenin demonstrated that a minority backed by illegal force could trample on a majority which relied on democratic methods.

In December 1917, OKHRANA was disbanded and replaced by the revolutionaries' own secret police, the CHEKA. In scope, power, cruelty and duplicity, CHEKA soon managed to surpass anything that OKHRANA had ever achieved. The father of Soviet intelligence and espionage was Felix Dzerzhinsky, a poet and romantic fanatic to whom the end justified the bloodiest of means. In his hands, CHEKA became an unparalleled instrument of torture and terror.

Even today, KGB men are still known as "Chekists" and they continue their work with the ruthless fanaticism of Dzerzhinski, while following the warped logic of Lenin, who decreed: "Morality is that which serves to destroy the old exploiting society. The CHEKA must be prepared to make every sacrifice and, if necessary, even resort to all sorts of schemes and strategies and employ illegitimate methods to conceal the truth."

From the beginning, Lubianka has been the headquarters of the Soviet Intelligence Service. It is really two buildings with the facade remodelled to conceal where they join. One half is the notorious KGB prison, and the other the administrative offices. Just across the street from Lubianka is *Dotsky Mir* — "Children's World", a famous toy store.

On February 6, 1922, CHEKA was abolished and replaced by the GPU — the State Political Administration. 18 months later, while still under Dzerzhinsky's control, its name was changed to OGPU. In July 1934, OGPU became the NKVD, which in turn was replaced by the MVD in March 1946. Finally, there was yet another change in 1954, when the MVD became the KGB.

Between 1917 and 1954, Soviet Intelligence had nine chiefs; of these, six were executed, two were dismissed and then vanished, and only Dzerzhinsky died naturally, of a heart attack in 1926.

The first head of the KGB was General Ivan Serov. Small and wiry, with receding red hair and beady eyes, he wore thick crepe-soled shoes and was so sinister a character that he might have been invented by Ian Fleming. Serov often boasted that he knew how to simultaneously break every bone in a man's body without killing him.

From Lenin's time, the Communist blueprint for world domination has been concerned with encouraging subversion on a global scale. The KGB plays a key role in Soviet strategy by planning the penetration and infiltration of important areas in the economy and political structure of non-Communist countries.

In a recent edition of *Time* magazine, it was estimated that at least one-third of the Soviet diplomats in the world were working for the KGB, and that there were 70,000 KGB agents worldwide, together with as many informers.

For the novice, a rafting expedition down the Franklin River is a rapid learning experience

WILD WATER

BY DAVID McGONIGAL

Back in Sydney it had seemed like a good idea: spend two weeks in the wilderness, where all the hassles of city living would slough off as we went back to the basics of survival; at the same time, we could experience some of the most spectacular scenery in the world. Now here we were after six days on the river. It was raining, but we had been wet for most of the past

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO

WILD WATER

week anyway. The meagre supply of driftwood we had found was soaked through and barely smouldering — but we were so exhausted, we would probably be asleep before our billycan of dehydrated "prawn creole" was ready. Our wet clothes made us feel the cold wind more keenly.

Finding somewhere to sleep was another problem. There were four of us with two tents but, although there was a large boulder field above the river, the only level ground we could find was a patch of mud near a waterfall only large enough for one tent. Most of the boulders were huge but none was flat; it was more like a series of mossy knife-edges pointing towards the sky.

Tony decided to turn in early. He had nearly drowned that afternoon. We had all been disturbed to find how simple it was for just another exciting rapid to become a near disaster.

It started when the force of the water through the rapid pushed his raft on to a partly submerged log. That happened to all of us about 20 times each day. But this time the current was strong enough to push one side of his raft underwater. The raft quickly filled and capsized; the flow then pushed it under the log. By this time Tony should have been free and getting set to retrieve the raft and everything which floated loose. Instead he found he was trapped: one of his feet was snared in a tangle of rope, and he was being dragged steadily under the water. In desperation he wrapped his arms around the exposed top of the log and screamed for help.

Lynn was on the other side of the rapid and had no chance of making it across the river against the current. Graham and I were about 100 metres downstream, sitting in our rafts and waiting for the others. When we heard his scream we knew it would take us a couple of minutes to get back to him. That was going to be two minutes too long — there was too much white water for him to fill his lungs with air before he finally went under.

His paddle saved him. The paddle was wedged under the log and would have made it certain that he would have stayed under the water when he went down. All our paddles were made of 30mm dowl and had survived a battering in the previous days. However, just at the critical time, the weight of his body broke it and he was propelled back into midstream, eventually floating into calm water.

The day's traumas were particularly hard to endure, as we had been expecting an easy time. The previous day had been the big one in any trip down the Franklin: the Great Ravine. Since we had left Collingwood Bridge six days earlier, the Great Ravine had been a psychological as well as a physical barrier.

Collingwood Bridge seemed like a lifetime ago. The bridge is one of many on the Lyell Highway which runs from Hobart to Queenstown — one of the world's ugliest settlements, squatting in the lunar-landscaped, tree-barren hills its mines produced. The Collingwood River at the bridge is a broad, shallow creek rushing along to join the Franklin about 15 kilometres downstream of the bridge. We arrived late in the afternoon, signed the "rafters' register", and set up camp for an early night.

Although we slept lightly and woke before 4.30am, anxious to get on the river, it took three hours before we climbed into the rafts and tentatively paddled off. Rafting, like sailing and motorcycle touring, is one of those sports which take forever in daily preparation.

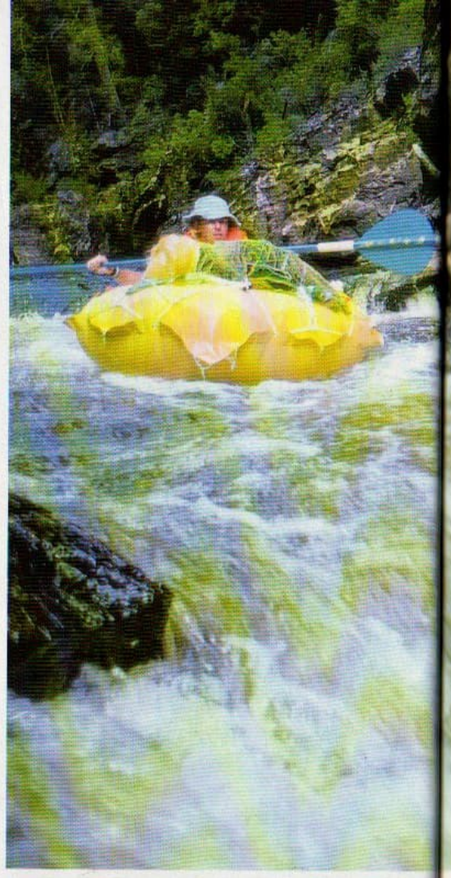
The team consisted of Graham, a freelance photographer who has represented Australia overseas in full-contact karate; Tony, a computer salesman and fellow glider pilot; Lynn, my Canadian lady, a university science student; and myself, journalist.

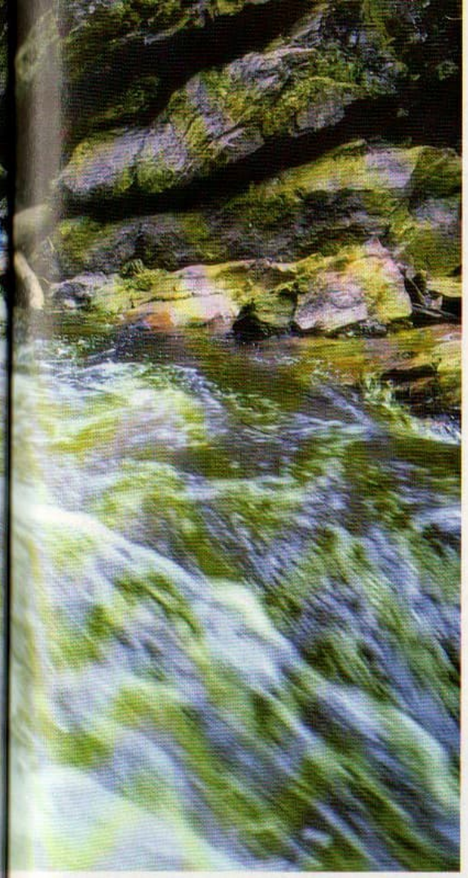
At their junction, the Franklin is even smaller than the Collingwood. Together they have more force behind them, but the river here gives little intimation of the torrent which pours through the length of the Great Ravine. We had lunch on the wedge-shaped sandbank formed by the confluence. Surprisingly, it was a hot, sunny day — the first of six. South-west Tasmania isn't noted for its balmy climate.

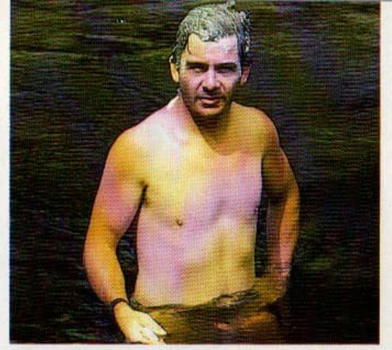
The other surprise was just how wet you can get when rafting. The rafts had to be dragged over shallow, shingly rapids, while deep rapids or waterfalls normally resulted in a lot of water pouring in. And we had been worried about water running down from the blades and into the rafts while we were paddling!

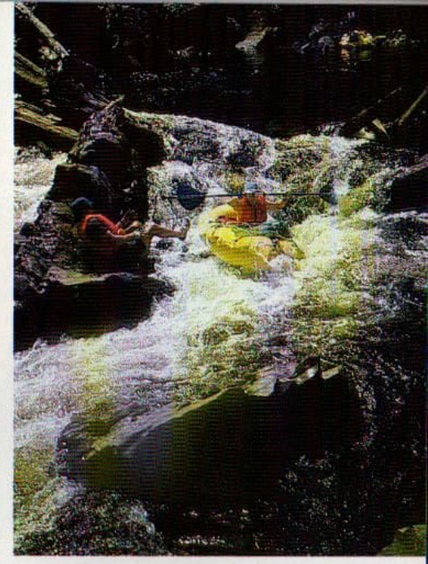
Another illusion we had cherished was that we would just float downstream, taking in the scenery and relaxing to the sound of flowing water. That picture was soon shattered. When we weren't

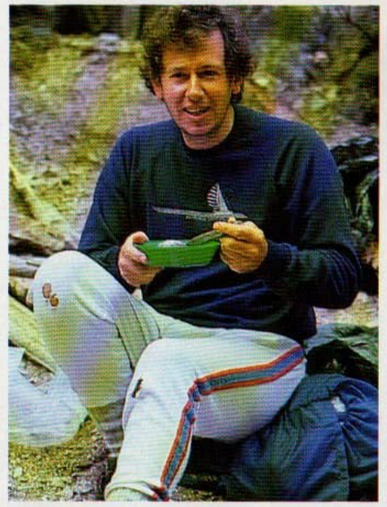
Previous page: *Lynn gets involved in a heart-stopping manoeuvre down a Franklin River rapid.* This page, clockwise from top left: *The author about to take the drop; Tony washing in the chilly Franklin waters; Tony uses his feet to force a raft off a rocky section; The author, caught between mouthfuls by Monro's camera; Graham takes a break; rafting is a wet experience — if the river doesn't get you, Tasmania's weather will; You never know what sort of obstacle the next bend in the river will reveal; when the rafter gets a chance to relax, he has the opportunity to check out some of the most spectacular scenery in the world: Lynn leads the way.*

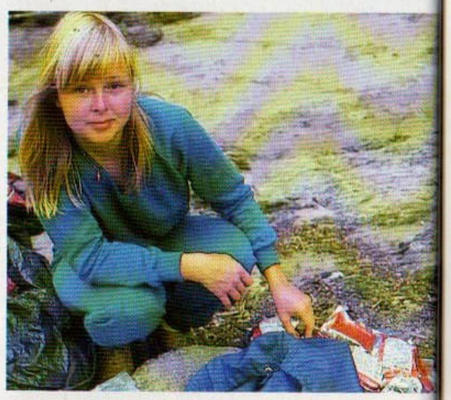


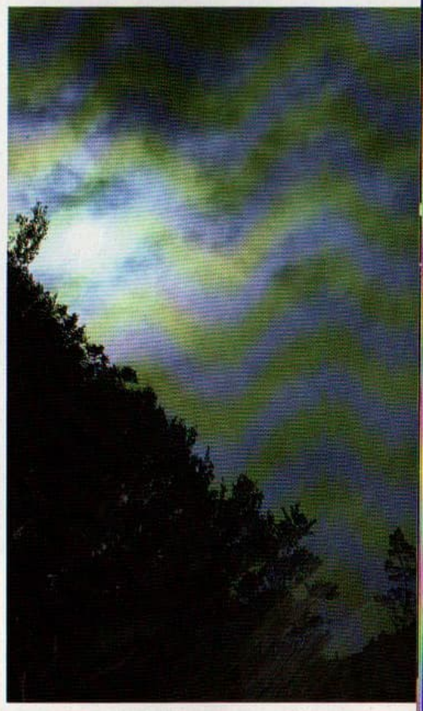


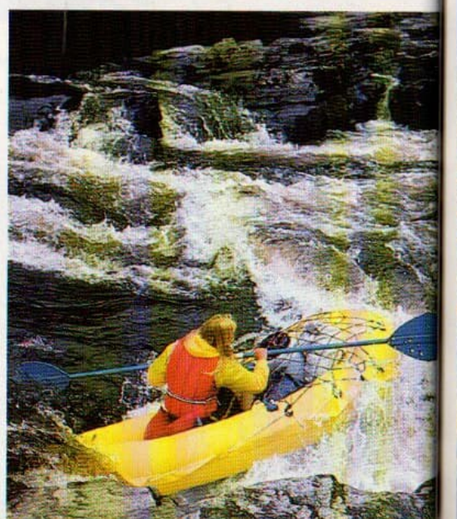


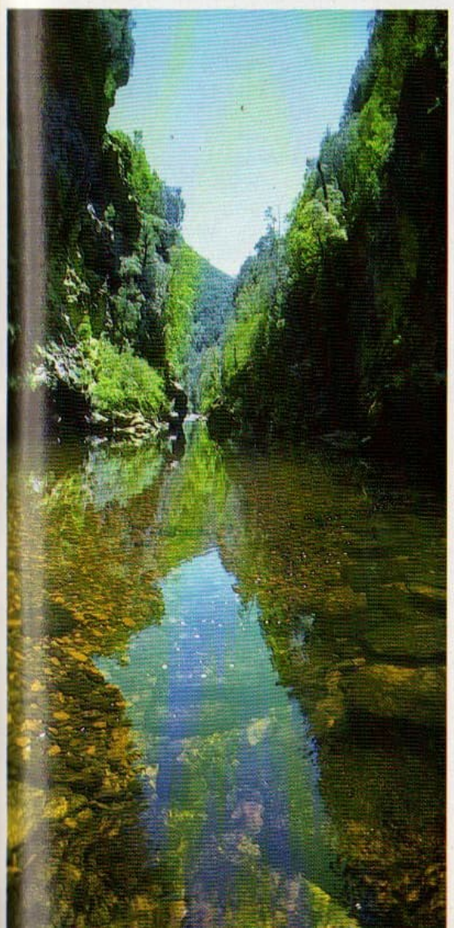


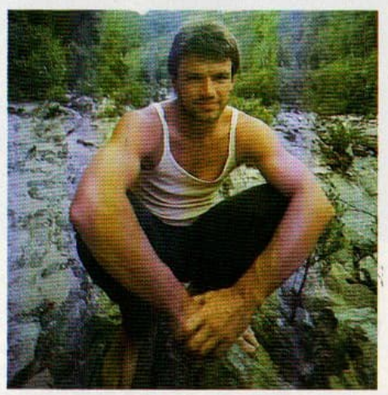


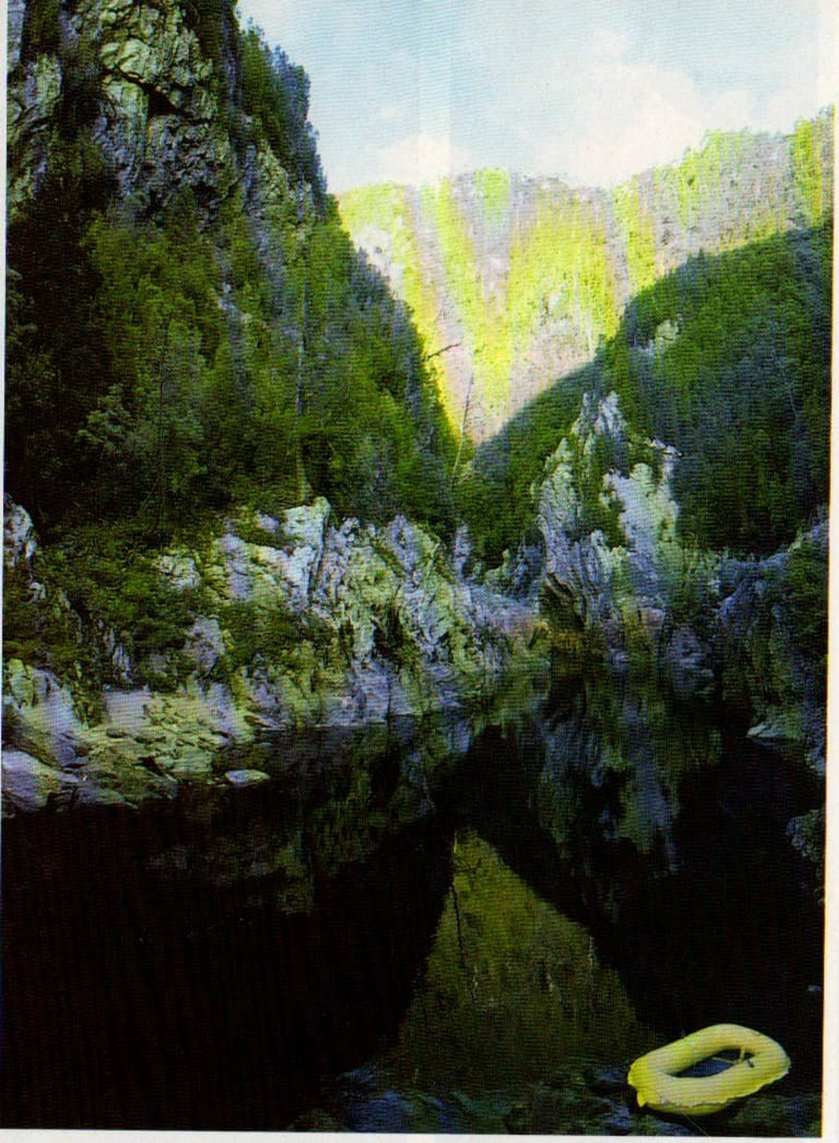












WILD WATER

engaged in heart-stopping manoeuvres in large rapids or dragging rafts over shingles, the water flowed so slowly we had to paddle or we wouldn't get off the river in less than a month. By nightfall, we were tired and sore.

Despite storing everything in at least four layers of plastic bags, some of our food got soaked. We were expecting to do the trip in about 10 days but were carrying enough food for 21 days — just in case the river flooded. Even so, the loss of a lot of our bulk food through spoilage on the first day looked as if it might become a problem. We later heard of a group who lost all their cooking gear on the second day and spent three weeks in the rain, waiting for the river to subside, eating only raw food with utensils they had whittled from driftwood.

The second day was closer to our original expectations. The river carried us along while we luxuriated in the sunshine and the spectacular scenery. As the narrow stream took us past dense rainforest vegetation, towering cliffs and golden sandy beaches, the tranquility of one of the most remote parts of Australia banished city worries into the distant past.

That night's camping spot gave us basic issues like survival to think about. We were paddling well into the evening and couldn't find an established campsite. Eventually, we came to a place where a portage was essential. There wasn't enough time to get all the gear across the rocks and back on to the river before dark. Dragging heavy loads over slippery rocks in the dark, and then searching by torchlight for a place to camp, seemed crazy. There was one possible site before the portage, but it was clear why it hadn't been used before. The only flat ground wasn't very flat and it was under a waterfall course about 15 metres above the river. The waterfall wasn't a problem — as long as it didn't rain. It started to sprinkle while we were trampling the brush down to erect the tents.

Our site reminded me of a story about some climbers in the Himalayas. A wind storm came up while they were in their tent, breaking it away from its moorings and towards a crevasse while the climbers were trapped inside. I couldn't remember if they went over the edge or not. I worried about that, because we had very little between us and a sheer drop to the rocks in the river. The tent was on a flat area about the size of one airbed — the other half of it was over a steep slope which ended in a cliff less than two metres from the tent. There was nothing to secure the tent to, so if one of us rolled over in the night we'd tear out the pegs from the soft earth and roll over the edge. Lynn and I gingerly crawled into our sleeping bags and tried to get to sleep.

Irenabyss is one of the most striking features of the whole journey. We came into it on the third day. The river flows through a narrow gap between two large boulders and falls on to a third. We were still hot and sweaty from the portage when the river carried us into this peaceful chasm of steel grey rock which overhangs the river. The water is deep and flows slowly. The sunlight creates ever-shifting patterns on the rocks and water. There is a major campsite where the chasm opens out again; this is the setting-off point if you want to climb the quartzite peak of Frenchman's Cap, one of the most distinctive mountains in the south-west.

The next few days passed quickly. Sometimes it was as if we were in a tunnel — there was nothing but the river stretching out in front of us and the mountains closing in on either side. Occasionally we could see further afield and once we saw Frenchman's Cap gleaming in the sunlight. The scenery and weather were so perfect, we were left with a feeling of surreality. We spent one afternoon following the river through kilometres of narrow channel cut through a rock bed. It looked just like the river caves ride at an amusement park.

Although there were quite a few portages and one rapid blended into another in our memories, each offered a new challenge. Similarly, the setting through which we travelled was always trees, rocks and water, but each meander in the river revealed an exciting new spectacle. Always there was the river. We fell asleep to the sound of distant rapids, we floated along with the river lapping at the side of the rafts, or we shouted to make ourselves heard while getting through the rapids.

We made an early camp on the night before the Great Ravine. The next day would be the big test — the most dangerous stretch of the river. We'd heard it could take three days to cover these few kilometres, and if the river rose we could be sitting there for a week.

Even after the build-up, the introduction to the Great Ravine isn't a let-down. At the first essential portage we had to deflate the rafts for the first time since we had set out five days earlier. Climbing rope was part of our equipment, and we needed it. We carried all the gear about 30 metres up a steep track and followed a path along a ridge for a few hundred metres.

The next stage was to lower ourselves and the gear down a fixed rope hanging over a rock face. From there it was a clear scramble down a slope, then across an area of large boulders. Finally, we had the laborious task of pumping up the rafts again, reloading the gear into them and tying it all in, knowing that the process would have to be repeated within the hour.

Large, wet, slippery rocks made the perfect setting for disaster. A broken leg would be more than an inconvenience when you're a week away from a hospital. One portage track required us to walk about five metres along a mossy log with a three-metre fall to the rocks below. That's tricky enough even when you're not carrying packs and rafts.

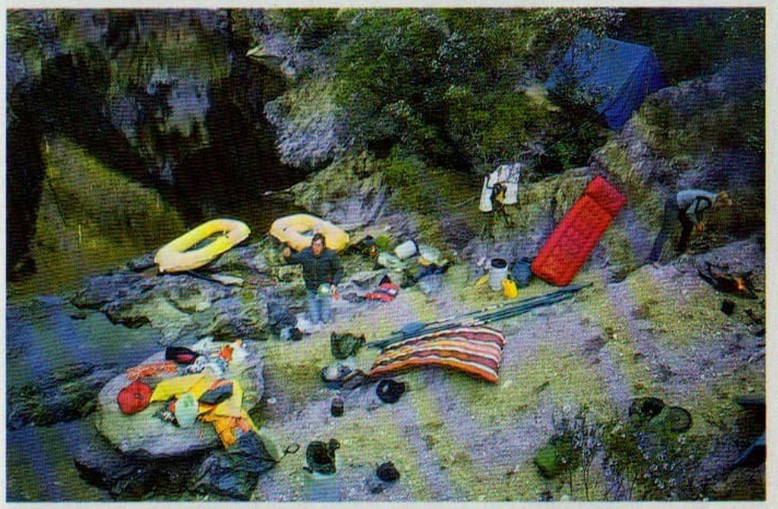
Some Tasmanian friends told us about one rafter who broke his leg in the Great Ravine. He had to wait a week before help arrived. All he had for the pain was a packet of Panadol. The rescue helicopter could only land on a rock in the middle of the river so his friend loaded him into a raft and took him out there. The helicopter landed during a brief lull in the strong winds; they bundled him and the equipment in, and took off. It was an uncomfortable ride, because they had rebroken his leg when they loaded him.

We had no reserves of energy left when we started paddling on the day after the ravine. That's probably why Tony nearly drowned in what should have been an easy run. The muddy little camp spot that night was aptly called Pigtrough.

One of the last pieces of white water on the river is called Newlands Cascades. It's a series of six one-metre waterfalls. There is only one correct path through, and that weaves from side to side so that you hardly have time to think. It's a good place to scout out beforehand.

Graham got there first. He stood up in his raft and saw what he thought was the still water on the other side of the drop, called out that "it looks all right", and disappeared over the edge. We followed him over to find ourselves in a maelstrom of white water and rocks. Every one of us picked the right lines and stormed through. It was the most exhilarating segment of the whole trip. Even Lynn, who came over the top shouting: "Graham, you bastard, I'll kill you for this," emerged at the bottom laughing and cheering.

The *Denison Star*, the tourist boat out of Strahan, picked us up from an organised meeting point at six o'clock in the evening of our ninth day on the river. On the boat, we settled back with the drinks we had been promising ourselves for more than a week, and tried to answer the passengers' questions about river rafting. It hadn't all been enjoyable — but perhaps no adventure ever is. This had been a trip with everything — as much excitement as you can take, and unsurpassed scenery to fill in the breathing spaces. ○⊢



RAFTERS' REQUISITES

Here's a rundown of the equipment you need for rafting. (This list is additional to the normal camping requirements.)

A four-man Taiwanese rubber raft may be large enough for four Taiwanese, but it's only just adequate for one Australian plus pack and barrel. They cost about $130 from camping stores. The rafts are so fat they require very long paddles — about three metres. You can make them out of 30mm dowl and marine ply, but it's a bitch trying to transport them. The alternative, which doesn't cost much more, is to buy collapsible aluminium paddles of the right length. Paddy Pallins in Hobart sells them for about $35.

The best way to keep your gear dry is by using a five-gallon plastic brewing barrel (about $20). Unless you've just quit smoking and are trying to build your lungs up, an air pump ($15) is a good idea. Even if you don't like sleeping on them, it's essential to lay a rubberised airbed on the floor of the raft. The neatest way to hold the load in is by using the elasticised nets sold by camping stores for car roof-racks.

You need a wetsuit which is comfortable to paddle in, a spray jacket, a life jacket, and probably a canoeing helmet. Possibly the most important safety device is a pair of shoes (runners) with a good grip and which don't dissolve in water. One pair of mine did; they will be permanently wet.

Lots of plastic bags are essential — garbage bags aren't at all waterproof. Twist-ties become of paramount importance in your life after a few days on the river. You get through a lot of extra bags — particularly as you have to carry your garbage out.

During the first half of the trip, Tony and Graham fantasised about women; the second half, they dreamed of food. Because the river does most of the carrying, you can take food you wouldn't think of for trekking. Water-resistance rather than weight is the main consideration. Potatoes last well, as do sealed, dehydrated and tinned foods. Individual sachets of powdered milk are best. If you refuse to compromise on the good life, a wine cask bag or two doesn't take up much room and is great to have with the evening meal. Cooking gear can be just a few billy cans and a small fuel stove in case all the wood is soaked.

It's important that someone in the party knows first aid — particularly mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Dettol, waterproof bandages and several triangular bandages for slings form the bulk of a first aid kit. It's easy to break a leg on a portage, so an inflatable splint could prove useful.

We carried all our cameras in Ewa Marine bags which are completely waterproof. The bags look like a plastic bag with a built-in rubber glove. They make the camera awkward to use and won't fit a telephoto lens. However, they allow you to keep your camera handy at all times so you'll end up with a lot more photos than if your kept your camera sealed away in your drum. They aren't cheap at about $70, but you'll think the money well spent if you drop your camera in the river while it's in the bag.

BY MIKE TAYLOR

VIDEO VISIONS

The home movie buff has never had it so good

The eight-millimetre home movie market is dead. Video is now king of the living room and darling of the tourists. About the only people lamenting the passing of the eight-millimetre cine-craze are the manufacturers, the film processors and those people who made a hefty investment in home movie hardware. But not even all the manufacturers are lamenting the passing of a photographic era. Canon, for instance, has already jumped on the video bandwagon, and when the company launched its new product in Sydney last year, there were not too many tears among the Japanese and Australian executives present.

The simple truth is that the development of portable video tape decks has offered home movie fanatics a better, although not necessarily cheaper, alternative. For between $1500 and $1800 the home movie buff can buy a fully portable video unit, including camera, timer-tuner and

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TANDY ROWLEY

VIDEO VISIONS

tape deck. If the budget will stretch far enough, he can also buy a nice little audio and visual dubbing unit.

There's an added attraction for the tourist or home movie buff. If he doesn't like what he's recorded for posterity, he can erase it. It won't be such a sad day when Mum and Dad's trip to Noosa in 1981 can be erased and replaced with their trip to Europe in 1983.

The other big advantage of portable video over eight-millimetre cine is the increase in shooting time afforded by VCR units. Using a 90-minute cassette is a much cheaper proposition than buying 90 minutes' worth of movie reel and then paying for processing of the footage. As well, the battery packs provided with portable units now afford up to three hours of continuous recording, and are fully rechargeable.

When Canon entered the video arena last year, its executives quickly acknowledged that sales of eight-millimetre home movie machinery had suffered a 47 percent slump and that this had forced the company's hand toward video. They also pointed out that video hardware sales in Australia (video cassette recorders and tuners) had reached 275,000 units and 25,000 cameras in 1982, while market projections for 1983 were for 6,000,000 VCR sales and 50,000 cameras. In other words, video cassette recorder and camera sales are expected to net a cool $830 million in the next 12 months.

Most of the major manufacturers in Australia have opted for the matched-component system of camera, video tape deck, timer-tuner and power supply, but there is one exception to this — Sharp. Sharp has opted for a three-in-one unit which, while bulkier and heavier than the individual tape decks of component systems, does allow for portability of the entire unit and good performance.

Every man and his dog has indulged in the long-running debate over which format is better — VHS or Beta — so suffice it to say that where portable video cassette recorders are concerned and, for that matter, conventional units, there's nothing to choose between the two systems. If VHS sells more tapes and more hardware in Australia it is simply because there are more manufacturers selling and making the systems for Australian consumers.

Most portable video tape decks are currently weighing in at 3.8 to 4.5 kgs. While this does not sound much, the machines do feel heavy when slung in a carry-case over your shoulder. Portable tape decks are unlikely to get any lighter in the immediate future, simply because the basic internal machinery involved in video recording and reproduction has been refined about as far as is possible.

A number of manufacturers have chosen to go for smaller format tapes, about the size of a standard compact audio cassette. These machines are smaller than many using the conventional Beta and VHS formats, but there is a major catch. Few, if any, come with matching timer-tuners and no-one is yet producing prerecorded software compatible with these machines. At this stage they seem to fall more within the province of the professionals, or those people who see advantages in such products for audio-visual displays. Therefore, this discussion of makes and models will be confined to those machines using the widely-accepted Beta and VHS formats.

The Canon product has a foot in both the eight-millimetre and video camps, and being a late starter in the video market, the company has the luxury of being able to market a high-quality product right from the start. Canon entered the market last year at the upper end of the portable VCR sector, with a recommended retail price of just over $3000. It is indicative of the competitive nature of the video industry that the "going price" on the Canon outfit is around $2700.

> Portable tape decks are unlikely to get any lighter in the near future, simply because the basic internal machinery can't be refined any further

The Canon video cassette recorder is a lightweight and easy to use unit, weighing in at just under 3.8 kgs. This makes it competitive in weight and dimensions with other VHS format machines.

The matching timer-tuner on the Canon has a four-program/two-week function and wireless remote control, which allows the user to select four programs for recording up to two weeks ahead.

The most important component with any portable outfit is the camera, and this is an area where Canon, because of its photographic background, has excelled. The Canon VC-10A is a pleasure to use — reasonably lightweight, fully adjustable from shoulder to handle, with autofocus, power zoom and macro function for close-ups. The Canon camera also has built-in remote control functions for the video tape deck.

One of the best portable video units to come on the market in the last six months has been the Sony SL-F1E. Sony introduced this neat package to Australia about the same time as its Betamax products were taking something of a drubbing from their VHS competitors, and this new product won a lot of fans. In fact, the impact made by this Sony product prompted some of the company's VHS competitors to revamp their portable products in a bid to at least equal it in terms of weight, usability and performance.

At the time of its introduction, Sony promoted the SL-F1E as the smallest, lightest and thinnest half-inch unit available. Developments by the other manufacturers have probably made these claims out of date, but they certainly stood up to scrutiny six months ago.

A major benefit with the Sony machine is its simplicity of operation and ease of connection. The picture quality is as good as with any of its competitors, and better than most.

The SL-F1E video tape deck is matched with a TT-F1E timer-tuner which has facility for 14-day, nine-event programming and the ability to preset 12 different channels.

It may seem a minor factor, but the Sony portable component system gets top marks because it can be "stacked" for minimal use of space. Most other portable systems, both Beta and VHS, cannot be stacked and this leads to clutter around television sets.

One of the biggest selling factors with the SL-F1E was undoubtedly Sony's decision to launch with it the superb HVC-300P camera. This shoulder-mounted camera is one of the best offered to video buyers because, although somewhat larger than other hand-held types, it offers full professional quality.

Sharp in recent months has introduced one of the smallest video tape decks ever seen in Australia. It is the remarkable VC-220, which weighs in at a mere 2.2 kgs. The new baby Sharp uses quarter-inch tape. The company has recognised the possibility of buyer resistance to the unit because of non-compatible software. Sharp has got around the problem by inventing an adaptor which allows the smaller cassette to be played in any standard VHS format machine.

This Sharp product was first regarded as a freak in the industry, but its performance and excellent portability make it an interesting proposition for those with conventional VHS machines who wish to indulge in some home movie-making.

This major advance aside, Sharp has, for the most part, concentrated on its more conventional, but still different, three-in-one portable VCR. The original Sharp product was called the VC-2300, but was recently updated and named the VC-3300. The original model was always a good concept. It afforded the user a timer-tuner, tape deck and power supply all rolled into one. But there was one drawback: the unit was heavy by most portable standards, weighing in at more than eight kilograms. Being the size of a large shoulder bag, it was somewhat cumbersome while on the move.

Sharp has eliminated some of these problems with the VC-3300, which weighs in at seven kilograms and is a little smaller in overall dimensions. At a $2000 (or thereabouts) "going price", the VC-3300 represents good value and Sharp has a good range of cameras right up to the company's top-of-the-line XC-77.

Hanimex, like Canon, was and still is a big name in the eight-millimetre cine industry, and last year moved into video with its portable Videomex outfit. The Hanimex video unit lacks the sophistication and outright good looks of the Canon machine, but then the price is somewhat lower and potential purchasers should not be put off by the relative simplicity of the Videomex.

Under test, the Videomex proved to be an extremely capable unit, with the video tape deck proving comfortably portable and easy to use. But, best of all, it was easy to set up.

The Videomex is a conventional, no fuss four-component system with tape deck, timer-tuner, power transformer and a choice of two cameras. It uses the relatively old-fashioned, but still efficient, umbilical remote control which has thermostat adjustments for tracking and speed, and push buttons for the other vital modes such as stop, rewind, fast forward, still, pause, slow, and frame advance.

The Videomex timer-tuner represents good value for money, providing three-week, eight program facilities as well as being capable of recharging the battery for the video tape deck. The battery can also be charged from the power transformer. Another nice touch in the timer-tuner is its ability to maintain a program during short power failures, after which the letters "PF" flash up on the LED clock.

If the Videomex system has a deficiency in terms of home movie-making, it is that the cameras manufactured to match the tape deck lack the refinement of some of the latest competitors' models. This is not to say that the quality or performance of Hanimex Videomex cameras is inadequate, but they are a little more basic than those being produced by, for instance, Sony, National and Canon. Even so, they are better than many of the cheaper versions being marketed by the big names in video.

Knowing that companies like Canon, Hanimex and Olympus were about to enter the video market, and with Sony having introduced the rather revolutionary SL-F1E, it was not so surprising that Australia's video market leader, National Panasonic, should introduce an updated version of its portable system. The new National portable, the NV-100A, represents an effort by the company to refine its tried and true portable formula, and perhaps the biggest step forward for the company was the introduction of the excellent WVP-50N video camera. In fact, the WVP-50N and its more expensive brother will be big selling points for the new National system.

The big plus for the camera is its autofocus system which makes it an easily operable item for even the greenest novice. Strangely enough, this technology has been available for some time and has been included by a number of photographic manufacturers on 35-millimetre single lens reflex cameras.

The NV-100A is an extremely useful machine with or without timer-tuner, and comes into its own for lightweight operation and particularly good definition on playback.

One of the factors in favor of National Panasonic video products is their solidity. In a market which is full of similar products, the National brand portable video recorder stands out for its ruggedness. However it is certainly not the cheapest equipment available, and there will not be much change left from $3000 after buying a full National portable system.

Sanyo is one of the most dynamic electronics companies in the world, introducing new equipment in all facets of the marketplace at a pace which is nothing short of phenomenal. Sanyo belongs to the Betamax stable, and its portable video cassette recorders bear a striking resemblance to the units being produced by Sony.

Sanyo last May introduced its VTC 5800 portable video cassette recorder, and at around $2500 it represented good buying value, particularly when coupled to the company's VSC 5800 camera, which has full remote control instrumentation for the tape deck. The Sanyo product is one of the easiest to use in the portable range, and is reasonably lightweight, versatile and robust.

About the only thing which would have held back Sanyo's VTC 5800 was the plethora of new models introduced by the company's major competitors within only a few months of the machine being launched.

The other manufacturers, such as JVC, Toshiba and Akai, have all recently introduced new portable video units, but these have yet to be tested.

However Akai, which until recently was building JVC equipment under licence, is now designing and manufacturing its own machinery and, if its conventional models such as the VS-2 are any indication, they are well worth investigation.

JVC patented the VHS cassette format and its products have a reputation for reliability and quality, while Toshiba, which belongs to the Betamax stable, is understood to have some interesting new developments coming through the pipeline this year.

"That's the way this job is, Bledsoe — interminable periods of boredom and brief moments of intense excitement!"

THE SHOOTER

FICTION BY GEOFF PIKE

He was a loner in a lonely land

The skipper had a broken nose. He couldn't remember where or when or how or why it was broken, but it was broken all right. It seemed to him that it always had been. Just chunks of gristle instead of bone, and he could move it all over his face to scare women and impress kids. Sometimes it kept him out of fights, too. The skipper was proud of his nose, except when you could hear him breathing as if he had his head in a bucket.

"Can't you stop that damn snuffling and snorting?"

The Shooter's voice was easy and quiet. He was staring into the white pool of light that Deepwater Billy was shifting along the opposite bank of the river.

"It's always like that when I get excitement."

The skipper glared in the bright white flare from a pressure lamp, hissing on the middle thwart. They'd been drifting with the slide of black water since sunset, and his watch said 1 am. No sign of a croc in four hours. Not even a six-footer, let alone the old man. The electric whine of mosquitoes had never let up and the moths had come from nowhere to kick up a snowstorm around the lamp. Barramundi jumped big and close from time to time, just to keep a man awake. Mostly nothing but the pale limbs of ghost gums creeping by on the far side, the sudden shrill of something small at the end of a nightbird's swoop, the bump of driftwood on the buckled aluminium of the boat's flat bottom. He got up and took a step forward, staring where the Shooter stared.

ILLUSTRATION BY YVONNE SUTHERLAND

THE SHOOTER

"I see nothing."

"You ain't here for looking, you're here for skippering."

The skipper took another step over the coils of two-inch rope; the boat trembled when he put his foot down. His eyes squinted, so close to the Shooter's cheek he could see a mosquito filling up among the three-week growth of stubble lit silver by the lamp.

The Shooter's voice was so low, it was hardly heard.

"Sit down easy. If we lose him, you don't get paid."

Only the well-oiled click of the safety catch and smooth movement of the bolt to glimpse a half-inch of brass up the spout. Another mosquito settled on the fist that closed the breech and slowly lifted the heavy rifle.

"The trouble with you," the skipper hissed, "is you ain't got no excitement."

He moved carefully back to his place at the tiller and sat gently as a girl, his fingers wrapped around the starting toggle, just in case. A dozen times they'd stopped like this to line up on nothing — the plop of a bullfrog, maybe, or a heron sent off in a sudden wild dashing of wings. It was more than a man's nerves could take.

"I was better off mud-crabbing." The skipper unscrewed the cork from a rum bottle and swigged. The Lee Enfield was still only half-lifted with the Shooter's back bent forward and one of his big feet hooked on the bow, the blue-metal snout pointed steady at the reeds.

"No sense getting excited till we've nailed the bugger. Skin alone'll be worth a poultice, then there's the bounty." He stopped talking. The mosquitoes were so loud in that silence, they set up a howl. When he spoke again, it was to the old Aborigine. "Deepwater, douse that lamp and keep the spot on them reeds."

The skipper was impressed. "He really in there?"

"He's in there, all right. A skerrick to the left, Billy."

Deepwater Billy did as he was told, the shine on his fat black cheeks disappearing into darkness as he opened the valve and let the air out until the mantle died to a glow and became a pale shadow. Deepwater was a full-blood and the Shooter was one of the few men, white or black, he really trusted.

The old man crocodile had come upriver more than a year ago. They said it had pulled full-grown beasts from the cattle crossings and horses from under the men that rode them. Bigger than the boats that hunted it, it smashed them with its tail or crushed them with its jaws. It carried so many white men's bullets and heads of black men's spears, the tribesmen said it was a devil-devil croc that wouldn't die. But Deepwater Billy had lived along the river all his life, and he knew different. All crocs die, just like all men. When the two piccaninnies near the camp had been taken, he had sent his grandsons to the buffalo camp to fetch the Shooter. And he had come. And every night, they had searched the river up and down, taking many crocs but not the devil-devil. So he always did what the Shooter said, no matter what.

"Bottom of the reeds, Billy . . . I seen eyes."

The beam slid silent and smooth to where twin orange orbs lit up like sudden flames. The polished butt of the Lee Enfield was already nursing the Shooter's cheek and the roar of it crashed back from the river bank and went scattering away with startled wings. Then the urgent clatter of the reload and the bright brass cylinder bouncing on aluminium, down among the boat's gear. The skipper's breath whistling between curses and the tugging of the toggle filled the silence.

"By jeeze, you nailed him. Could be him. Them eyes was a good foot apart."

The battered outboard choked and purred. They had all seen the girth of the crocodile as its tail and hind legs flung in the reed bed, then sank from sight.

"Big around as a scrub bull. Could be the old man."

The scow surged eagerly toward the turbulence still spreading in the spotlight, urged by the skipper's excitement.

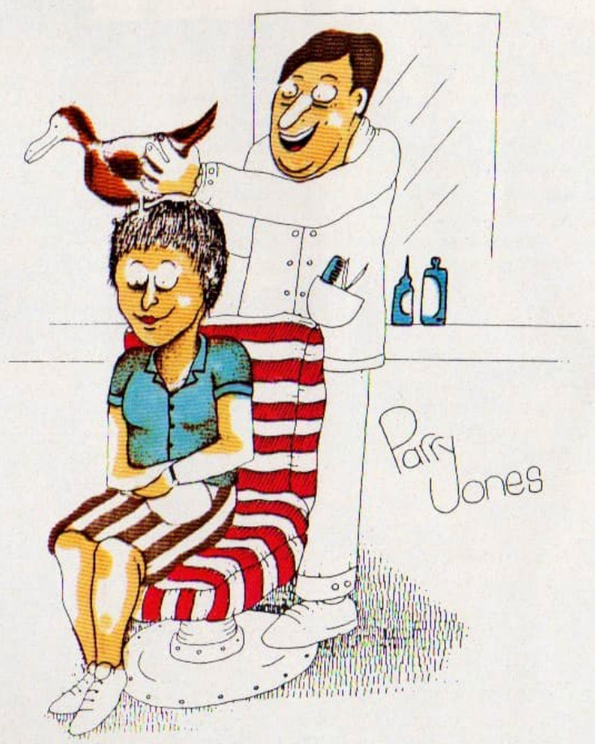
"Get a strop on him, Billy. Double quick. Twice round his snout."

Throttling down expertly as they nosed into the rusty cloud of the croc's blood, diving for the lamp and pumping furiously, the skipper was already thinking of his share. The mantle bloomed white again. "See the belly on him? Big around as a . . ."

The Shooter was sitting down. He had stood at the ready, tall and alert while they crossed the dark gliding water. Now he sat and fished for his little tin fag-maker. "No need for that, Billy." He licked the paper's edge. "Brain shot. Deader than a Christmas goose." The neat white cigarette rolled out under his fingers. He handed it to the old Aborigine and began rolling one for himself. "He won't eat no more of your grandsons."

He cupped a match to Deepwater Billy's smoke, then lit his own. "If I was you, though, I'd keep them piccaninnies in the water holes. No good, this big feller river."

The pale corrugations of the croc's belly had risen in the spluttering light; there seemed no end to it as the skipper pulled the tail rope tight, his gut creased over the gunwale of the scow, taking a turn or two around the towing cleat. "You know what's wrong with you?" he asked, looking to where the Shooter blew smoke into the night and finally slapped at the mosquito on his cheek. "You ain't got no excitement. No excitement at all."



"Now where did you want those streaks, Mrs Abernathy?"

The morning smelled of mud. It always did around camp, with the carcases brought in and dragged up for skinning. It was mangrove mud, deep and rich around the root spikes that sprouted thick among the twisted trees. They'd been chopped away to make a launching ramp and the slick there was black with blood and littered with fresh gut. The skinners were at it early, before the sun made it harder. A couple of dogs nosed at the offal and made off with the choice bits.

The scent of frying meat cut through the mud stink as the skipper poked at a slab of steak frying in a hot iron pan. Around the fire, he'd arranged six eggs, a plate of sliced onion and half a bush oven loaf. He was spooning coffee into a simmering billy can as the Shooter walked up from the river looking fresh from swimming, his hair combed flat and wet, a clean pair of jungle green shorts hanging on his lean hips. Forking a raw slab of dark red meat from a tin dish, the skipper held it over the skillet.

"Buff steak? Nothing like it to start the day."

The Shooter shook his head.

"I already ate. Down at Billy's. He's got turtle eggs."

"Turtle eggs won't put meat on them bones . . . you're just about the skinniest coot God Almighty ever put breath into."

"I travel too much to carry weight."

The eggs were cracked on the edge of the pan and sent spluttering to surround the steak.

"Buff steak'll keep a man going. Damned if I know how you stay upright. Skinny as a rail."

"I shoot 'em, not eat 'em. I'll have coffee, though."

The Shooter squatted beside the fire, rinsed an enamel mug and held it out for filling. He watched Deepwater Billy supervising the skinning out of the killer croc. It was pulled up alongside the boat, its tail still in the water. Not 20 metres away, naked piccaninnies romped like otters among the reeds. One of them, his black shoulders gleaming, dragged a file snake from down among the roots. His teeth flashed white as he bit into the flat head and tossed its one metre length up on the bank with the others.

"Billy," the Shooter bawled. "I thought you was keeping them piccanins out of that damn river."

Billy grinned and butted a wide foot into the croc's ripped belly.

"You kill 'im, boss. Old man croc finished now. Them piccanins too tough for small feller croc."

The skipper glugged rum generously into the coffee and shovelled food on to his plate.

"Whyn't you stay here? Crocs are paying good."

"I don't like mud, I don't like getting wet, and the mozzies here are big as emus." The skipper's mouth was full but he spoke anyway.

"You going back for more buffs?"

"Had enough of shooting buffs. Too much like murder." The Shooter sipped the scalding black coffee. The skipper stared at him, chewing hard.

"Where you going then?"

"New South Wales."

The skipper choked, gulped coffee and choked again. "That grasshopper country is bang in the middle of a dry. Worst drought since the Depression."

The Shooter threw the dregs from his mug into the fire and stood up stretching. "Where there's drought, there's pigs and roos. I need a change."

He walked leisurely over to where an old tarpaulin bulked beneath a tree, stripping it back to uncover an old Harley-Davidson motor cycle. It never ceased to amaze the skipper, but he just kept chewing. The Shooter was an easy-going coot, but jeeze, he was touchy about two things — that old Harley and that .303 army rifle

There was no escape. No turning your back on the waste and death, the cracked earth and the whitening bones. Drought crept in the doorway, bringing the death stink

of his. The Harley was the Shooter's home and everything he owned; the back was built up with angle iron, a mounting for tools and gear, even a little vice and a grindstone. What he couldn't get in the sidecar hung around the bike like a pedlar's wagon. All the stuff of bush living clanging and clattering so you could hear him coming a mile off.

"You sure you won't get yourself around one of these buff steaks?"

"The turtle eggs was just fine."

"That grasshopper country is better'n 2000 miles."

"I'm in no hurry."

The skipper watched him pull on mutton-fat boots and lace up his snake gaiters, the digger's hat he always wore sloped forward against the low sun. He was going to miss the Shooter.

"See you next season?"

"You might."

The Harley coughed a couple of times as the Shooter stood on the kick-start, then the chain drive took over and the whole thing shook like a live thing and began to move.

"Deepwater Billy," the Shooter called over the din. "You keep them piccanins out of that damn river!"

Marie, the cook at Dead Goanna Station, burst out the screen door dragging a shotgun. "I'll blast you for that . . . I'll blow you to bloody bits, you scrawny-looking bastard."

The emu blinked at her from a distance, its beak crammed with carrot tops, its horny feet raking over the carefully-tended furrows without concern. Even the double click of the hammers didn't stop it from stooping to tip out a tangle of pea vines.

"It's not loaded . . . the useless bloody thing's not loaded!" Marie's voice was a scream.

"What's the good of a gun if it's not loaded!"

A man's voice, old and bullish, answered from somewhere inside. "A man that leaves a loaded shotgun where a female can get her hands on it deserves to have his head read."

The emu continued its patrol of destruction over Marie's precious vegetable patch. Absurd, with the strips of gauze she'd used as shade swathed around it like a shawl, the strings of colored rag and tin lids for scaring birds and rabbits trailing from its scabrous ankles. Only when Marie ran shrieking down the steps raising the double-barrelled shotgun like a club did the invader decide to move on, tripping nimbly over the broken fence and settling into a steady trot that left little puffs of red dust drifting in the violent heat of the afternoon. Marie didn't even move inside. She just sat down on the steps and cried.

On the wide verandah, Bread 'n' Fat Jones lay flat out on the springs of his cot. It was a long time since he'd slept in the house. The old homestead trapped heat like a steel drum, its tin roof drawing the sun like a magnet, and the slabs of hand-cut ironbark that formed its walls inside and out held the heat day and night, till the breathing of air in its darkened rooms seemed to sear the lungs. Drought did that to a place. There was no escape. No turning your back on the waste and death, the cracked earth and whitening bones. It came right up to your doorstep and crept inside, bringing the death stink with it. He had buried his animals at first, even picked their fleece, but that was when the dry was a new experience. Now it seemed he'd known nothing but drought. These days he left them to the ants, let the wool from their corpses lie where it fell, or let it scatter in the sudden blasts of scorching wind that came in from the western plains.

He could hear the woman crying. Howling, she was, like some lost child. Well, a woman shouldn't come out here if she couldn't stomach the bush . . . nor a man, either. And this was the bush and all that goes with it. The dry was part of it and there was no sense crying.

The place hadn't always been called Dead Goanna. In his grandfather's day,

THE SHOOTER

Emu Park had rolled green as England as far as a man could ride. "Narrabeen", the blackfellers called it, after the black swans that sat on its tanks and dams. As the rainfall dwindled and then stopped, the water had gone slowly year by year. First, the river to the east. It just got lower and lower until the tributaries dried and shrivelled and the creek beds blew red. Rain just went on getting scarcer and by the time the years had lowered his father, they called it Dead Goanna — a barren place where even a lizard was flat out staying alive. Before his dad went, wrenched and wearied by the land, Bread 'n' Fat had helped him ring-bark just about every tree on the place, until their stumps sat like ageing tombstones among the anthills.

He turned on his side, lifting the *National Geographic* against the glare. Grasshoppers clung like pea pods on to the fly wire. She wouldn't stay long — they never did — but a man needed decent tucker and someone to keep the dust from the house. Not that he paid her much; food and keep, and the rest was promises. But times were hard on the plains and she had the sense to know it.

He raised his head and listened. She'd stopped her wailing, anyhow. But there was something else. Over the rasping of grasshoppers, the chorusing of cicadas in the kurrajong that shaded the meat house, getting louder than the lame rattle and suck of the windmill, was the sound of a motor.

He swung his feet off the cot and reached for his boots, the effort sending rivulets of sweat down the deep lines of his neck and into the bleached wool of his chest. He reckoned quickly. Witchetty Grubb, the mailman, wasn't due for three days and he never came down from the road except when something special was afoot, or he'd been drinking rum on his rounds and felt like a game of euchre. Like the time Ma Macintyre won 6000 quid in the lottery and put on free drinks for young and old. Gus Grubb never could resist breaking news, even before it happened. But this didn't sound like the clatter and bang of his old Buick Buffalo. Murphy's shearing team wouldn't be this way for weeks and his neighbor hadn't come by since the last kangaroo drive.

It was getting louder. A machine all right, of some sort. The dogs came out of their hollow logs, rattling their chains and sniffing for trouble. Nothing but glare through the fly wire. He stepped outside, the hinges of the screen door squealing and banging behind him. A plume of red dust feathered out on the track to the home paddock gate. Too far to see in the heat haze. Bread 'n' Fat walked down the steps and waited.

Marie, still hugging her knees, head buried in her arms on the back steps, shutting out the sight of her ruined oasis, heard nothing until it was closer. The chug-gachuggachug of the motor rattled as it came. She peered around the water tank at the cause of all the commotion, as six red kelpies fought to be heard over the thunder of engine noise and vibrating metal. The racket slowed and cut, the old man's curses sending the dogs back inside. She watched the visitor swing a leg stiffly from the saddle of the motorbike. The man and the bike and all its accoutrements were thick with rust-red dust. The rider reached for a canvas water bag swung from the handlebars. He drank in silence while Bread 'n' Fat waited.

"They tell me in town something's after the sheep around here."

Bread 'n' Fat nodded. "Reckon it's a wild dog."

He watched the stranger lift his hat, draw a forearm across his brow, and take out a tin fag-maker.

> It had been a long time since Marie had been near a man — near him personally — and a very long time since she had been touched by one

"Dingo? Too far from the border."

"Dingo . . . wild dog . . . what's the difference? It's pulling down sheep and I can't afford to lose one of mine. Not when I'm down to running one to the acre."

He eyed the butt of a rifle poking from its leather bucket and watched the fag-maker turn out a neat cigarette. He waited until it was lit.

"You a shooter?"

The Shooter nodded, enjoying the smoke. "You got pigs too?"

"Pigs aplenty. Ain't a waterhole on the place they haven't fouled. Not that there's much to foul but mud and dead yabbies."

"How much are pigs bringing?"

"Five bob a tail, ten for boars."

"Roos?"

"Roos are so thick they ain't worth shooting."

"The dog?"

"The dog's different. Bounty of a hundred quid, last I heard. Every station from here to Nyngan chipped in."

"They reckon he's on your place."

"I ain't sighted him but I'm losing sheep . . . throats torn out like a dingo's got at 'em."

"Mind if I camp in the shearers' quarters?"

Bread 'n' Fat nodded his head. He wasn't used to strangers and he'd just as soon do without them. But he was getting too old to go out after pigs, and shooting roos was hardly worth the cost of ammo at a shilling a round. They mobbed in the hundreds — red plainers, big enough to go through a wire fence and not look back. Besides, it was the rule: with a rogue about, he couldn't refuse to have the place shot out.

"The cook'll feed you for a quid a week."

"I feed myself. I'll buy milk, eggs and mutton."

"Suit yourself."

The Shooter swung his leg back and kicked the Harley to life. Marie watched him rattle down past the empty stock yards toward the shearing shed.

It was more than a week before she saw him again. The sound of the bike would start up early, clattering off to the home paddock gate and out to the backblocks. She could hear the rifle shots thinned by distance, pop, popping throughout the day, and the lamps were lit before he'd rattle back over the cattle grid to light his fire.

She was curious. Hoping to catch him and say goodbye when she delivered his meat, milk and eggs. But he was never there. Nothing to tell her a thing except the sparse makings of his camp. Everything he owned was stowed in the depths of the boat-shaped sidecar. Just his bedroll spread on the floor, a jungle-green mosquito net hung over it and a long army greatcoat with two stripes sewn on the sleeve hanging behind the door. They both smelled of him. Not unpleasantly. Old rum and fresh tobacco and the unmistakable muskiness of his body. Man smell. The closest to it she had been in quite a while, except for the staleness of age that followed Bread 'n' Fat Jones like a spectre.

It had been a long time since Marie had been near a man — near to him personally — and a very long time since she had been touched by one. She told herself it didn't matter, that the unhappiness she had known had always come from letting herself get too close to a man, allowing him to have the most personal, the most important thing she had. It had devastated her when the rough hands she trusted had become disinterested, even unkind. So, she had told herself it just didn't matter, and most of the time it didn't. Then there were times when the pressing heat or creeping chill of her tiny back room made her cry with loneliness.

She had looked for the new arrival from a distance, watched him washing under the pump by the cow bail. On the third day, she had risen quickly at the sound of the pump handle. Wide awake at 5 am with a riotous dawn splitting the eastern sky, she had quickly arranged the plaits of her hair, grabbed the milking pail and hurried down there.

Dawn . . . it was the one time when there was a hint of cool, bringing with it keen scents of the bush before the dust was lifted. She was aware of it around her bare skin under the old cotton smock she used for milking. She had become accustomed to going about her chores without the pointless restriction of underclothes. There was no-one to know, no-one to even make a remark. For all the grunts she got from the old man, she may as well have been stark naked. There were never any station hands to gawk on Dead Goanna. Bread 'n' Fat got his name from sheer meanness. He just didn't pay, although they said there was money enough stashed away somewhere beneath his floorboards.

The Shooter had gone as she arrived. Off, towelling his hair before she had time to say g'day. Since then, she had left his supplies every second morning just inside the shearers' quarters — a bright tin billy filled with the rich milk she stripped from the gaunt milk cow, six brown eggs in the upturned lid, all placed in the little meat safe and hung from a beam away from the ants.

She found herself staying longer, stepping inside to look around for something he had left, anything new that might tell her a little more about him. She was impressed in spite of the fact that none of it mattered. He hadn't bothered her like the roustabouts and contract shearers she had cooked for on other stations. She knew she was no beauty; the outback had seen to that, but it had also kept the fat away. Her body had stayed young. Even if her plain face, the brown V of her neck and chest, and her lower arms and legs were getting weathered, the tight smoothness was still there, under the roughness of her hand on nights when sleep was for everyone but her. And there was her hair. It made up a lot for a face that no man would look at twice, and she kept it washed and brushed and wound up off her neck, in clean and shiny braids. There was no doubt she felt like a woman and no doubt she looked like one.

Yet, he hadn't even come to the cookhouse door to ask for tea or sugar, the way contract men usually did. He made no attempt to look up and watch the way they all did, until they decided it wasn't worth the looking. Maybe that was it. He knew she was there, all right. Marie had made sure of that, showing herself whenever she got the chance. Even contemplating a decent frock instead of the baggy smock that covered her like a tent.

He had come back unexpectedly when she was scattering bran mash among the fowls, the chug of his motor making her look toward the gate. It was mid-afternoon, with another five or six hours of daylight. Run out of water perhaps, or out of bullets. That would be it — the faint crack of his firing had been going since breakfast. Upending the bucket and nipping inside, she had shaken out her hair and put on the dress. It was nothing fancy, but it fitted at the waist and when she stretched her arms, it rode up above the brown of her knees to where the sun and very little else had reached.

Making a long job of taking the washing off the line, reaching high for the clothes pegs, she watched his progress from the corner of her eye. Long and lanky but somehow smooth-moving, the Shooter had drawn up at the pump, held his face upturned under its deluge, then plunged it greedily into the bore, blowing like a seal. She had watched him shake off the drops and slick back his hair with both hands before turning toward the blacksmith's shop, where the cling-clang of Bread 'n' Fat's hammer straightened a plough shear. That was it. Out of bullets, she thought. Back to count out a couple of fistfuls from the green metal case the old man kept in there and handed out like gold, to be deducted from the tally.

A stupid thrill went through her as she realised he had to look her way, just couldn't fail to see her full on. Blood pumped and perspiration pricked on her forehead as she deliberately stretched to the limit, knowing the lowering sun was behind her and lighting up the shape of what she had to offer. She was high on her toes, legs slightly parted, her breast high and her hair thrown back, turning her back to him and moving from peg to peg. When she turned under the bundle of sun-hot laundry, he had disappeared into the smithy where the double ringing of iron on iron had been stopped by the rumble of voices.

In an instant, Marie reminded herself how much she hated men. That sweaty ruin Bread 'n' Fat Jones treated her with no more respect than he gave the flea-bitten mongrels chained up inside those rotten logs. And this stupid shooter with his heap of noisy tin — not even the manners to pass the time of day. And if he had, what would she have done? Given him a dirty look and gone on with what she was doing. But at least he could have tried. She stamped up the steps and banged inside without a backward glance. In the gloom of the smithy, Bread 'n' Fat doused the plough shear in the trough and waited for the steam to subside. The red-hot metal crackled for seconds and the hiss died away. "You've got more roos on this place than there's hairs on a hog's back."

The old man lifted the shear and took it over to the light. "Damned if I know why they never put winders in a smith!" He glared at the blade and turned it this way and that. "Reckon there'd be a thousand or more in Colorado alone, and every damn one of 'ems eating seven times more feed than a sheep."

Colorado was the far paddock, so big it

"I guess like everything else, babysitting is an art."

THE SHOOTER

took a day or two to ride its fences. A lone stand of timber shaded the few hundred head he ran there.

Bread 'n' Fat had never been further away from Dead Goanna than the town 40 miles further west, and he hadn't been there for more than seven years. He knew all about the world, though, through his subscription to *National Geographic*. It was the only thing that toothless fool of a mailman had left in his drum for as long as he could remember. Long ago, he had sent a mail order for *The Great World Atlas* from Gordon and Gotch in Sydney, and it had become the most important thing he owned. As the drought closed in on him, he had refreshed himself with words and pictures of green lands and wide oceans, finding them on his maps and learning of their mountains and plains, the rainfall in their lakes and rivers. So he had named his far-flung paddocks after Texan waterways. Names like Colorado, Sweetwater, Pecos, Brazos and Big Springs, as if the thought of it might bring rain. It never did.

Leaning the plough shear among the mended wheel rims and a cluster of forgotten branding irons, he stepped outside and squinted in the glare. "It's nothing to me how many roos you shoot. It'll make no difference."

He spat and leaned back. The Shooter finished counting out the coppernosed .303 rounds and held them out in a double handful, glinting new brass in the sun.

"A hundred. That's a fiver off the tally. Reckon you'd best count 'em."

"They did a drive not more than a year back," Bread 'n' Fat said, ignoring the offer with a grunt. "Four stripped down trucks and more'n 50 shooters. Used four cases of them things in two days and left the place stinking of death for weeks. Must've dropped better than 5000 by the time they packed up. Pelts too poor for skinning. A month later, they were back, thick as flies round a dunny seat."

The Shooter rolled himself a smoke and slipped the little silver fag-maker back in his pocket. He squatted, reaching for a twig to draw a dust map. "Trouble is, your fences are down, here, here, here and here."

The old man squinted ahead of him, ignoring the map. "They knock 'em down fast as I put 'em up. It's a losing game. How about the dog? It's the dog you're here to stop."

"I got a sugar bag full of pig tails. The dog just doesn't show . . . but I counted 15 sheep pulled down in the big paddock alongside the railway line."

The tone of the old man's voice didn't change as he pushed his weight from the slab wall and went back inside. "Well, you're here to find him. Ain't no good popping off at roos all day. Ain't nothing to be done about the roos. And there ain't much else but pig shit in the waterholes."

He took down the tongs and began pumping the bellows till the charcoal bloomed cherry-red. "That damn dog is killing what's left of my stock. If you can't stop him, you can just as well get off the place and leave him to it, like every other bugger that's tried to nail him."

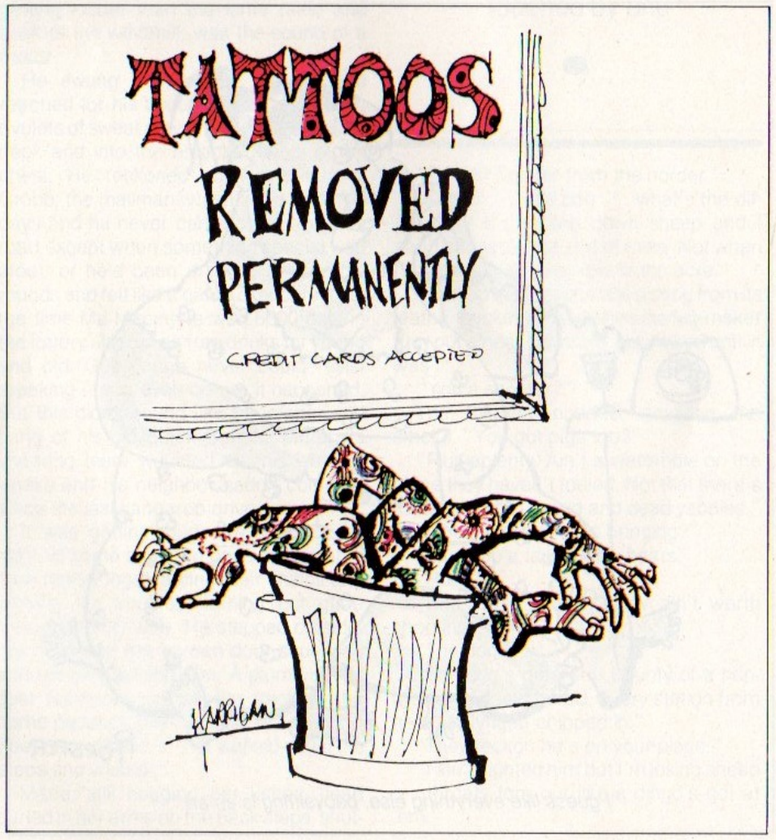
The Shooter rose and scuffed the dust map with his heel. "I'd best camp out where I found the dead 'uns. Weren't more than a day or two since they were got at — throats ripped out and nothing else touched. It's some kind of dog, all right. And he's still around."

A week had gone by since the Shooter had ridden off. Marie had watched him go as she worked the separator in the feed shed. Just as well. He wasn't worth a light to man or beast; none of them were. She had given half the bucket of skimmed milk to the poddy calf and taken the rest and the big jug of cream over to the cook house.

But she missed even the small diversions of listening for his bike, watching him at the pump, and her daily visits to the shearing shed. He had left a pack behind one morning — the kind that soldiers wear. It was old-looking and frayed, its brass buckles tarnished black, hanging there on a nail in a verandah post. His bit of mirror, a scrubbed-out toothbrush, half a comb and sliver of soap were laid out on the rail. It was all there was of the man. She had taken the pack down and lifted the flap, not wanting to touch anything, but curious.

Nothing but rolled-up socks, a spare shirt and underclothes, a tatty note book with an elastic band to stop it falling apart. In a side pocket, some cracked brown snapshots of men in baggy shorts, some with strips of rag hanging from the painful knubs of their hips. Their ribs showed like skinned rabbits and the dark holes that were their eyes grinned out from faces that were little more than skulls. Among them — the tallest, with a digger's hat tipped back, long emaciated arms draped around the shoulders of his friends — she recognised The Shooter. On their backs of the photos, names and dates were scrawled — Changi 1942, Sandakan, Kuchin, Burma. Deeper in the pocket was a strip of colored ribbons, the thick-ribbed silk coming away from the metal bar but still bright.

The dog was lame. The iron teeth of a rabbit trap had broken a hind foot long ago and the man that had released it had wanted the trap, not the dog. The pain had followed the dog and at first he had stopped often to attend it, licking it clean of dust and snapping at flies. It had healed in time, until he could tentatively use it again. The bone had knitted crooked because survival meant running and pain was a part of staying alive.



He was a kangaroo dog, bred by men to outrun and outfight a full grown buck. He had the lean gut and high-arched spine of a greyhound, the deep chest, thick neck and heavy jaws of a bull mastiff — a combination of speed and power that had once raced for pure joy across the flatlands in pursuit of the mobs, cutting through the scattering does to gain on the buck that led them, and facing the bayonet-sharp horn of the deadly hind feet, watching for an opening before springing for the throat.

He was old now, existing where he could. The stripes that girdled his tawny coat had almost vanished with the ravage of mange and old scars. His eyes were turning milky as the cataracts took over. He could no longer spot a rabbit and outmanoeuvre it around logs and anthills; even goannas beat him up the stumps and stayed there. Sheep were easy. Although his speed was gone, he had staying power and he'd learned patience. Bunching them in a corner of the paddock, up against the fence, he could take his pick. It was like old times, and the taste of blood was quick to bring out the fury of pain and isolation. It had taught him cunning too. What he couldn't outrun, he could outwit. The men that came after him never got close. He had feared them since the trap, associating agony with the sound and smell of them. Fear had turned to hate but he seldom saw them now. Living in the tunnels of long dead trees, he sniffed for them each day but they never came.

The dog had seen the woman a long way off — a dim speck against the morning sun, making its way across the open space towards the railway line. He had watched the speck from a distance, flat among the stumps and fallen logs, unsure but inquisitive. He began moving in its direction, cautiously. It was not looking for him. He followed. Where there were people, there were often scraps of food.

The woman had reached the railway line before she saw the dog. He stopped when she stopped, uncertain, ready to make his run if he sensed danger. There would be no need to run. He had sniffed out the unmistakable scent of fear. It was only a matter of time and he knew how to wait.

It was 4 am when Marie made up her mind to leave Dead Goanna. There had been no sleep in the hot box of a room leading off the big bush kitchen, and her loneliness was suffocating. She'd thought of it often in recent weeks, and had told him twice. The old man had simply turned away. He'd send her wages on. There was nothing to be had until Murphy had cut out his shed and the wool cheque came in. Besides, there was no way of getting her into town. The ancient Humber that stood in the wagon shed covered with wheat bags had not run in years, and there was no-one to jockey the sulkie over 40 miles of bush tracks and back.

So she had stayed until the shearing. But the contractors hadn't come. There were richer sheds to cut out than Dead Goanna, and they spent a week getting drunk after every one of them. And the old man had spent more time on his cot dreaming of rain than mustering his fly-blown sheep.

Then she had heard it. The milk train, its distant rumble, faint each morning at six. Part of the start to each day, along with the magpies and the bawling of the poddy calf. It had never occurred to her that she could catch it, until she remembered the water stop at Myall Mundi, no more than four miles south. She could ride up front with the driver. They'd never leave a woman stranded beside the track. Two hours would see her there. She had left a note with a forwarding address of the Commercial Hotel, Trangie. This was the day Bread 'n' Fat Jones could milk his own cows and boil the salt from his own bacon. There

The dog was bolder now, and when she flung a flinty chunk of blue metal it made no attempt to dodge, curling its lip and grumbling deep inside

wasn't much to carry and she had set off strongly in the hint of cool before the sky turned green and came light. What she left behind, the mailman could fetch: just some paperbacks, the bedside oil lamp and a rug.

Marie had almost reached the railway line before she saw the dog. At first, she wasn't sure. The gold ball of sun balanced, dazzling on the eastern rim of the plains, lighting the earth blood red and throwing long sharp arms of shadow from the stumps and fence posts. Fiery already, it struck like a blow, springing sweat from every pore with each step. The dog had not moved until she did, walking when she walked, stopping when she stopped. She looked around for a stick; it crumbled in her hand.

By the time Marie had reached the railway track, the dog was 20 paces behind. It was bolder now, and when she flung a flinty chunk of blue metal it made no attempt to dodge, curling its lip and grumbling deep inside. Fright grabbed at her throat when she tried shouting, remembering what she had been told about dogs sensing fear. Other things jostled in her mind for room: rabid dogs and the horrors of hydrophobia, the six-inch needle plunged into the stomach with little chance of success, the raging thirst before an agonised death. She tried to think only of the train, her feet pacing the hot hardwood of railway sleepers until she was trotting, trying not to run, the sweat flowing freely. She dropped her bag and the dog stopped to investigate. Finding nothing, it loped on after her to make up the distance.

The Shooter had spent the night in the clump of bloodwood gums that gave the only cover on the Pecos. He had slept well, woken by the warbling of kurrawongs and the first cry of crows. A knot of scraggy sheep nosing for grass close to the tree roots looked up in alarm when he rose up to take a leak. He watched them move off in a bunch. They were weak and nervous — easy meat for a dingo. The Harley was parked under the biggest bloodwood, the tarp stretched out as cover from the dew. Feeling for matches, he squatted to start the fire, scanning the paddock as the clump of dry grass and leaves took hold and flared.

Someone was walking the railway line. Someone with a dog.

He reached for the field glasses kept in the side-car. His sweat blurred the lenses. He pinched it free and polished them clean. It was a funny time for someone to be out so far. There were no fencers camped on Dead Goanna, no drovers passing through. As he focused, the figure stumbled and fell.

Before the dog reached her, she was aware of its smell: the rank feral smell of the wild. She shrank from it with a scream, hardly hearing the thin angry crack of the rifle or its scything echo. The dog struck her heavily, its forepaws rigid on her chest. Her terror was blotted out by a blinding of red.

They had been together two full days and one whole night before Marie was ready to go to town and the Shooter was ready to take her. She had no way of knowing how long she had been unconscious. She'd been aware of the approaching thunder of the motorbike, of the dead weight being lifted from her and the cool drops of water being flicked on her face. The Shooter had grinned when she opened her eyes. "Too much water too quick can shock a person."

He'd tilted the canvas waterbag to half fill a tin mug and was holding it to her lips. "Take it slow. You've clobbered your skull on the rail . . . not bad . . . more blood than damage."

His hands had been gentle for their size as he parted the hair at the back of her head and dabbed the cut with iodine. "It could take a stitch or two. It'll be right if you keep it clean till you get into town."

Producing a roll of bandage and a wad

THE SHOOTER

of gauze from the biscuit tin that was his first aid kit, he had trouble with the safety pin and she helped him, her hands getting mixed up with his. She managed a smile, although she kept her eyes on the dog. It was so close she could see the lice crawling, blood already drying from the hole in its neck, flies already busy. He must have felt her shiver; he stood suddenly to drag it further from the rail and into the brittle yellow grass.

"We'd best get you back to the homestead."

Wetting his spare shirt, helping her up and covering her head, he hadn't asked questions, as though it were nothing special to find her miles from the place in the early morning.

"I thought I'd be gone before the sun got high." It sounded like an excuse. He made room for her in the side-car.

"Can you walk?"

She nodded and accepted his hand, feeling his strength. When she was settled he walked along the line and brought back her things.

"Train's coming."

The milk train had rumbled by, its flat-tops loaded with farm machinery, fencing wire and 44-gallon drums, the boxcar filled with churns. It was less than half a mile to the water stop but she didn't ask him to chase it. The driver tipped his forehead to them and was gone.

"I don't want to go back," she said when the long procession of wheels had passed. "Not to that house."

He had nodded, his feet swishing and raising grasshoppers, to bend over the dog. She turned away as the sun caught a knife blade in his hand. He lifted the crippled leg, and then let it drop. "Men did this to him," was all he said as he went to work.

He had gone up to the homestead for her things. The old man had looked up from his reading, then had gone back to it. What she did was her business, was all he had said.

"She reckons you owe her 14 weeks at four quid a week."

Bread 'n' Fat glowered. "There's no money till the wool cheque."

"There'd better be."

The Shooter had emptied a sackful of pig tails on to the verandah.

"Forty-three and two sets of tusks. Count 'em if you like. I left alone the roos, like you said."

He tossed the dog's scalp over the rail. "I'll take that into town. Your share of the bounty is 25 quid."

Bread 'n' Fat glanced at the scalp. It had been taken dingo-style, from between the eyes, including the ears. A four-inch width had been stripped from the spine, with the tail intact.

"Don't look like no dingo to me!"

"It's a roo dog gone bush. It's the rogue, all right."

"The bounty's for a dingo."

The Shooter stood for a minute, looking hard at the old man, then out to where the buckled windmill strained to turn over the pump in a sudden flurry of hot air. It whipped up a swirl of dust that travelled across the yard and into the wagon shed. When he spoke, it was slow and deliberate and a little tired.

"It's easy. You owe the cook 56 pounds. The notice in the Stock and Station Agent's says the bounty is put up by four properties; yours is one of them . . . that's 25 quid. Forty-three pigs at five bob a tail and two boars at ten bob, less a fiver for ammo, adds up to 31 pounds 15 bob."

Carefully he had unslung the .303 from his shoulder and leaned it in a corner. "I'm going to the cook house to fetch the lady's things. If the money ain't here when I've done that, I'll just go in there and take it anyway I have to."

> His lovemaking had been hard and enduring, but not before he had washed and come to her smelling of soap and something that filled her with pleasure

He had filled a carton with Marie's things, the brass lamp taken apart and carefully wrapped. "Here's your money." He tossed it on the bedroll where he had laid her and where she still rested, waiting. "I signed the receipt for you."

Marie held out her arms. He grinned the same grin she'd seen when she opened her eyes to find him bending over her, blotting out the blast of the sun with his frame.

"No time for that. It's no easy ride."

"We'll need to be there by sundown. That headlamp of mine couldn't pick out a possum in a piss pot."

She watched him through the open door, making room for her things in the compartment of the side-car. He wasn't used to passengers. The seat had been taken out and he had built one up especially for her with wads of clean hessian from the wool press.

She stretched herself in the safety of his bedroll, liking its smell, feeling the threadbare army blanket coarse against her skin. It had been a long time since Marie had been made love to, and never like that. He had made it all seem clean and decent. In fact, nothing would have happened if she hadn't ensured that it did.

He had rigged more of the hessian around the bush shower — a kerosine drum punched with holes and hung from a tree branch. He need not have bothered because the gadget that released the water wouldn't work, so he had to fill buckets from the pump and pour it into the kero tin from overhead. She had kept on a thin cotton slip but she knew how it clung under the sudden deluge. She turned her face to the cooling cascade and saw him look away, guilty as a boy. Even then he would have bedded down outside and left her to it, if she hadn't insisted on cooking an evening meal.

They sat a long time by the fire, talking, sometimes, or just listening to the hiss and bubble of burning pine sticks, the scrabble of possums on the shearing shed roof, their pink eyes lit fleetingly by flame. She asked him about war and he told her little. War was where you lost your mates, he said simply.

"You're a very good shot. How far was it?"

"About 600 yards. I was a sniper. You had to hit what you aimed at, or you were dead."

His hands cupped around his mug of tea, his eyes on the fire. She had watched those same hands, so capable of gentleness, neatly rip the skin from the dead dog.

She watched him sip his tea, setting it down to bring out the little silver cigarette machine, his big fingers working the rollers until a neat white fag popped up. He offered it to her. She shook her head.

"Why did you never talk to me up at the place?"

"There wasn't the chance."

"Why didn't you make one?"

"I reckon a woman on a station has got a right to privacy."

"You didn't even look . . . didn't you see me?"

The grin came back. "I saw you."

He lit the smoke and drew hard, turning the grin full on her. "What would you have done if I'd come up there and tried my luck?"

"I'd have probably told you to clear off. We could've just talked, though. You wouldn't believe how lonely it gets."

The Shooter had stood up and held out his hand to her. "I know how lonely it gets. And there's no such thing as just talking."

"We're just talking now."

"It's time we stopped."

His love-making had been hard and urgent and enduring. But not before he had washed well under the pump and had come to her smelling of soap and something else that filled her with pleasure.

"You smell nice."

Continued on page 160

"Let's stow away for a night or two."

"What a Sterling idea."

STERLING 25s
by BENSON and HEDGES

CC1009/82 BH1290L/PE mojo

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

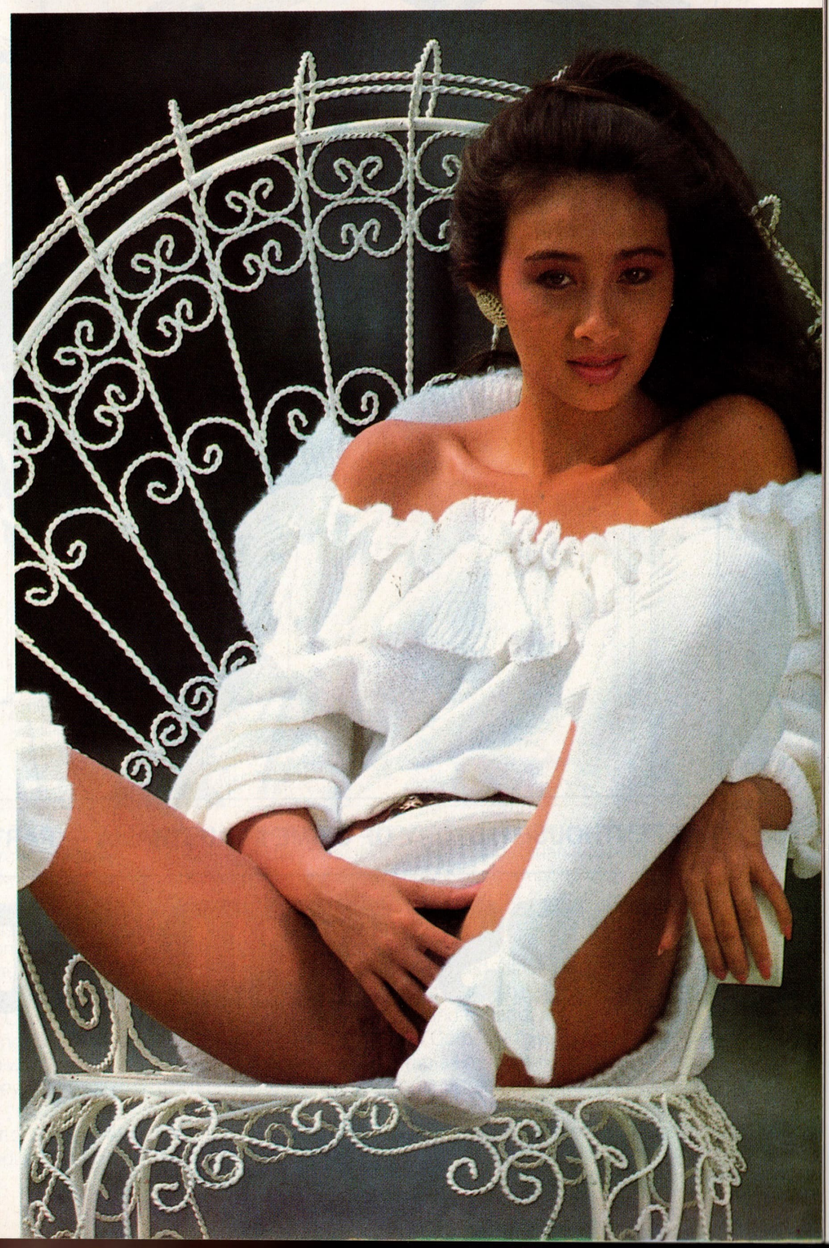
In mind as well as in body, our teenage Pet Veronique Jolie is a truly exotic blend. Being half-French, half-Vietnamese by birth, she could be described as an Asian minor on the one hand, and a Paris original on the other. In any event, we're happy to call her ours. Unlike many of the young ladies that appear on these pages, Veronique was not picked out of a crowd and asked if she would consent to be photographed. No, she fronted up to *Penthouse* demanding to be photographed. Talk about an offer too good to refuse . . .

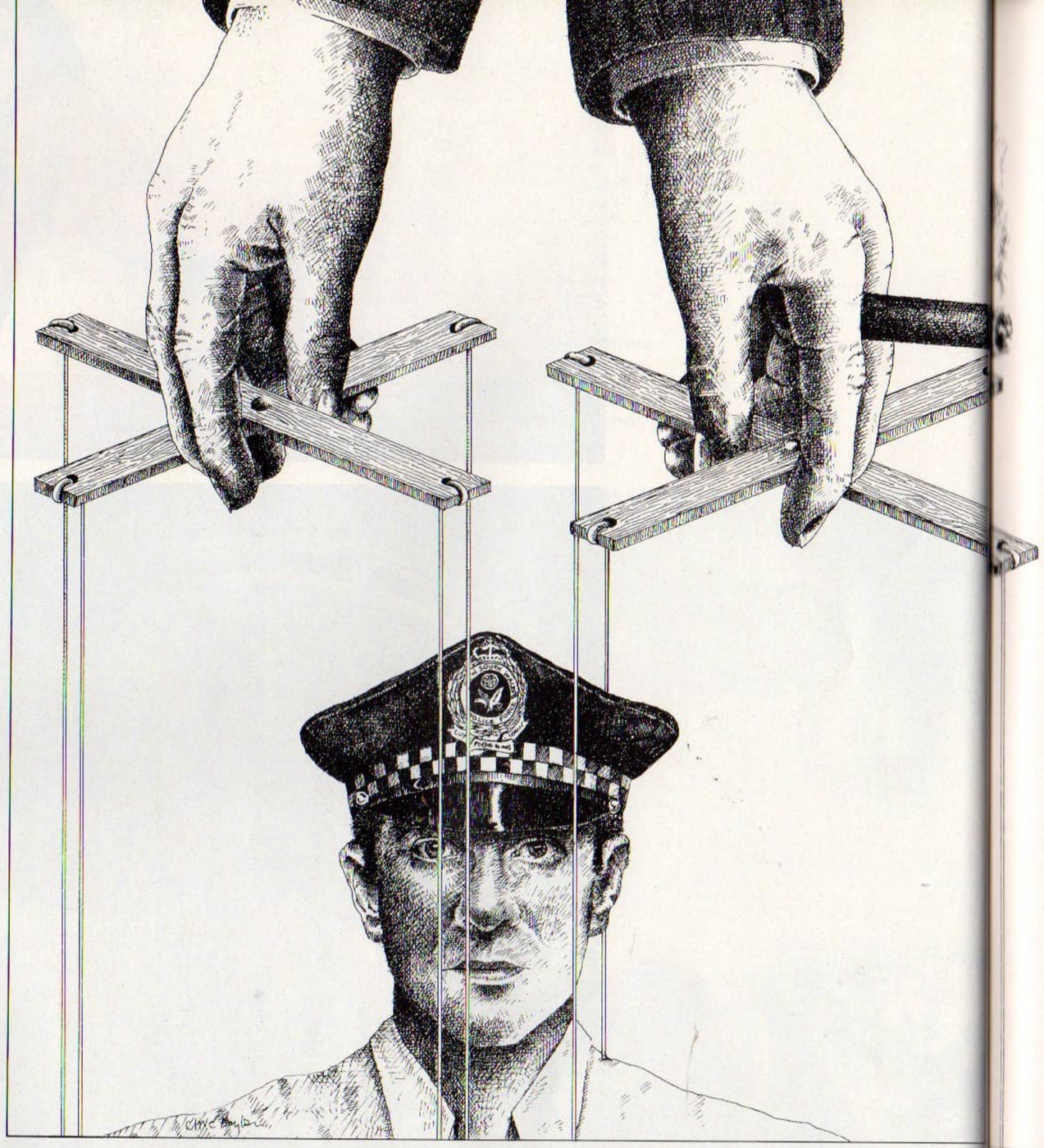
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

Veronique has spent her young life in such faraway places as Hong Kong, Singapore and the Phillippines, and this early double exposure to both Eastern and Western cultures has left her free to choose the best of both worlds.

Though she's adopted the Christian faith since she moved West, Veronique is (blessedly) free of any puritanical hang-ups. "I'm a totally sensual creature, not just when I'm making love but even walking down the street or dancing by myself in the dark . . ."

Our Pet is currently working as a model (a body like hers would make anything look good). The job suits this tawny beauty: "I love to show off my body, because I know it's pretty and exciting to men. Besides," she smiles, "it gives me a feeling of power." Enough power, we reckon, to light up most of Australia . . .

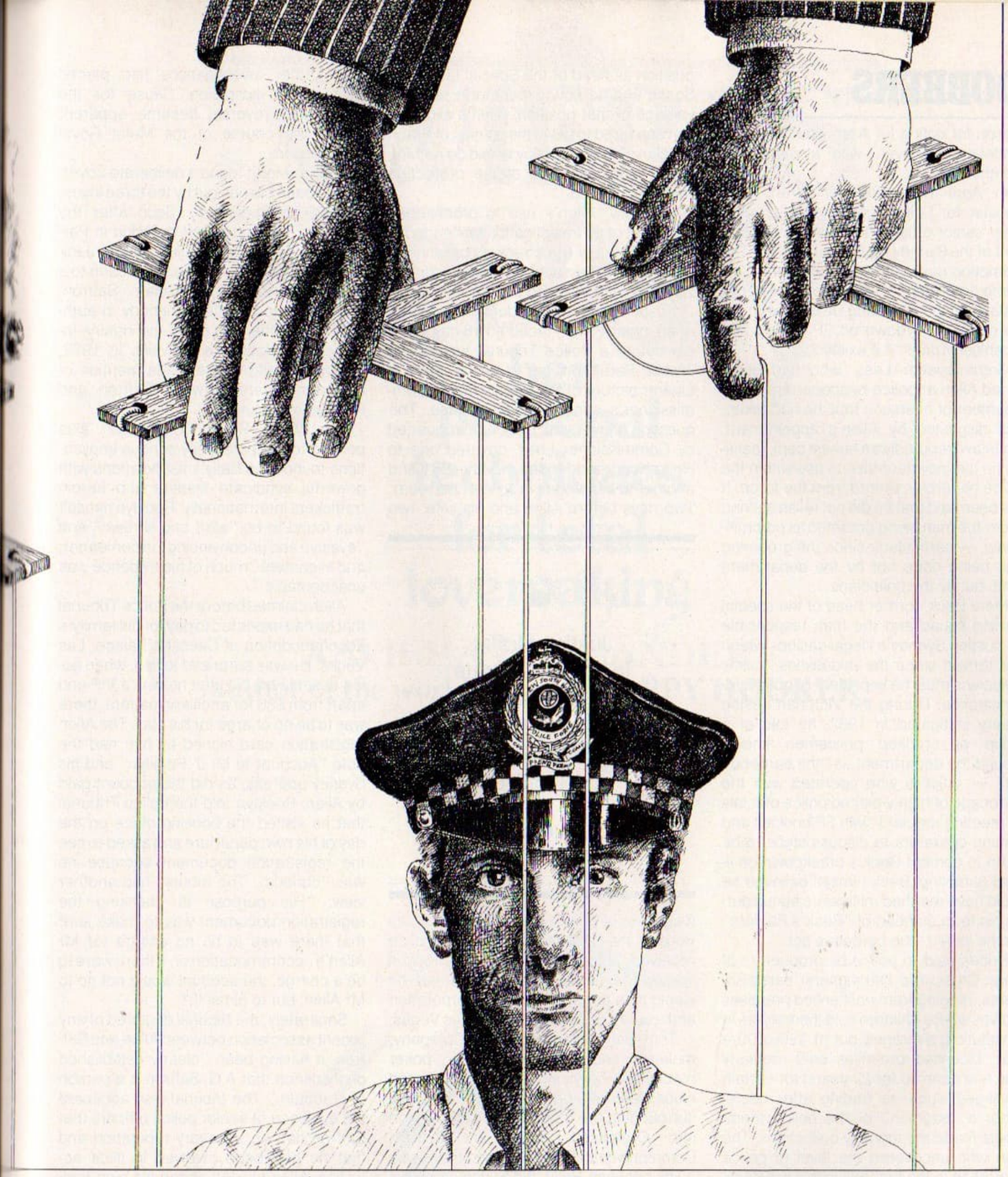




THE PENTHOUSE HISTORY OF CRIME IN AUSTRALIA — PART XII

COPS AND DOBBERS

BY DENIS WHITBURN



As Deputy Commissioner of the NSW Police, Bill Allen stood one step away from the top law enforcement job in the state. At the same time, he was allegedly planning to operate a protection racket within the force. Had he not been exposed by a fellow police officer, Detective-Sergeant Warren Molloy, Allen would eventually have held a position of Machiavellian power in the city now accepted as the crime capital of Australia. He would have been the living manifestation of philosophies founded nearly 200 years ago when Captain Arthur Phillip's departure delivered the colony into the hands of the NSW Corps. "The Corps, composed as it was of people who, by dint of great energy and some schizophrenia," the *Sydney Morning Herald* commented upon the demise of Bill Allen, "managed to combine the function of the criminal, the enforcer of the law, the businessman and the politician, remains the paradigm for some parts of public life in NSW to this day." The Corps was organised on a para-military principle, "aloof, authoritarian and alien" — not unlike an occupying army. Many of its members were recruited from the ranks of ex-convicts, the attitude of whom entrenched itself within the body that grew out of the Corps: the NSW Police. Had Bill Allen achieved promotion to Commissioner of Police, his would have become a position blessed with unlimited potential for exploitation by "the brotherhood" of criminal entrepreneurs and legitimate businessmen who, hand-in-hand, are dependent on traditions laid down by the NSW Corps for their industry's survival. Picked by Premier Neville Wran as a "crime buster", Allen had been promoted to Deputy Commissioner in August 1981 by Bill Crabtree, then Minister for Police, over the heads of more senior officers. Commissioner Jim Lees would have preferred Senior Assistant Commissioner Royce Whitelaw. Premier Wran's stated

reason for opting for Allen was his youth; Whitelaw, however, was a mere few months older.

In April 1979, Premier Wran, then Minister for Police, promoted Allen over other senior officers to Chief Superintendent of the Sydney Metropolitan Area. The promotion gave Allen sway over the CIB, Crime Intelligence Unit, No 21 Special Squad and the Licensing Division, with the job of cracking down on SP betting and organised crime "if it exists."

Commissioner Lees, who had questioned Allen at police headquarters about a number of overseas trips he had taken, was disgusted by Allen's appointment. Whitelaw (reputedly an honest cop), realising he had nowhere else to rise within the police heirarchy, retired from the force. It has been said that he did not relish serving under the man being groomed as commissioner — particularly since the grooming was being done not by the department itself, but by the politicians.

Merv Beck, former head of the special gaming squad and the man responsible for busting Sydney's illegal casinos which had thrived since the mid-Sixties, insists politicians must be kept clear of police administration. During the Victorian casino inquiry instigated in 1982, he told of a group of crooked policemen known around the department as "the barbecue set" — officers who operated with the patronage of highly-placed police officials — meeting regularly with SP bookies and gaming operators to discuss steps to be taken to combat Beck's crackdown on illegal gambling. Beck himself believed he could have reached millionaire status during his term as head of "Beck's Raiders" had he joined "the barbecue set."

Bribes paid to police by proprietors of Kings Cross and Darlinghurst establishments, ranging from unlicensed premises to dives where children sold themselves in prostitution, averaged out at $250,000 a year. Licensed premises paid regularly (one had done so for 22 years) for certain privileges, such as trading after hours. Either a "bagman" or the police themselves made the monthly collections. The man who uncovered the level of police corruption in the Eighties in this area was Detective-Sergeant Warren Molloy, then head of the Special Licensing Squad based in Kings Cross. Molloy himself was offered a bribe of $40,000 by a Sydney identity to turn a blind eye to illicit activities at a disco he controlled in the eastern suburbs. Turning down the offer, Molloy was given a clue to the extent of corruption in the area when told he was "going it alone."

Just how alone he was did not become clear until he had a total of $2500 pressed on him by his superior officer and friend, Bill Allen. Allen had appointed Molloy to his position as head of the Special Licensing Squad and he now expected to take advantage of that position. Allen's expectation appeared to be, in the opinion of Frank McAlary QC, that Molloy would do nothing while Allen, as head of the protection racket, collected.

Ironically, Allen's rise to prominence came out of an investigation he headed in 1979 into a tow truck racket operating in Sydney's western suburbs. The sacking of 20 policemen followed the probe.

Suspended from duty during the course of an inquiry, Allen faced an 18-day hearing before a Police Tribunal headed by Justice Perrignon, out of which came a clearer picture of the Deputy Police Commissioner's sensitive relationships. The question of overseas trips, earlier queried by Commissioner Lees, covered one to Hong Kong and Macao in May 1981 and another to Las Vegas in June of that year. Two days before Allen and his wife, two daughters and son-in-law arrived in Las Vegas, the Australian Federal Police received information that Allen was visiting the USA. They also learned he would be a guest of the Bally Corporation and would join Jack Rooklyn in Las Vegas.

> Justice Moffat found a deliberate cover-up had been carried out by the the investigating police officers

The Bally Manufacturing Company, makers and distributors of poker machines servicing NSW's licensed clubs, featured prominently in activities surrounding the Moffit Royal Commission into Organised Crime in 1973-74. Commonwealth Police claimed there was a link between Bally and Sydney criminal figures, who they believed were attempting to drive Australian machines off the market so as to secure a monopoly for the US machines in the $400 million industry. Allegedly, Bally was to then move in on a range of other club services including entertainment. After receiving a copy of the Commonwealth Police report, which showed that Bally was controlled by the US Mafia, NSW Police carried out an initial investigation of their own and came to the conclusion that penetration by the US Mafia was a distinct threat. Within four months, Premier Robert Askin announced that further investigations had placed Bally above suspicion. Cause for the remarkable reversal became apparent during the course of the Moffit Royal Commission.

Justice Moffit found a deliberate cover-up had been carried out by the three investigating police officers. Soon after the raising of the first report by Askin in Parliament, Bally's Australian head, Jack Rooklyn, allegedly made an approach to a business associate, Abraham Saffron, asking him to coerce somebody in authority to take the heat out of the inquiry. Investigating Rooklyn's activities in 1972, Commonwealth Police made mention of an arrangement between Saffron and Rooklyn in Djakarta.

The Moffit Royal Commission also pointed to the potentially serious implications founded in Bally's associations with powerful syndicate leaders and heroin traffickers internationally. Rooklyn himself was found to be "alert and shrewd" and "evasive and unconvincing" in demeanor, and in content "much of his evidence was unacceptable."

Allen claimed before the Police Tribunal that he had expected to pay for his family's accommodation at Caesar's Palace, Las Vegas. He was surprised to find, when going to settle his bill, that he was a VIP and apart from $36 for ancillary matters, there was to be no charge for his stay. The Allen registration card signed by him had the note "Account to Mr J. Rooklyn" and his Sydney address, as did the account paid by Allen. Rooklyn told the Police Tribunal that he visited the booking office on the day of his own departure and asked to see the registration document because he was "curious". The tribunal had another view: "His purpose in checking the registration document was to make sure that there was to be no charge for Mr Allen's accommodation or, if there were to be a charge, the account would not go to Mr Allen, but to himself."

Separately, the tribunal enquired of any recent association between Allen and Saffron, it having been "clearly established on evidence that A.G. Saffron is a person of ill repute." The tribunal also accepted the evidence of senior police officers that Saffron had an unsavory reputation and that he had been involved in illicit activities. Allen himself stated his own feelings concerning Saffron: "He has always had a reputation of being involved in vice and I still wouldn't trust him."

Be that as it may, Allen received Saffron on seven occasions at police headquarters during 1981, the purpose of which, according to Allen, was to allow Saffron to receive assistance to obey the licensing laws in regard to his licensed business interests.

The tribunal report noted that Allen's "attitude seems to have been that his door was always open to Mr Saffron", and that the association between the two men

MAIL ORDER OFFER

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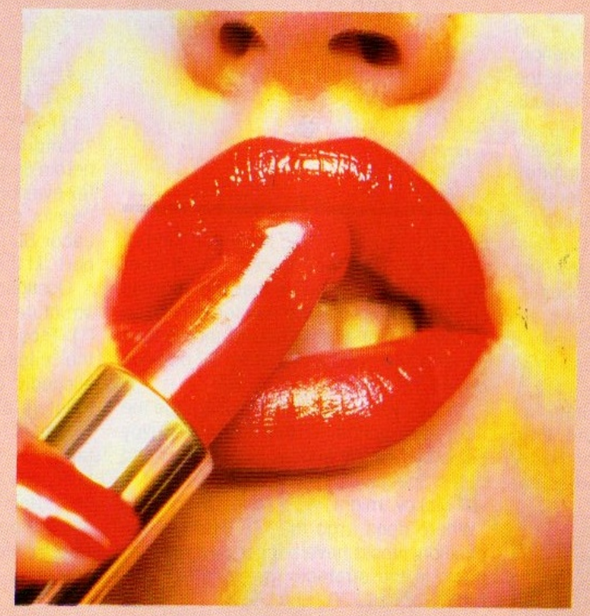

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DOBBERS

"could only be regarded with serious suspicion."

Demoted from Deputy Commissioner to Sergeant First Class, Allen retired from the NSW Police force with his legal costs paid, estimated at up to $50,000) and $200,000 in other benefits. Echoing Merv Beck's sentiments that police and politics should not mix, members of the NSW Police Association, through their president Tony Lauer, expressed their rage over the payout. They believed it should have been the duty of the Police Commissioner, not Police Minister Anderson, to deal out Allen's punishment. "The state's policemen will be supporting this disgraced officer for life," Sergeant Lauer said, referring to the two percent levy (covering Allen's pension) on all police below the rank of Assistant Commissioner.

In the wake of "the Allen affair" and the still unanswered questions that Bill Allen was able to skirt through his retirement, Molloy expressed his sadness to journalist Tony Reeves: "He put me there to do the job and I trusted him. I was prepared for offers from other sources; I can handle those situations. But to come from him, the man of such senior rank who had put me there to do the job . . . Where does it go to . . .?"

To answer Molloy's question is no simple task under the laws of defamation, which act as a mechanism to keep the media off the backs of the licentious establishment. "Where does it go to" in NSW when the instigation of the inquiry into Bill Allen is considered — precipitated as it was by a letter from Sir Geoffrey Yeend, Secretary of the Prime Minister's Department, to Premier Wran? "It is possible to speculate," the *Sydney Morning Herald* editorialised, "how far enquiries into Mr Allen's conduct would have got were it not known that the Prime Minister's basilisk eye was viewing progress from afar."

Expectedly, the Leader of the State Opposition, John Dowd, called for the Wran Government to "come clean" after the cry of "cover-up" had been raised; clear answers were expected concerning ministers' knowledge of "events outlined in evidence to the tribunal, most of which took place well before Allen was appointed Deputy Commissioner." Dowd also inferred that "the association between Wran and Allen was closer than simply one of senior minister to senior officer." This may be seen as contentious agitation by an opposition eager to stir while a political brew is on the boil. Nevertheless, "the Allen affair" is a working example of the "police and politics" mix when things go dreadfully wrong.

When the "mix" works as planned, the advantages for both parties can be extremely lucrative. Merv Beck commented in the *Sydney Sun-Herald* on allegations or corruption against former Police Commissioner Fred Hanson and Premier Robert Askin, who were alleged to have received $100,000 each in bribes from the end of the 1967-68 Sydney gang wars.

> When the "mix" works as planned, the advantages for both parties can be extremely lucrative

Beck said Hanson "did have that kind of reputation in the force." A former Queensland Deputy Premier, Sir Thomas Hiley, claimed last year that former Police Commissioner Frank Bischof took bribes of up to $400,000 a year from SP bookies during the 1960s.

In the event that Bill Allen had made the right assumption — that Warren Molloy *could* be bought, and his position as head of the Special Licensing Squad corrupted — Molloy might well have discovered "Where does it go to . . .?" He, and his position, would have become yet another pawn in the strategic manipulation "the brotherhood" — the elite circle of businessmen including (according to informed sources within the police and underworld) Knights of the Realm — wield over organised crime.

At the time Premier Wran appointed Bill Allen Chief Superintendent of the Sydney Metropolitan Area to, among other things, rid the city of organised crime *if it existed*, the Australian Federal Police were compiling a secret document on organised crime and drug trafficking in Australia. The document, called *The Blue Book*, as well as covering associations between criminal identities and "a diverse range of businessmen", includes a report titled "The Knights". The report was prepared after a team of police from all parts of Australia carried out a special investigation into the activities of three Knights of the Realm in Sydney. The NSW Minister for Administrative Services, Mr Newman, while admitting the existence of *The Blue Book*, stated there was no evidence linking "three prominent Australian knights" with organised crime.

The Costigan Royal Commission into the Federated Ship Painters and Dockers Union eventually identified a major national criminal organisation, based out of Sydney, linked with Melbourne and involving most of those identified as known criminals. The five-tiered structure of this organisation parallels that of "the brotherhood" and was identified by Sydney journalist David Halpin late last year. Halpin drew a comparison in the *Sun-Herald* between the activities of the "vast organisation" described by Costigan and those of "the brotherhood."

Drug trafficking, illegal gambling, tax fraud, violent crime, gun running, intimidation, prostitution and extortion are the businesses of both the "vast organisation" and "the brotherhood." Costigan also drew links between the Australian organisation, South-East Asia, the Philippines and the USA. Similarities exist also between Costigan's "vast organisation" and "the brotherhood" — which, as revealed by Halpin, meets regularly at an inner-Sydney sporting club where it makes "boardroom decisions on anything from heroin deals with the US Mafia to massive tax evasion and murder in Australia", with "senior politicians from both Liberal and Labor State Governments" having taken part "in their sinster deliberations."

Costigan described the five-tiered structure as incorporating:
(1) Those who are called upon to provide the capital for a criminal enterprise, allegedly employing enforcers from the Painters and Dockers to insure their investment from a double-cross; they are so far removed from the criminal act and shielded by corporate respectability as to be certain of an unblemished reputation. (2) The person with the expertise to provide sophisticated services required to import drugs on a large scale, operate illegal gambling schemes, launder money or conceal it from the Taxation Department through various means. (3) Lawyers and legal periphery, including Justices of the Peace "not restricted by considerations of honesty, integrity and principle in the discharge of their legal services." (4) The criminal entrepreneur devising and marketing schemes and drawing together the manpower and expertise needed to carry them out. (5) The "high profile" street criminals at the bottom of the rung, who are "unashamedly exploited" by

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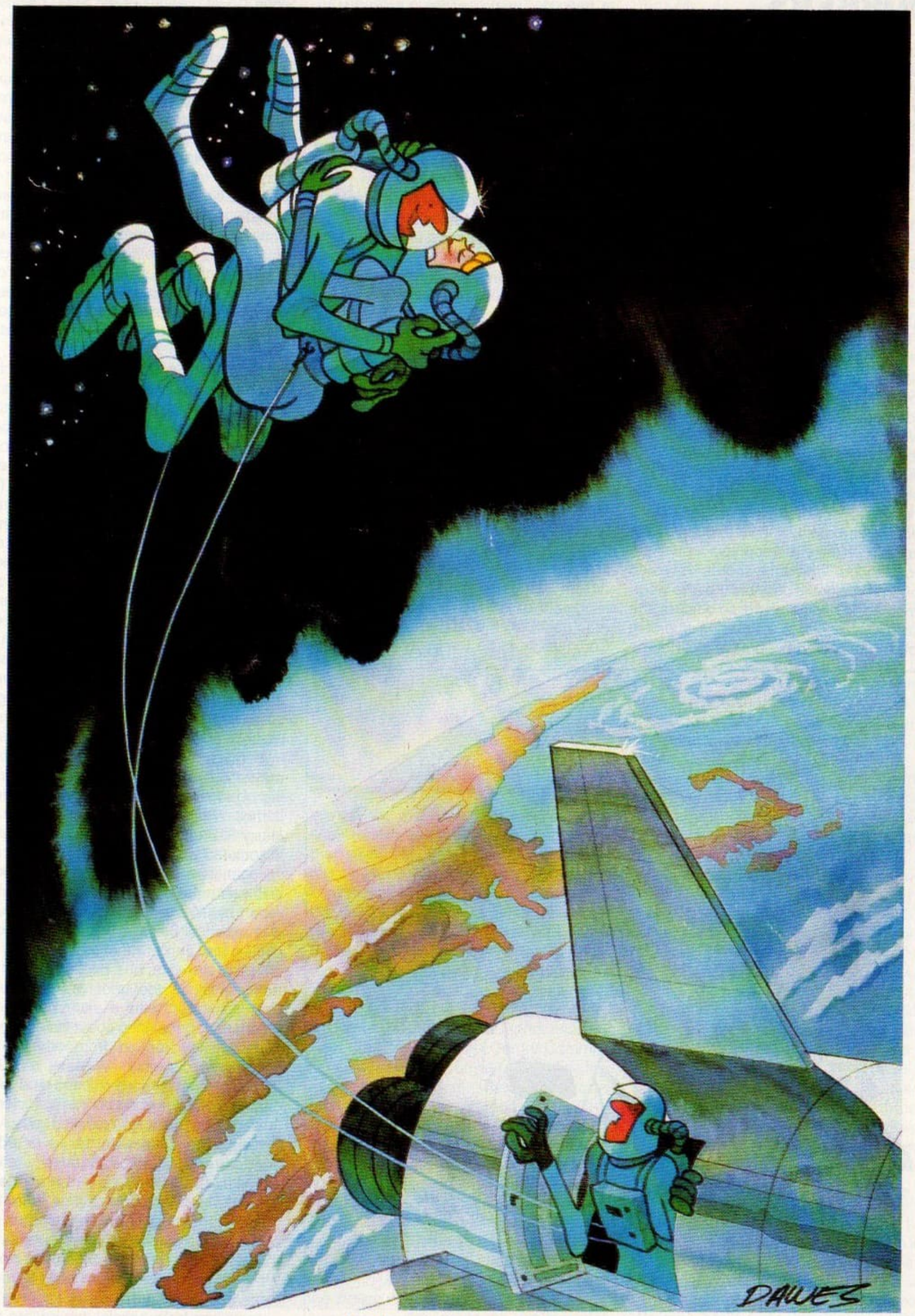


"Chalk up another space first!"

those above them in the order of command, exposed as they are to arrest, conviction, jail and counter-violence in the "line of duty" involving SP books, prostitutes, drug distribution, collection of contraband and the numerous other dirty jobs the more clever criminal manages to duck.

The arrest and conviction of a lower-echelon felon often serves as an example of the law successfully tackling or breaking a particular crime ring — when those who have masterminded and profited by the activities of the felons have not been touched.

Interestingly, Halpin notes that the veteran underworld figures of Sydney crime, identified in both the Moffit Royal Commission into Organised Crime and the Woodward Royal Commission, are rarely invited to "the brotherhood's" boardroom table unless a specific deal is to be discussed in which they might become involved. And whereas the "Mr Big Enoughs" of organised crime have become commonly known through media exposure, the membership of "the brotherhood" remains secret, revealed only in confidential dossiers. For the incorruptible and dedicated police officers, the frustration results from knowing who controls organised crime, but because of the "code of silence" which operates keenly in Australia, being unable to collect sufficient evidence to break through the five-tiered structure to reach the top echelon of power. These officers also face the additional hurdle of politicians who attempt to throw a damper on the concept of organised crime in Australia — holding strongly to the antiquated concept of a few rotten apples in society being solely responsible.

One of those supposed "rotten apples", coming under investigation by former NSW Attorney-General Frank Walker, threatened the whole apple cart as it were — until his untimely death in January of this year. At the height of the tax evasion fever resulting from the Costigan Royal Commission, Walker directed the National Companies and Securities Commission to investigate the Harry S. Baggs group of companies, as people associated with those companies were involved in bottom-of-the-harbor schemes.

"Harry S. Baggs" was a sales promotion alias used by Neville Biber, described by journalist David Halpin as "a major figure in Sydney's organised crime world." Dr Alfred McCoy, author of *Drug Traffic — Narcotics and Organised Crime in Australia,* named Biber as a "bulk heroin dealer". He also stated Biber was an associate of Arthur "Neddy" Smith, the man considered by the Woodward Royal Commission to be the Sydney end of the Sinclair Group. Smith was identified by John Dowd, Leader of the State Opposition in NSW, as the man who drove Warren Lanfranchi to a meeting arranged with Sergeant Rogerson in a car owned by one of the Harry S. Baggs companies. A jury found that Rogerson, who was at that time with the Armed Holdup Squad, shot Lanfranchi dead, Rogerson claiming Lanfranchi had drawn a gun on him as Rogerson was about to arrest him.

Some time after an inquest into Lanfranchi's death, which according to his family left unanswered questions, Dowd went public with allegations that a key witness to the shooting had been paid off with heroin and that Lanfranchi had been murdered because he had "ripped-off certain members of the police in relation to a heroin deal."

Corporate Affairs Commission investigators interviewed Biber at length in December, 1982 and were planning a second interview within six weeks. Biber died and was buried under mysterious circumstances before the second interview could take place. He was found dead (at 49) in his office, and the doctor who had been treating him for circulatory problems related to obesity signed his death certificate — "cause of death: heart attack". Biber was buried the next day without an autopsy. Surprisingly, in the light of Biber's role in an Attorney-General instigated investigation and previous Royal Commission links to the criminal *milieu* involvement in drug trafficking, the police showed no active interest in the proceedings, preferring to look upon it as a "family matter."

Perhaps Biber's death *was* a *family* matter, but not in the context of their thinking. Undoubtedly with Biber dead and James White (the major shareholder in Harry S. Baggs) out of the country, those associated with the companies under investigation could breathe easier; Walker was said to be planning on using the final report by CAC investigators as the thrust of a report to State Parliament on heroin dealing and corporate crime.

"Biber's mysterious death set off the rumor mills in the underworld," David Halpin wrote, "with a wide variety of theories . . . circulating about the cause of death." They ranged from "the outer reaches of paranoia" involving the CIA (already linked with the Nugan Hand merchant bank's financing of drug trafficking) to someone holding a cocked pistol at Biber's head for several hours until his heart, already affected by obesity, gave out on him. Whatever the cause of death, Walker was not to get his time in Parliament to present what revelations the investigation might have come up with to that time. In a cabinet shuffle by Premier Wran, Walker was replaced as Attorney-General by Paul Landa.

In calling for a judicial inquiry into circumstances surrounding Warren Lanfranchi's death, John Dowd's allegations were passed on to Walker, then still Attorney-General, who stated that the evidence did not warrant a further judicial inquiry.

"I think I see my pay packet."

Politics and bureaucracy are, by tradition, the quicksand into which embarrassments and scandal are sunk, with sleight-of-hand parliamentary and legal manoeuvres ultimately weighing against *truth.* In 1970, Merv Beck formed a police squad to tackle Sydney's flourishing backyard abortionists. The racket involved girls and women being referred for the abortions by doctors. Of the dozens of people charged and of those committed for trial, not one eventually stood trial — in Beck's opinion, because of the "political hot potato" politicians found on their hands.

The abortion racket occurred during the 11 years of Liberal-Country Party Government under Premier Robert Askin, during which time much was made of the farce conducted by Askin and his Police Commissioners over the mythical existence of illegal casinos. Criticised in April 1979 by the coalition opposition, Labor Premier Wran fired off a barrage in which he made mention of the hundreds of thousands of dollars contributed to the coalition coffers by the casino operators. Yet, during the Labor term of state government that preceded the Askin coalition, the NSW Chief Secretary, Christopher Augustus (Gus) Kelly, was up to the same tricks. In a series on organised crime published by the Sydney *Daily Mirror* in May 1982, Kelly was described as "one of the old-style Labor politicians" and as the man responsible for the state's illegal gaming, taking as he did the permissive view that it was far from sinful to have a bet, "even though the bet might be placed in an illegal casino." Labor allegedly had long held the belief that prostitution, gambling and betting were not criminal acts but social problems, as stated by Alfred McCoy, "apparently representing the views of their working-class constituents" — victims of the social inequality of the early part of the 20th Century.

Kelly, the *Daily Mirror* revealed, encouraged illegal casinos, keeping a roll-down wall map in his office with areas shaded across NSW showing the casinos in operation. "The parts left unshaded were the areas where new casinos could be established with Kelly's blessing. It proved a most satisfactory arrangement."

As has been stated often by those who understand the machinery of organised crime, corruption knows no political allegiance. It exists as a state within this nation of states, recognising its own law while using the legal system to its own advantage. As with any state, it has its own Head of State (or Heads), with its line of command not unlike that of an army — the difference being that the "soldiers" carrying out the dirty work suffer wounding of another kind. In both cases, a dead "soldier" is still a dead soldier.

The larrikin element has been part of the Australian psyche since the time someone coined the phrase "as game as Ned Kelly." That sentiment encapsulated a philosophy, with Irish groundings, of a person willing to stand up to authority, and became the catch-cry of the working class oppressed. Public acceptance of a man who could challenge authority — and get away with it — enabled a person such as John Wren to flaunt the law and build a business empire of such might that he was able to influence Victoria's political machinery for many years.

The larrikin has survived and evolved like an indigenous animal species, now taking on a "silvertail" form. He is the criminal of the worst type — relying on the public's perception of him as one of the "good guys", while profiting from the misery of others. Unlike the convicted criminal, he is still active, and through his own wiles and police or political persuasiveness, is able to keep clear of further conviction. The "silvertailed larrikin" has only one record in his name — that kept by police (those uncorruptables working quietly within the force for reform of law enforcement) as files or as part of *The Blue Book.* It's a book that grows fatter by the year, and one whose contents may only see the light of day with the setting up of a National Crimes Commission.

> Intelligence — or the lack of it — was the weak link in police efforts to come to grips with organised crime

Prime Minister Fraser announced in April 1982 that a National Crimes Commission was under consideration by the Federal Government. The Commission received a mixed reaction from state leaders. Premier Wran was positive (with the proviso that it did not become a forum for insinuations); Victorian Premier Cain was cool (his government needing to be convinced that a commission would solve all the problems people claimed it would); former West Australian Premier O'Connor was positive so long as it was based on genuine co-operation between the states; the Police Minister for Queensland was negative to the proposal, stating that Queensland had adequate measures to deal with allegations against police through its own Police Complaints Tribunal; and the South Australian Chief Secretary John Olsen saw it as a mechanism to protect the public interest as well as the interest of the police force.

Later in the year, the West Australian Government put forward another proposal, at a meeting of Attorney-Generals, for a National Criminal Intelligence Commission to be granted the powers of a Royal Commission. The body was to be developed out of the existing Bureau of Criminal Intelligence. West Australian Attorney-General Medcalf was hopeful that this would provide the national intelligence arm lacking at present.

Intelligence — or the lack of it — was the weak link in police efforts to come to grips with organised crime, in the view of Frank Costigan QC. Law enforcement agencies in Australia had not identified in any meaningful way the nature and extent of organised crime operating in Australia. "Indeed, in some of the agencies there is ignorance as to its existence," he said. Australian police forces had neither the intellectual capacity, the powers nor the equipment to fight major organised crime; in fact, Costigan criticised some of the practices of police forces as disgracefully reflecting attitudes of the 19th Century. At the top of his list of police inadequacies was the insufficient number of personnel with the intellectual capability and training required to analyse necessary facts in the identifying of major criminal organisations. As well, there was a reluctance by the forces to recruit university graduates into criminal investigation branches.

Australian forces, in the opinion of former Australian Federal Police Commissioner Sir Colin Woods, had not reached the stage where they could supply each other with teams of investigators to carry out internal corruption investigations, as had been done in England with an inquiry into the London Metropolitan Police. That investigation led to the resignation of 300 officers, with 44 convictions for criminal offences. The four-year investigation, named "Operation Countryman", was carried out by the Assistant Chief Constable of Dorset, then by the Chief Constable of another county, Surrey. Sir Colin felt that to attempt a similar scheme in Australia on the scale of Operation Countryman would create mistrust and break down confidence between forces. Only police, he said, can rid the police forces of corruption, although there was merit in an independent look at police wrong-doings.

Only the wholesale cleaning out of that system — with the one in NSW still tied securely to what Captain Arthur Phillip left in his wake almost 200 years ago — and freeing it of political encumbrance, will allow any hope of Detective Sergeant Warren Molloy having his question "Where does it go to?" answered.

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

GARRY MCDONALD

"The public copped six Norman series and towards the end the format was wearing a bit thin, but I don't think the public grew tired of the character and there's still a place for him in the hearts of Australians"

It was 1975,and Peter Weir's *Picnic at Hanging Rock* was winning unprecedented critical acclaim across Australia. The hypnotic tale about the disappearance of several Victorian schoolgirls was sweeping cinema audiences into its mood of dreamlike fragility and innocence, virtually from the moment the titles rolled. But somewhere near the middle of the film, that hushed reverence punctuated by the rustling of crinolines made way for unrest, snickering and nudging in movie houses. There, up on the screen, was Norman Gunston — albeit without the irridescent sharkskin tux and the Wilkinson Sword battle scars, but Norman all the same, disguised as a bumbling country constable. As one critic said at the time, it was like watching *Gone With The Wind* and suddenly being dumped from the wave of sweeping grandeur when you realised that one of the Charleton twins was a young George Reeves, alias Superman. Unnerving.

Sydney actor Garry McDonald had taken the role in *Picnic* unaware that his character Norman Gunston was to so profoundly tickle the funnybone of a nation which had been all but starved of fresh and innovative humor. When Norman first hit the small screen, everyone laughed. To begin with, he was a sight gag with that coat, his fly undone and his sad licks of hair pathetically Brilliantined to his forehead. Then he'd gathered around him an array of the most kitsch and tawdry bits and pieces of Australiana going. That got an extra chuckle. But all that had been done before in one way or another — it takes more than a bottle of Californian Poppy and a glass of GI and milk to make everyone sit up and take notice. Norman Gunston had a fresh appeal to Australians because of McDonald's quick wit — one which see-saws between the acid and the inane. His ability to think rapidly on his feet, combined with the shock tactics of his ridiculous and gormless appearance, cut through any bullshit on the part of the celebrity interviews he lured on to his ABC tonight show. As Norman Gunston, Garry McDonald made a big splash.

But McDonald made six Norman Gunston series for the ABC and Channel Seven, and towards the end the gales of laughter had turned to groans as his television audiences dwindled and critics became increasingly savage, labelling his shows tedious, repetitive and about as funny as a recurring cold sore. The Little Aussie Bleeder was haemorrhaging to death and McDonald knew it. Pressure, management hassles and a desire to diversify had made him unwilling to continue the Gunston series, but he admits that the money made him stick around. The abysmal failure of his sixth series, *Gunston Over Australia,* saw McDonald out of the role. It wasn't the most graceful of exits, but he was now free to go his own way and to get Gunston out of mothballs only when he felt like it.

A versatile and talented performer, McDonald has done relatively little since the Gunston juggernaut of television, recording and touring shows petered to a halt. Much of the work that he has done has been acclaimed, but few offers of regular employment have been forthcoming. His most recent film roles have been in *The Pirate Movie, Ginger Meggs* and *Molly* (yet to be seen). *The Pirate Movie* was a multi-million dollar flop which had little going for it apart from McDonald's performance in a series of roles. For that effort he was nominated for the 1982 AFI award for best supporting actor. It would have been put away with his 1975 Gold Logie. When he portrayed Australian comedian Mo on stage, the performance was said to have been better than anything the character's creator, Roy Rene, could have done. And in a stunning break from his favored comedy roles he took on the part of a cancer-striken radio announcer in "Jimmy Dancer", an episode of the ABC's documentary drama series *Spring and Fall.* His interpretation of the character who must come to terms with himself and his family in the face of his own death was hailed as one of the greatest television performances ever given by an Australian actor. But no work followed; the ghost of Gunston was clinging to McDonald like Tally-Ho papers to Norman's shaving cuts.

Late last year he did a short stint at Sydney's Kinselas Brasserie in the guise of one of his more recent and controversial characters, Phil Stine. Stine is a bitter club comedian whose dismal patter and sorry career has had about as much impact on the showbiz scene as a fart in a bottle. McDonald gets violent reactions whenever he does the character, but he says it has taught him a lot about audiences. In February he shaved his head to play the villain in the forthcoming film *Molly,* and here and there he's done a few commercials.

McDonald isn't one of those comedians who grew up in an equivalent of Hell's Kitchen and had to make 'em laugh to survive. He had a comfortable childhood in Bondi. His father was a manufacturer of women's clothing, his mother a housewife. He grew up within walking distance of Bondi Beach and was educated at the prestigious private school Cranbrook. It was at that school that his skills as a comedian took shape. He still maintains a very close relationship with his parents, living below them in a Bellevue Hill duplex. He has been married for 12 years to actress Diane Craig, and they have two children.

Penthouse staff writer Corinne Mackay found McDonald to be a shy but entertaining conversationalist. He is an intensely private man whose line veered between the very serious and the hilarious, punctuated at unexpected intervals with an astounding laugh which is loud enough to break crockery.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF HORNBAKER

INTERVIEW

Penthouse: Is Norman Gunston dead?
McDonald: Not by a long shot. The little bleeder will be still kicking for a few years to come. Norman's just bumming around doing a few commercials in Perth, Sydney and New Zealand. I doubt that there will ever be another Norman Gunston series — pure Norman. The public copped six Norman series and towards the end the format was wearing a bit thin, but I don't think the public grew tired of the character and there's still a place for him in the hearts of Australians — but there will be no more megadoses.
Penthouse: Do you think the Australian sense of humor has matured since you first sprung Norman on us? There's a lot of new and diverse comedy around these days.
McDonald: No, I don't think it has matured, if that's the right word. I know what still gets a laugh and I know that Norman Gunston is a part of it. Norman is a clown and the nature of clowning appeals to the masses. He still fits into the Australian sense of humor.
Penthouse: How do you see Australian humor and how does your most famous character fit into it?
McDonald: Bugger, don't ask me questions like that . . . the big difference in Australian humor — and a broad definition, if that's what you want — is that we seem to like our humor raw and never too smartarse. It's hard to define. It seems to me that if the humor that is presented to Australia as a whole is too clever, too witty, too smartarse, it alienates people. They feel confronted by it. That's why some comics who are extremely clever just don't seem to translate on television. TV viewers will look up from their dinners and think that this bloke is having a go at them. And nobody likes that. To appeal to the Australian sense of humor is almost to present your audience with something that they feel they could get up and do just as well. And that's what Norman gave them. Australian humor is sort of like party humor, like someone getting up and doing a party piece. And then, of course, there's the aspect of cutting down tall poppies. It can be cruel, but that's the way it is and I like it.
Penthouse: How did the Gunston character evolve?
McDonald: Oh, aspects of Norman go back to when I was at school in my early teens. I had always been amused by men who went to great lengths to conceal the fact that they were balding — you know, performing tonsorial miracles with a comb to cover up the shiny bits. I started going bald when I was about 19, so I had the raw material to work with on top. Also, when I was quite young I went to see *Mondo Cane* with a friend and there was a segment showing the unveiling of a statue of Rudolph Valentino in his home town in Italy. Italian movie hopefuls had come from everywhere, waiting to be discovered. They all had their hair slicked back and they were all squinting out of bedroom eyes. Then in the crowd I saw him — a Valentino hopeful with the most amazing protruding mandible; I picked up on it immediately and my jaw has never been the same since.
Penthouse: So you've carried the germs of Norman since you were a child?
McDonald: Those aspects of him, yeah. I remember when I was a kid I used to tell my parents I was going to fellowship on Friday nights. A friend and I would turn up at fellowship for a few minutes, then nick off down to Georges at Double Bay with our hair slicked back and our chins sticking out. We'd just hang around

> We'd just hang around looking at all these blokes with their coats slung over their shoulders like they were double amputees

drinking coffee and acting soooooo sophisticated, looking at all these blokes with wrap-around sunglasses and their coats slung over their shoulders like they were double amputees. That was when I was 14. I did *Aunty Jack* when I was 25.
Penthouse: So what happened in between, and when did you decide to become an actor?
McDonald: About the same time as I was hanging around with my jaw sticking out. When I was about 11 I wanted to be an architect, but in my first year of high school I did tech drawing and that idea left me quickly. My teacher was a man whose greatest achievement in life was his ability to calculate half an inch with his eye. "There it is," he'd shout, holding his fingers up to your nose. My dreams of architecture shattered, I set my sights on SHOWBIZ. I was an inveterate show-off, so I was a natural.
Penthouse: Did you go straight from school to the National Institute of Dramatic Art?
McDonald: Yes I did. They don't accept them fresh out of high school these days, or at least that's the pretty strict guideline. Why they shouldn't accept a prospective actor or actress just because they're 17 or 18 beats me.
Penthouse: What was the atmosphere like at the institute in those days — were those the early days?
McDonald: No, I just look old. I'm 34. I was there in '66 and '67, and I think it had been going for five or six years at that stage. I was there during the same years as Kate Fitzpatrick, Harold Hopkins, Gerald McGuire — come to think of it, we were a pretty straight sort of year. The bunch that came along the year after, when we were in second year, included people like Gillian Armstrong, David Cameron, Terry Bader . . . they were very peace, love, happiness and drugs.
Penthouse: What did you move into when you graduated?
McDonald: When I graduated, they gave me a degree in Actnig. That's how they spelled it — and that sort of set the tone for my career. When it did come time to leave NIDA, I remember saying to a fellow who'd been through the course two or three years before that I wasn't about to do anything as mundane as a young Elizabethan tour. He looked at me with eyebrows raised and virtually said: "You'll be lucky to get that, dear boy." But from NIDA I walked straight into television — straight into the last episode of *You Can't See Round Corners.* I didn't really think I was very good at television then. But from that I got a role in the movie that followed that show, and then there was a part in *Hunter* for Crawford's, then into a review directed by Jim Sharman. It was work here and there. Now when people come out of NIDA they seem to be able to walk into movies or into six-month contracts with *A Country Practice* or *Prisoner,* say. You don't have to go through that hard slog any more. Take Judy Davis. Maybe she did a few things before, but I know Margaret Fink saw her when she was in her third year at NIDA and decided she was right for the part in *My Brilliant Career.* And of course, she was.
Penthouse: But surely Judy Davis is an exception? Your work seemed very steady for a young acting graduate.
McDonald: Yes it was. But those were very different times from today. There weren't as many films being made and television was a great deal more limited. Admittedly my work seemed very steady and very varied. The funny thing was that I was living at home with my mum when things were going so smoothly. Then suddenly I decided to break the bonds — my mother was away on a trip and I decided it was time to move out. So I did. I didn't work for three months and I ran through my savings very quickly. I had been offered a year at the Old Tote Theatre playing really small parts. I had been doing some really interesting stuff just prior to this and the idea of a year of three-line parts didn't appeal to my ego. Down boy. So I didn't take it, and I didn't work. You couldn't afford to be choosey. But everything turned out for the best when I moved back home with mum. Then the work started rolling in.
Penthouse: You married when you were still quite young.
McDonald: Yes, I married Diane when I was 23. I was out of Sydney when I met her. I had gone to Tasmania to do *Hedda Gabler.* Or as they called it in the *Hobart Mercury* when the production was mounted, "Hedda Babbler". Well, she does have a lot of lines. I played Desmond at the age of 20, so that was a good interesting opportunity which I jumped at. We were actually a bit young for the roles, whereas usually actors are too old to play those parts. I just played it for comedy. I did a French farce at around the same time and that's where I met Diane. It was called *Let's Get a Divorce.* You know it was lonely living in Tasmania; I hated it. I had seen Diane in a NIDA production a few years before but I hadn't remembered it clearly. I hadn't been myself when I saw it. I'll leave that to your imagination. But later on I remembered — I had to.
Penthouse: When did the Grahame Bond connection occur?
McDonald: That was in the early Seventies — '72? I was doing something called the *Mavis McMahon Show* with Gordon Chater at the Chevron. That led to an ABC comedy called *The Only One Left* and a trilogy of 10-minute sketches that were meant to go into series. Of the three sketches, only one really worked. It was about this old couple called Mack and Merle. Jackie Weaver was Merle. They came back and said they wanted to do three plays about this old couple every episode. No-one was going to sit there and watch a 25-year-old actor and actress pretending to be 80. So we didn't get it. Gordon Chater and Gwen Plumb ended up doing that series. But it was from there that the Aunty Jack thing happened. They were looking for people to do an Aunty Jack special. It was just a one-off at that stage but it proved to be successful and we went into series in '73.
Penthouse: When did the Gunston character first appear?
McDonald: In the second Aunty Jack series there was a segment called "What's On In Wollongong?" There was no specific character, just five or six reports which included a lot of alliteration and plays on words. I decided it would be best to use a really boring voice to make the most of the words. You know, I was throwing in all the things that had amused me since I was a kid as well . . .
Penthouse: How did those sketches snowball into your own series?
McDonald: We were all getting on so well during that second series that Grahame decided to do a live show. It toured successfully. Then there was another bigger show and then an LP. Then came a spin-off series with all the characters which Grahame liked most from Aunty Jack — Kev Cavanagh and the Cavemen, Aunty Jack, Thin Arthur, Kid Eager, The Farrelly Brothers and Norman Gunston. It was during that program that Norman came of age — he was fitted out with all the Wollongong accoutrements down to the pineapple donut.
Penthouse: Why was Norman chosen to host a tonight show?
McDonald: Well, for a while the ABC had

> I said, "Do you know I'm a Gold Logie winner?" Nureyev hit the roof

been thinking about doing a tonight show — a truly ruly one — with names like John Laws being mentioned. Then they decided that it was a bit much to attempt to compete with the commercial channels on that level so the idea of a joke tonight show surfaced and Norman fitted the bill. We did a pilot, an hour-long thing using interviews with real people. So I went out to the airport and interviewed the boxer Joe Frazier, asking him suitably silly questions like what was he going to do on his holiday in Australia. It was edited down to what we thought worked well, and from that we went into a series. Bill Harding was still writing the stuff — he wrote the pilot, he wrote the special and the first two series, and then he went overseas.
Penthouse: Were you surprised at the public's reaction to the show?
McDonald: I was over the moon. I had my fingers crossed that it would pick up an Aunty Jack sort of following, but it took off so far beyond that. It even started with a high rating, which dropped then rose again, but kept steadily very high.
Penthouse: During your days as Gunston you recorded interviews with more than 150 "Big Stars". Did you ever land yourself in trouble?
McDonald: I almost ended up in jail in Mexico once after filming a segment on quickie divorces. That was a close call — guns waving, sirens screaming, the whole bit. And I remember an interview with Ken Russell that was particularly nasty. He'd just had a bad review for *Lisztomania* and he'd just punched out a British talk show host. But my producer John Eastway said he'd really appreciate my acting qualities. We were getting a bit cheeky, because we had about 17 good interviews up our sleeves. We organised the interview and Eastway told me not to come in until the cameras rolled. I sat out in the car then walked in just before they rolled the film. The look on Russell's face was unbelievable; he went really quiet. I usually started very mildly but on this day I just bowled in with: "Mr Russell, you write, produce and direct your own films, don't you?" "Yes," he said very tentatively. I said: "What's the matter, can't you afford staff?" He went ashen and told me very softly that he wasn't going to answer that question. Then he walked over to the other side of the room, unplugged his microphone and screamed: "Now *get fucked*!" What I would have given to do that — I'd been away from home for three weeks. He stormed off upstairs. We'd told him that I was Australia's answer to Michael Parkinson — but we didn't know at the time who Michael Parkinson was. It was only when he came on air in Australia that I realised I was the spitting image of Michael Parkinson . . .
Penthouse: Did you ever come to blows?
McDonald: I nearly did with Burt Reynolds, but I've never been hit. Nureyev was a bit touch and go. While lining up this one, Eastway said Nureyev would love my mime qualities; he'd adore me. That man's judgement is ace. We were warned about Nureyev's temper — a guy on the door said you could always tell if Nureyev was fuming if he came in with his coat over his shoulder. We set up in his tiny dressing room against orders. Cameras and lights everywhere, and Nureyev came in with his coat over his shoulder. He had a man with him. The room was so small that I had to talk to him in a mirror to get the camera angle and he got very shitty with me. In the middle of the interview a light dropped on his boyfriend's head. Finally Nureyev clapped his hands and said: "That's it. Interview over!" I said: "How dare you do this? Do you know I'm a Gold Logie winner?" Nureyev hit the roof. I ran away and hid in the car. Then

there was Malcolm Muggeridge . . . he was okay but he wouldn't crack any jokes about religion. Funny that. I spoke to him for a special I did for the BBC. They lined it up for me . . .

Penthouse: You interviewed the Rolling Stones. What was that like?

McDonald: It was good. I got on very well with Ron Wood and Ian MacLagan. They were fans. Ron Wood had half my BBC special on videotape. He'd been watching something else and tuned in part way through and turned on his video. He realised he was watching *history* in the making. I had a real ally there and they pushed me to do it. We chased Jagger for days. I ended up staying in their hotel, just waiting. Then one night I got a phone call in this really strange Southern accent. It went something like: "Mr Gunston? This is room service. We've got that plate of hot shit you ordered. It's going a bit cold here." When I realised it was one of the band I thought I'd better act amused . . . I'd better crawl. Why do you think I always wear my shirts buttoned up? It's a gravel rash. No, it's only commercial television programmers that have got that gravel rash. Anyway, the caller dropped the voice and I knew it was Keith Richard. I said things like, "God, that accent was wonderful." What a crawler! He invited me up to their room for a drink. I wanted to do the interview but what could I say — piss off? I went up and had a drink. I have never seen so many hangers-on in my life, everyone getting free drugs; it was a joke. One bloke there with little bits of paper on his face, getting as much of anything he could inject . . . no, I didn't do all that. They were sussing me out. It went okay and I lined up all the interviews, then bloody Mick dropped out. I burst in on him as Norman while he was putting his pants on and he said he was starving and he'd do the interview after the concert. I said "Yeah, I'll bet." A bit cheeky, but there was nothing I could do. I went and interviewed the other guys and I asked some very tacky questions. I got them together and said: "Well, I have to do this interview and the least I could have expected was the whole band. I've heard about the late Brian Jones but this is ridiculous!" At that, Keith gets up and says: "Yes, the lazy bugger. There he is down there in the swimming pool." Then Charlie Watts got up and said he'd have to go, and I said: "Oh, can't you hang on a minute? Cross your legs." I was ashamed of myself. I interviewed Mick later, at about one o'clock in the morning. Halfway through, a female sheriff broke in to arrest Mick. It was some joke Mick's road manager had cooked up without telling anyone. The woman came in in uniform and Mick started saying how he'd like to screw her, but only if she left the gun on . . .

Penthouse: When did you leave the ABC and go to a commercial station?

McDonald: I'd completed three series and the *Garry McDonald Show* before leaving the ABC. And then I did three for Channel Seven. I wasn't happy with the sixth series. Up until then I had been very happy with my work. But the last series, *Gunston Over Australia,* just didn't work.

Penthouse: What was it that didn't gel? Were you becoming tired of playing the character?

McDonald: Nothing gelled. We came unstuck completely. With the previous series, things would go wrong of course, but the shows weren't totally reliant on one or two segments. But with *Gunston Over Australia* we were

> Jagger started saying how he'd like to screw her, but only if she left the gun on

locked into flying around Australia and we realised about two days in that it just wasn't going to work. It was a gruelling schedule . . . getting up at dawn for the loading of the DC3, getting up in the air and filming as quickly as we could because we didn't want to waste time or money. Then we'd get to the location, unload, film until we couldn't film any more, wrap up then go to the hotel and to sleep. It showed in the final product. It was meant to be shown in half-hour episodes but when the channel saw them and didn't like them, they shoved them together in hour-long episodes to get rid of them. It was too much. So in effect they went a long way towards killing the character, which was very nice of them. Working on Seven also lacked topicality because it was prerecorded. Well, it's all water under the partial denture . . . I had wanted to do something else but I was swayed by money.

Penthouse: But you had been doing other work around that time, hadn't you?

McDonald: No, I hadn't really. I'd sort of been doing club work, then my whole career suddenly became Norman and I really wanted to go back and do something like the *Garry McDonald Show* which I had done on the ABC. There were problems with that show — some of it was super and some of it you'd have to give a big miss. The problems were in editing. By the time we got a decent script editor it was too late; the writing was on the wall.

Penthouse: Were you under a great deal of pressure at that time?

McDonald: Yes, I suppose I was. I developed an ulcer when I was working at the ABC but I'd learned to deal with it by the time I moved to Seven.

Penthouse: Was your home life threatened?

McDonald: Yes it was. The ultimatum was seriously drawn once — that was during the *Garry McDonald Show,* which was really hectic. With the Gunston thing there had been a great deal of excitement. It was all happening. I used to sleep with a tape recorder next to the bed and a notepad just in case I had any ideas. I also used to do things like fall asleep over lunch while being interviewed by journalists. But when something like that happens you just run with it till you're exhausted. I suppose it's like anything in life. I changed my lifestyle and it was really starting to take its toll by the time of the *Garry McDonald Show.* I was expending so much adrenalin when I was working that I walked around for the rest of the time like I had a hell of a hangover.

Penthouse: Did you ever feel that you were going to crack?

McDonald: I remember an incident that happened when I was close to the edge. We were having our kitchen done at home. It was supposed to take two weeks and it ended up taking eight. The fellow who was painting the kitchen called me over to him and pointed to this place on the wall where there'd been an electric clock. I was supposed to fix up the wires so he could patch it and paint. I'd forgotten about it and I just looked up at these wires and I didn't know what to do. I started yelling and wandering around the house pulling out what little hair I had. I nearly had a nervous breakdown over a couple of wires, for Chrissake. Someone said to me the other day, "You know, I'd never have a nervous breakdown because I'm very strong." That's rubbish. Having been so close to a breakdown or a burnout I know that strength has nothing to do with it. It's a silly macho sort of thing, like saying: "How dare you insult my masculinity by saying I'm a bad driver." When you're under pressure it only takes one little thing to push you over the brink. I ended up going and talking with my father.

Penthouse: Can we return to the subject of Australian humor? You tapped the pulse of it with Gunston. Do you think there was a heyday, a Golden Age of Australian humor?

McDonald: Nuh. People talk about Lennie Lower's *Here's Luck* as being a work of Australian comic genius, but I find it extremely boring. It's all about getting pissed with the boys. I think it's sad. I've attempted *Here's Luck* several times but what it boils down to is that I don't like the sort of humor that simply revolves around obliterating yourself. It's tedious. But then of course, there was Mo. He appealed to me greatly. He was a brilliant, wayout and wonderful clown. It makes me laugh just to listen to him talk. That was great humor. I suppose with him in mind we can look back to our Vaudeville days, the days of George Wallace and Mo. But there were great venues in those days. You talk about the new wave of comedy now but it hasn't thinned out to the masses as it had then. A lot of people don't like the humor of the masses for snobbish reasons. I can't understand people who will dislike something purely because it has mass appeal. Forget trying to get one laugh from drug addicts and the next from drunks; I want to make them all laugh every time.

Penthouse: But one of your characters is Phil Stine, a parody of every club comedian ever to crack a knicker joke. He's a satire on the humor of the masses. He could hardly be called mainstream.

McDonald: Phil is for minority audiences, but I haven't based my whole career around him. I admit to having made a few mistakes with that character by introducing him to mass audience situations. I tried him out when I was doing the touring show *Can't Stop The Gunston* and it worked in those surrounds; the audience got an inkling. But then I tried him on at the Logies in 1981 and I died an excruciating death. Everything was wrong.

Penthouse: Was the character seen as making fun of what Australian showbusiness is all about?

McDonald: It was just all wrong. Nobody had seen each other for a year. They were all dressed up and trying to eat their dinner before the Logies started. The actors there loved him, but the TV execs loathed him. Very few people knew it was me and I admit Phil takes quite a bit of getting used to. Many thought he was a very bad club comedian cracking pathetic jokes. Maybe they were right.

Penthouse: How do you see that character and how did he come into being?

McDonald: Phil opened up a new aspect of comedy that Norman couldn't get a ticket into. When I worked live as Norman I didn't really have many axes to grind. Of course, there were barbed comments but seldom as heavy as those I used on television. Phil was inspired by a club performer who warmed up an audience for me once while I was doing club work. When I finished my show as Norman the crowd started calling out for an encore. This guy came on and started telling everybody to bloody pull themselves together. He said: "You can keep on banging tables for as long as you like. Garry has worked his guts out for you up here. What do you want from him, blood?" He sat up there on stage with his back to the audience. It was unbelievable.

Penthouse: Did you see Phil as summing up everything that is bad about Australian showbusiness?

McDonald: There is much more to Australian showbusiness than clubs, but I do see a fairly common attitude which

> One guy in the audience went crazy; there I was, a little razor-knicked pipsqueak on stage denigrating his God, his Baghwan

runs something like: "I should damn well be a star because I've been in the business for 20 years. There's nothing to being a star, it's only luck." Bitterness. Phil Stine picked up on that; he's incredibly bitter. I remember this club muso who came to see the show and he couldn't cotton on to what was going on — all he could see was the bitterness of all the people he worked with in the clubs. He didn't see the edge.

Penthouse: How do audiences react to this character?

McDonald: He does take a bit of getting used to but he has taught me quite a bit about people. I remember, as Norman, telling people about all the fabulous articles I had written about my bosom buddy John Lennon, and how I was the 13th last person to talk to him. I wasn't making fun of Lennon, I was having a go at all the vultures that came out of the woodwork after his death claiming a part of his past. One guy in the audience went crazy; there I was, a little razor-knicked pipsqueak on stage denigating his God, his Baghwan. I did a bit of John Lennon stuff as Phil but the one that really turned the crowd to stone was some stuff we'd put together about Grace Kelly the day after she died. Shock-horror-stricken faces all round. They started hissing me. It seems to happen like that. A crowd of agnostics who usually loathe anything to do with religion — it became clear just what dogma most of us live by. Either they're feminists, royalists, thisists or thatists — harboring prejudices and staunch ideas about how we should live our lives. So I started this Grace Kelly tribute and the hissing never stopped — no-one listened to what I was saying.

Penthouse: Do you like the character?

McDonald: I do. I like the bitterness in Phil. Everything goes wrong for him. The poor bastard — his wife is having an affair with the green-grocer, his kiddie who he'd been leading in his own showbiz footsteps is now in calipers because Phil has backed the car over him: "I *ruined* his life, he would have been a big star by now." Then, of course, there's Phil's master work; his BIG song has been ripped off by Elvis Presley. Phil wrote it as "The Impossible Dream" and "Quando Quando" in a sort of medley arrangement and Elvis ripped it off — made a couple of slight changes and called it the American Trilogy. It was obvious what that bastard had done by looking at the sheet music, but Phil never got one royalty . . . And on top of that his frigging dog had to be put down. While it was fun, it was also very nerve-wracking. One night a couple started throwing things at me . . .

Penthouse: Which Australian comedians do you admire, and have any comedians had an influence on your work?

McDonald: I'm afraid I'm not equipped to comment at length on the new comics that are surfacing. I seldom go out but I do watch a lot of TV. I'm not a night owl and you don't find me very often at these late-night joints; the smoke always gets to me after a while. What I saw of *Ratbags* I liked a lot. Comedians that I admire? Barry Humphries is a genius of Australian comedy — they don't come much better than that. I like him and maybe anyone that you like is going to influence you a bit. Barry Humphries has had an enormous influence on Australian comedy, full stop. He had to have an influence; he wouldn't be as highly regarded now if he wasn't extremely clever and innovative of a style. Mo, of course, has had a strong influence on me. As soon as I started playing Mo back in 1977 those mannerisms and movements started creeping into my make-up.

Penthouse: Your recent spate of movies — *The Pirate Movie, Ginger Meggs* and *Molly* — did they interest you greatly, or were you just anxious to get back in front of cinema cameras?

INTERVIEW

McDonald: I want to work with other actors and I am steering myself towards more film work. Most of the film parts I have had to date, however, have been sort of self-contained. Even in *Molly* I seem to have precious little to do with the other characters in it. *The Pirate Movie* really interested me. It was an interesting saga and a sad one. Trevor Farrant's first draft of that film was brilliant, but it was overwritten. It contained some really hilariously crazy sequences. As the original script progressed through the stages it was whittled and altered by everyone who touched it. The producer wanted it to be a teenagers' film along the lines of *Blue Lagoon*; the director wanted it to be a Fifties-style musical; and Trevor wanted it to be a crazy comedy like *Flying High.* The result was really a bit of a mess.

Penthouse: Were many offers forthcoming after the success of your role in *The Pirate Movie?*

McDonald: I got a phone call from Digby Wolfe . . . actually, I got a phone call from someone else telling me to ring Digby Wolfe. And I rang him. No, it's funny the way these things go. When I did Jimmy Dancer — and that to me was one of the greatest peaks of my career — the writer told me to sit back and wait for the inundation of offers. There wasn't even a light shower of offers. People would say to me: "Oh yes, that was wonderful", but when it came time for casting they'd say, "But this guy's Norman Gunston, he's sort of not right for the part." Sometimes I really believe that business about fear of winning an award, that Academy Awards are the jinx of supporting actors, because you know that after winning, you won't work for another year . . . I took on *Ginger Meggs* because it was no trouble and they were a great bunch of people to work with . . .

Penthouse: Back to Jimmy Dancer . . .

McDonald: That's a good idea.

Penthouse: What were the circumstances of your getting that role when the Gunston thing was still running hot?

McDonald: Well, I was touring with *Can't Stop The Gunston* and a script landed in my agent's office. I started reading it and I didn't like it much. Then I got a call telling me the writer, Robert Caswell, wanted to meet me to discuss the part. I was hesitant but I met him for a while and we discussed possible changes. What got me was that Robert was agreeing to everything I was saying. Which made me suspect him. Thinks: "Can't trust this guy, he musn't be too bright." Well anyway, he told me he was also writing another thing for the *Spring And Fall* series on the ABC and my eyes lit up. It ended up a very moving script and he suggested me for the part.

Penthouse: Was it difficult for you, as a comedian who had been out of the mainstream of drama for quite a while, to perform that role?

McDonald: I thought it might be, but it was a masterful production. The direction was excellent. Everything was excellent. I also realised I had an empathy for that character. One of the most moving scenes is when the radio announcer, aware that he has cancer, is flying off to have tests and treatment. He says goodbye to his daughter at the airport and he realises that it's the first time he has really seen his daughter and it may be the last. And she's 13, a young adult, and he's let 13 years go by without ever appreciating the fact that he had a child. When I was so heavily into my career — during the Gunston

> The one-man bit is the sort of thing I'd only do once in a while now. It gets lonely out there on your own

days, before I left the ABC — I was so involved in what I was doing that I neglected most of the beautiful things that were happening around me, like in my family unit. I wasn't appreciating my kids . . . I don't mean I wasn't running around flying kites and doing all those things you see in the Mormon ads — I just wasn't with them enough. So every time I read that scene I used to get upset.

Penthouse: Did playing that role have a lasting effect on you?

McDonald: It was a growing experience for me as an actor. That scene I mentioned was the last one we shot and it threw me into a downer for a couple of weeks. Nothing in the way of offers really eventuated but you have to expect to wait several years between opportunities of that calibre in Australia. I also became obsessed with death during and after Jimmy Dancer. In fact, I was in a supermarket the other day and I picked up a pamphlet called "How To Dye Successfully." I brought it home expecting Diane to cry out, "Oh no, not another Kubler-Ross publication." I had quite a few of those death and dying books around the house and I used to talk about death a lot at dinner parties.

Penthouse: Why do you think there are so few productions of that standard being treated in Australia?

McDonald: There's always people crying out in Australia that there is so little of quality in Australian television. Most blame it on writers, saying that we have great actors but no writers. Bullshit. Why do we have such fine actors, such fine directors and cinematographers and no good writers? They're here all right. What we haven't seemed to have developed is many good producers. It's a producer's job to guide a writer towards his final draft. What's been happening in Australia is that we haven't got enough producers who know how to competently edit and reshape the scripts that are being written here.

Penthouse: Do you have aspirations in production or direction?

McDonald: I have thought about direction — but not films or television. But that leaves me in a bit of a bind. If I direct, it will be theatre but I don't feel I've done enough theatre to competently direct and I'd want to be a good director. It is interesting to work with actors in that way but I don't really think I'm headed in that direction in the near future. If I did direct I'd want to direct comedy. It's about time somebody directed comedy in the way that drama is directed, starting from the very basic relationships between the characters. I think my great problem would be leaping up and showing the actors how to play their roles — and then not doing it very well. I've seen too many directors who work that way.

Penthouse: What are your ambitions . . . what have you planned for the coming year?

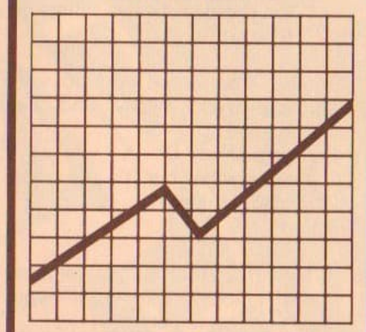
McDonald: Nothing really. I'm playing it by ear. I would really like to return to television; I want to do that sketch show. It's not something I lie awake at night over but it's something I know that I could do well. Good topical humor. I also want to do a long-running stage show and I'd like to do a successful comedy film. I'm not much interested in doing things that aren't commercial — I really like doing commercial plays so I don't see myself doing much theatre . . .

Penthouse: Are there any more characters burbling away in your imagination that we're likely to see in the future?

McDonald: No. I don't want to be a one-man show any more. I can't create in a vacuum. I love to be able to bounce material off other actors. The one-man bit is the sort of thing that I'd only do once in a while now. It gets lonely out there on your own.

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

IS TIME ON YOUR SIDE?



Time is the scarcest resource. No matter how rich you are, you'll never be able to buy a day that has more than 24 hours in it. Let a minute slip through your fingers and you can be absolutely sure that you're never going to get it back.

While most of us know that all the cliches about the value of time are true, it's the rare man who runs his life as if he actually believes them. The vast majority of us act as if we were born with inexhaustible trust funds of time.

Naturally, our ideas about what constitutes good use of our time vary from person to person and depend heavily upon our upbringing and social background. A week at the baccarat tables of Monte Carlo may seem like time well spent by a European aristocrat, while a hard-driving Australian businessman would probably consider it a scandalous waste of time. But no matter what you like to do, bad habits can keep you from getting full value for the time you invest.

A poorly developed ability to manage time can screw you up, whether you're playing chemin de fer with the jet set or fighting merger wars in corporate boardrooms.

Answer these questions honestly and you should get an idea not only of how well or badly you manage your time, but also of which habits are your worst time-wasters.

1. When you are faced with a task that requires careful attention to detail, how are you likely to react?
   (a) I hate highly detailed work. I avoid it as much as possible. I'll gloss over the details and try to get the "big picture" quickly
   (b) I love highly detailed work. I could spend my life doing it. In fact, I'm likely to stretch it out because I enjoy it so much
   (c) I fall between the two extremes. I can do highly detailed work, but I know when to wrap it up and get on to other things.

2. Do you generally put in longer hours than other people who work at jobs similar to yours?
   (a) yes, just about all the time
   (b) yes, frequently
   (c) occasionally
   (d) rarely or never

3. Is it very important to you to feel popular with your co-workers?
   (a) yes
   (b) somewhat
   (c) not really

4. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement? "If you want a job done well, you usually have to do it yourself."
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

5. When you tell someone you'll meet him at a specific time, do you usually arrive when you said you would?
   (a) yes
   (b) I'm occasionally late
   (c) I'm often late
   (d) I'm just about always late

6. When an important decision has to be made at work, you generally prefer to make it:
   (a) on your own
   (b) in conjunction with others at a meeting or brainstorming session

7. Are you a pack rat? Do you have trouble throwing things out even when you know there's virtually no chance you'll ever need them again?
   (a) yes
   (b) somewhat
   (c) no

8. Do you have trouble saying "no" to people?
   (a) yes
   (b) sometimes
   (c) no

9. Do you worry a lot?
   (a) yes
   (b) yes, but probably no more than most people
   (c) some, but not much
   (d) no, hardly at all

10. Do you take up various interests and hobbies only to abandon them before you've achieved any real competence in the area you've chosen?
    (a) yes, frequently
    (b) sometimes
    (c) not usually

11. Do you often make false starts at work, beginning projects and then putting them off or not finishing them at all?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

12. Are you a perfectionist?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

13. If you have two tasks to do and one is easy while the other is difficult, which will you try to do first?
    (a) difficult
    (b) easy

14. When you have *several* things that need doing, do you have trouble setting priorities and deciding which are the most crucial?
    (a) yes, a lot
    (b) I have some trouble doing this
    (c) I have little or no trouble

15. Do you often try to do more than one thing at a time (like studying or reading reports while you watch television)?
    (a) yes
    (b) occasionally
    (c) no

16. Do you usually get things done on time?
    (a) yes
    (b) no
    (c) sometimes yes; sometimes no

17. When faced with a task, do you usually set a deadline for yourself even if no official deadline has been assigned?
    (a) yes
    (b) sometimes
    (c) no, I usually assign it a lower priority and do it when I have time

18. Do you tend to leave things until the last minute?
    (a) yes
    (b) sometimes
    (c) no

19. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement? "I find I often underestimate the amount of time I need to get things done."
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

20. How's your attention span?
    (a) very good; I can concentrate for long periods of time without getting distracted
    (b) pretty good; I can concentrate when I really have to, but if I'm not under heavy pressure my concentration sometimes slips.
    (c) my attention span is relatively short; I get distracted easily

21. Would you say that, deep down, you really know what you want out of life?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

22. Do you feel you never really have enough time to do all the things you need to do?
    (a) yes
    (b) sometimes I feel like that
    (c) not usually

23. Do you often work on holidays and postpone or cancel vacations because of work pressure?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

24. By the end of the day have you usually accomplished the things you set out to do when you began the day?
    (a) yes
    (b) not always, but most of the time
    (c) no
    (d) I don't generally set an agenda for my day; I take things as they come

25. Is the area where you do your primary work messy and disorganised?
    (a) yes
    (b) somewhat, but it's not badly disorganised
    (c) no

26. Which of the following statements most closely reflects your decision-making style?
    (a) I often make impulsive, spur-of-the-moment decisions
    (b) I don't make a decision until I have every possible fact at hand
    (c) I'm between the two extremes

SCORING

All possible answers on this psychograph have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 130 points; the lowest, 26.

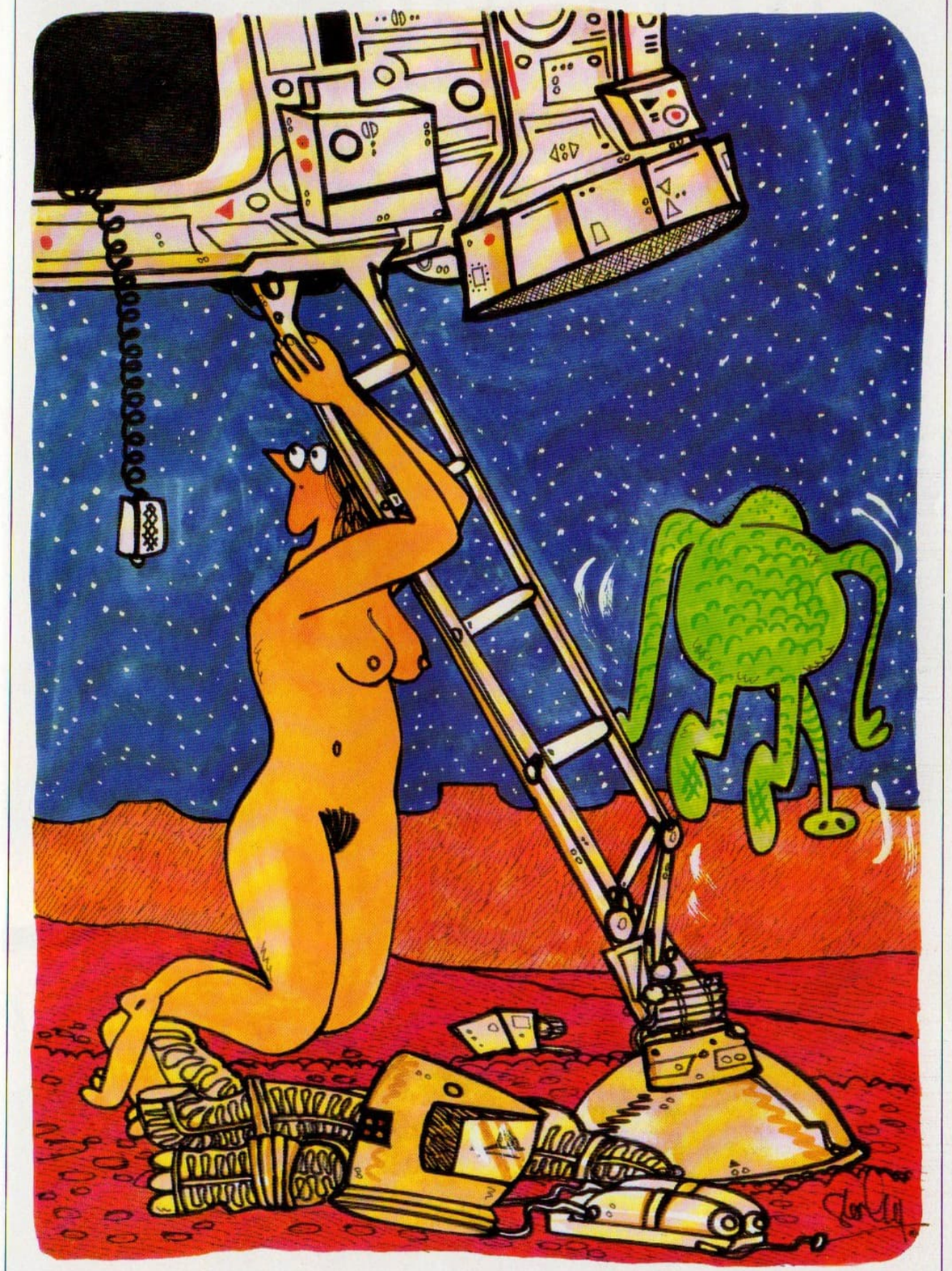
1. a-1, b-2, c-3
2. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
3. a-1, b-3, c-5
4. a-1, b-5
5. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
6. a-5, b-1
7. a-1, b-3, c-5
8. a-1, b-3, c-5
9. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
10. a-1, b-3, c-5
11. a-1, b-5
12. a-1, b-5
13. a-5, b-1
14. a-1, b-3, c-5
15. a-1, b-3, c-5
16. a-5, b-1, c-2
17. a-5, b-3, c-1
18. a-1, b-3, c-5
19. a-1, b-5
20. a-5, b-5, c-1
21. a-5, b-1
22. a-1, b-3, c-5
23. a-1, b-5
24. a-5, b-5, c-1, d-1
25. a-1, b-3, c-5
26. a-1, b-1, c-5

If you scored 98 to 130 points:
You are extremely thrifty with your time. You manage it well and don't get side-tracked easily into doing things you didn't plan to do. You are probably extremely good at setting priorities and you don't let minor things take up major portions of your time. You are *not* necessarily one of those people who seem to have something scheduled for every minute of every day. Actually, people who score high on this psychograph often look like time-wasters. This is because they organise their priorities so well that they have plenty of time left over to do as they like. The executive who spends large chunks of time on the golf course or the tennis court is often the most effective type of manager. Men in this high-scoring category may sometimes appear to be chronic day dreamers. But their daydreams are not wasted.

61 to 95 points:
You are about average when it comes to wasting time. When something is really important, you'll usually get it done on time and in good order, but in other areas of your life you tend to be lackadaisical about organising your time. If you don't get organised, you'll find your life has sped by without you ever doing the things you most wanted to. Look at any answers you chose that carried point values of 1 or 2. These are your weak areas; start working on them.

26 to 60 points:
You are a spendthrift when it comes to time. You very rarely get full value for the time that slips through your fingers at an alarming rate. However, since time-wasting is basically due to bad habits, you can do something about it. Work on increasing your concentration level. Set yourself priorities and stick to them. Try keeping a time diary to see where you are wasting most of your time.

Follow this course for a couple of weeks and you should get a clear pattern of where your time is being wasted. Repeat this procedure once or twice a year to make sure you haven't slipped back into old habits.



"Probe five to mission control — the natives are definitely friendly."

SHOOTIN' THE BREEZE

Convertibles, the cult car of another era, are floating back into the computer age. BY PETER McKAY

Pontiffs acknowledge their flock from them, JFK was shot in one of them, randy kids make love in them, poseurs pose in them. They're the all-purpose status symbol of the Twenties and Thirties and Forties and Fifties and Sixties: soft-top cars. And now they're coming back strong in the Eighties. A new generation of motorists have a hankering to shoot the breeze.

Something happened in the Seventies. The double whammy of harsh crash protection legislation and the increasing popularity of car air-conditioning left the topless autos sagging on the ropes. Demand dwindled and car makers dropped most of their convertible models and open sporties.

Now the revival show is gathering momentum all over again.

While the boom days of the Fifties and Sixties are gone forever in North America, increasing number of Yanks and Canucks are turning back to convertibles. In Europe, where the world-wide slump in the Seventies wasn't felt as much, several car makers are pitching new models on to the market to accommodate the greater demand. And the rebirth is making its presence felt Down Under too, with the creation of a flourishing conversion

PHOTOGRAPH BY TANDY ROWLEY

SHOOTIN'...

business to supplement the growing number of open cars available ex-showroom floor.

Conservative Aussies have never completely fallen head over heels with wind-in-the-hair motoring. Even in the glory days in Europe and North America, we tended to opt for a solid steel roof between our skulls and the passing Sputnik. Poncy Pommie sports cars and flashy Yank-tank convertibles were mainly for faggots and lairs.

This isn't to suggest that open cars — sporties and convertibles — didn't attract their local adherents in the Fifties and Sixties. No self-respecting Australian GPS boy in his final year would get around in anything bar an MGB. Guaranteed leg-openers, they reckoned. A surer thing than a double gin and tonic. However, when the frisky buck came to consummate the one-night stand, he probably wished he was driving something a little more accommodating. Which is why the wiser heads of the Seventies elected to pass up the MGBs in favor of panel vans.

Convertibles were all the go in other socio-economic areas. Ostentatious flip-top American cruisers were adopted by the nouveau riche — bookies, car dealers, radio stars and entrepreneurs. It was their subtle way of telling the rest of the country they'd made it.

Talk-back guru John Laws, who 20 years ago wasn't preventing suicides or writing poetry, glided between Sydney's night spots in a topless Ford Thunderbird. The Rolls-Royces and Porsches came much later . . . Nightclub owner the late Sammy Lee, responsible for dragging transvestites out of the closet and on to the stage with his Les Girls show, was another shrinking violet of the era. His choice of personal transport: a jumbo-sized '64 Ford Galaxie.

However, the real stayer among the open-air men of a couple of decades ago has been disc jockey Ward Austin, the man who gets high on nostalgia. The extroverted White Knight of the Wireless claims to be a compulsive top-dropper. His very first car, bought in Canada in 1956, was a Studebaker convertible. Since then he's always driven an open car. Austin is a purist. There was a Ford Galaxie, an E-Type Jaguar, a Triumph Spitfire, and a couple of baby Hondas loaned to him by a fawning distributor. During a work stint in the States a few years back, Austin picked himself up a Ford XL.

Back in Australia he bought what he believed to be his old Galaxie, discovering later it was the ex-Sammy Lee car. It's still his pride and joy, and recently underwent a bumper to bumper restoration.

Every time Ward fires up the 289 cuber and heads down the driveway, he's time-travelling through almost 20 years of his life. He's reluctant to part with those memories. Sydney's easily-recognised urban cowboy reckons driving a convertible is the closest thing to riding a horse. Irene Austin was a school kid when Ward first asked her out. It was May, 1965, and she knew nothing about cars and wasn't the least bit impressed with Pally's black E-Type. Now she's a car nut, with convertibles being a big turn-on. The Austins happily tolerate the inherent problems of owning open cars in order to experience their pleasures. They leave the top closed when they're all dressed up for dinner; the rush of wind tends to destroy an afternoon's work with a hairdresser. Soft-top owners are on a constant weather-watch. Rain is the enemy, and dew isn't so friendly either. Another danger is parking under trees, because trees have sap. And they attract birds . . . The voice of experience also advises against raising the power roof when the car is moving.

Upholstery done to a turn in the hot summer sun produces an interesting reaction when in contact with bare flesh

Twenty years ago, open cars accounted for about one percent of Australian new car sales. Now, even with soft-tops making something of a comeback, market penetration is much less than that. Certainly, we lag way behind the USA and Europe.

Strangely, the very factor that appears to work in favor of open cars in Australia — our weather — actually works against them. Upholstery done to a turn in the hot summer sun produces an interesting reaction when in contact with bare flesh. And that magical wind-in-the-hair feeling can fade fast when you're broiling in a city traffic snarl on a typical January day . . .

Nevertheless, given the widespread compulsion to achieve a suntanned body (and melanoma) here, it is difficult to understand the comparatively small number of topless cars in Australia.

Vagaries of the weather don't appear to worry the stoic Brits. It matters not a bit that they have a climate which runs the whole gamut from rain to sleet and back again. The archetypal moustachioed Pom in tweed coat, cap and stringback driving gloves is no myth. He abounded on the English roads in the Fifties, and he's far from extinct today. There aren't quite the same numbers, though; today, most of the sporties have fixed turrets. Not like the good old days of XK Jags, Allards, Astons, MGs, Healeys and Triumph TRs. And Singers that creaked and groaned like a haunted house. The predilection for frosty air pervaded the family car end of the market during that era, to such an extent that some very forgettable models finished up being manufactured in rag-top form . . . Triumph Heralds, Morris Minors, Zodiacs and Vauxhalls, to name some.

Across the Channel, on mainland Europe, the Fifties and Sixties spawned plenty of interesting open motor cars. Variety was the keynote among the steady stream of roadsters and convertibles: The Citroen DS19 Decapotable, Benz's stunning 300SL Roadster, Alfa's 2000 Spyder, the Fiat Abarth Spyder range, the Porsche 356 1600 Roadster and — wait for it — Skoda's Felicia Sport Cabriolet.

With a couple of exceptions such as the Chevy Corvette, the Americans opted for true convertibles. The bigger the better. Gaudy chrome monsters that stretched almost to the horizon, with names like Cadillac Eldorado, Ford Sunliner, Ford Thunderbird, Buick Roadmaster and Chevrolet Impala. In cars like these Annette Funicello, Frankie Avalon, Sandra Dee and Fabian made it to those boring beach parties, bathing tops on and roofs off.

In the days before cosmetic surgery was the big go for victims of male menopause, aging Lotharios snapped up the expensive convertibles, believing them to be the short-cut to success with the opposite sex. Then they discovered the roof-down routine played havoc with their hairpieces.

The Seventies was a lost decade for the rag-tops. Manufacturers had to go back to the drawing boards to find ways to meet the inflexible regulations forced upon car makers by bureaucrats in many countries, specifically in the US.

Imported sporties became hot items with the Americans, especially those on the West Coast. Datsun 240Zs and 260Zs, Triumph TR6s and 7s and 911-series Porsches were all the rage.

In Australia the story was much the same. A few open Morgans went to local fanatics. Porsche 911 Targas sold steadily. But the real fresh air lifestyle vehicle of the Seventies was the Aussie-built Mini Moke. It was noisy, draughty, harsh, none-too-comfortable, a security risk and decidedly austere. The Moke's strong suit was price, and it sold accordingly.

Leyland ended production of the Moke a couple of years ago, and it didn't take the little 4WD Suzuki rag-top long to rise in its place.

With the dawning of the Eighties, Detroit became aware of a renewed clamor for real convertibles. In January, 1983, Chrysler contracted an outside specialist firm, Cars and Concepts, to do 12,000 convertibles annually. Seven months later the figure was upped to 18,000. Chrysler is now selling rag-tops at the rate of around 1000 per week. Other major manufacturers report a similar demand for open cars. Chevrolet now does (through an outside specialist) a topless Cavalier. Ford's Mustang, Buick's Riviera and Dodge's Le Baron are likewise available in convertible models.

According to local analysts, trends in the US are about 18 months ahead of Australia. Here, they say, the best is yet to come. The signs are healthy for a return to the good ol' days with plenty of activity on two major fronts — new models and specialist conversions.

Happily located on the ground floor of the convertible comeback market is a Sydney company, Canopy Industries. The Canopy people have been swept off their feet since announcing a swisho topless Toyota Celica Coupe — the Sunchaser. Even with an extra six or so grand on the price tag, Canopy has been pumping out conversions at the healthy rate of seven every week. Waiting time is close to a month.

Canopy commenced the prototype work in January 1982 and had the first production power-operated convertible Celica ready in October. Encouraged by the enthusiastic reaction, a Mitsubishi Scorpion was quickly accorded the same treatment (at the same price) and later this year the Celica's bigger brother, the Supra, will also get the soft-top treatment.

The Canopy job is a slick one, with few rough edges. The hood rises or retracts at the push of a button mounted on the central console. Two hydraulic rams powered by a 12-volt motor do the hard work. The roofing material is a three-layer laminate with a latex rubber inlay sandwiched between durable cotton. It should go five years before requiring replacement at a present-day cost of $600. The smart-looking convertibles — $18,200 all up — are being used in such diverse areas as television commercials and as rental vehicles; Bob Ansett's Budget fleet has two.

With the big swing back to open motoring still to hit Australia, Canopy Industries is currently drawing up plans for a T-roof (similar to Nissan's 280ZX) for the hatchback Celica.

California Convertibles is another local company catering to the breeze crowd. It specialises in chopping the tops from small Japanese pick-ups such as the Toyota Hi Lux and Datsun 720. These conversions to soft-top lids are simpler and cheaper than usual because the mini-trucks have real chassis and therefore don't require any additional structural reinforcing; hence the attractive $1200 price tag on the complete job. For this money you get an imported (from Los Angeles) soft-top with removable rear window and mechanical frame. The conversion takes two to three days and is guaranteed for 12 months. The soft-top material should be good for a four to five-year life in our harsh climate. Trade is brisk and getting better. Four a week go out the door, mainly to the 20 to 40 age group chasing a welcome variation on a tired old theme.

Let's look at a few of the production open cars available in Australia. By our reckoning there are fewer than 20, with prices ranging from the affordable to the outrageous . . .

Because it hurts too much to talk about the most expensive open car on the market, we'll start with the cheaper Aston Martin Volante. It's a mere $174,000 on the road. Body is all aluminium and its 5.4 litre quad-cam V8 propels the big hand-built car to a top speed of 280 km/h. The Volante is a blend of yesterday and today. Along with the walnut dash and leather passenger area, there's an electric hood and cruise control. Only 48 units are made annually (and they take 16 weeks to build), with just eight earmarked for Australia each year.

If the Volante is too down-market for your taste, the alternative is to move into the 200 grand-plus category with the Rolls-Royce Corniche. No sports car, the $220,000 Corniche is more your stately grand tourer. Buy a Corniche and there's a big chance you'll have the only one on your block; only three make it to Australia every year.

The De Tomaso Longchamp Spyder is a stunning blend of Italian design flair and no-nonsense American practicality. The two-door convertible arrives in Sydney without engine and transmission. Australian distributor Ken Mathews drops in Ford's familiar Bathurst engine, the big 5.8 litre V8. The result is a car that brings traditional European handling refinement without the difficulty of living with the sometimes complicated multi-cam power plants from that neck of the woods. All in a luxury package of leather and push buttons, at only $95,000.

Mercedes-Benz is invariably considerate of open-air lovers. Its current soft-top model is the 380 SL, which has a 10-month waiting list, even at $64,091.

The quaintly (and perhaps aptly) named Museum Motors is the company responsible for importing the Morgan range of sports cars to Australia. Morgans are true sporties; hard-tops are not available. (The company produced 29 hard-top Morgans a long time ago, until traditionalists demanded it desist.) To look at a Morgan is to enter a time warp — they're right out of the postwar era and are the purist's sports car. The price of purity starts at just under 30 Gs and stops at just over 40.

There is a handful of under-$20,000 machines for the au-naturelle brigade. Cheapest are the spartan little Lotus Seven clones, the Canstell Clubman Mk III kit car and the JSA . . . they look similar, and offer impressive performance from their Ford four-cylinder engines. Drive-away prices swing between $13,000 and $16,000. A Targa version of another kit car, the Purvis Eureka, is priced at around $13,000.

At $15,225 is the mini-Ferrari — Fiat's Bertone-designed X1/9. A tight fit for anyone of more than average height and build, it's nevertheless one of the great fun cars, with its superglue road holding and detachable hard plastic roof.

The range of fresh-air machines is widening all the time. The demand is accelerating and this is encouraging the manufacturers to devise answers to our restrictive local design rules.

Coming up soon on a limited import basis are the Porsche 911 Cabriolet — to complement the popular Targa version of the same car already sold here — and the Lamborghini Jalpa. It goes without saying that the newcomers won't come cheap.

Thanks to Ken Mathews Prestige Cars for the use of the De Tomaso Longchamp Spyder, and to Ward Austin for his '64 Ford Galaxie, in the photo on the previous pages.

CONVERTIBLE CARS AVAILABLE IN AUSTRALIA

Vehicle	Engine	Seating	On-road Cost
Rolls-Royce Corniche	7.6 litre V8	4	$220,000
Aston Martin Volante	5.4 litre V8	2+2	$174,000
De Tomaso Longchamp Spyder	5.8 litre Ford V8	4	$ 95,000
Mercedes-Benz 380 SL	3.8 litre V8	2	$ 64,091
Ferrari 308GTSi Spyder	3.0 litre V8	2	$ 60,000
Porsche 911 SC Targa	3.0 litre flat 6	2	$ 44,972
Morgan Plus 8	3.5 litre Rover V8	2	$ 41,500
TVR Tasmin	2.6 litre Ford V6	2	$ 41,500
BMW 323i Cabriolet	2.3 litre in-line 6	4	$ 31,880
Morgan 4/4	1.6 litre Ford 4	4	$ 31,500
Morgan 4/4	1.6 litre Ford 4	2	$ 28,950
Nissan 280ZX Targa	2.8 litre in-line 6	2+2	$ 21,825
Fiat X1/9	1.5 litre 4	2	$ 15,225
JSA	1.6 litre Ford 4	2	$ 15,100
Purvis Eureka Targa	1.6 litre VW or Ford	2	$ 13,780
Canstell Clubman	1.6 litre Ford 4	2	$ 13,000

THE PROFESSIONALS

The little Aussie battler has been left behind in the production bike racing arena

The sound of boots hurrying over a few metres of pavement, closely followed by the shattering explosion of 40 motorcycle engines bursting into life, is sweet music to the Australian bike race fan. The Le Mans start in motorcycle races is the traditional beginning of the long-distance production event, which is bikie Christmas dinner with all the trimmings.

What the touring cars are to four-wheeled racing, production bikes are to the leather-clad brigade.

The machines are raced in showroom condition; the only modifications allowed involve tyres, spark plugs and brake binding compounds. You probably own one yourself — a Honda, Yamaha, Suzuki, Kawasaki, BMW or Ducati. Real fast it is, and it can pop wheelies and shoot sparks from the footrests on corners.

Overwhelmingly, this country has voted street racers (aka production bikes) as their favorite fare, despite an initial reluctance from race track promoters to accept the growing public and competitive embrace.

Just as the James Hardie 1000 started at a wind-swept race track on Phillip Island, Victoria one Sunday back in the Sixties, so too did production racing have humble beginnings. The pioneers of the modern-day stuff lined up on the grid at Bathurst during Easter 1962 on an assortment of machinery representative of speedsters of the day. The largest-capacity machine was 650cc; the smallest, 200cc. Ironically, they were both Triumphs — a breed whose climbing days at Mt Panorama were numbered.

From that mediocre beginning came the first Castrol Six Hour. A succession of copies followed, so that each state now has its one major long-distance production race.

From Adelaide in March to Amaroo in October, and then for the lucky ones across the Tasman for the New Zealand Six Hour, the production race trail is one where the stakes are high. And high stakes demand a high outlay if you want to be sure of winning. Just how much it costs to run a team depends on how serious you are. Long gone are the days when you could ride to the track, slap a number on the bike and hope to do well in the race.

The little Aussie (or Kiwi) battler has been left with his pants down on the start line by professional teams whose every move is geared towards winning — and that means using little guys for traction if necessary. The big budget teams can afford the high cost of winning, because the rewards are there for the victors. Ample television coverage by the ABC network assures major teams of attracting associate sponsors.

Before this season began with a three-hour race in Adelaide, teams had to swap bikes to meet incoming regulations which ruled out last year's prime contenders, the 1100s from Honda and Suzuki. Although the limit dropped to a litre, most promoters saw fit to program a 750cc limitation, thereby giving all four Japanese brands and Ducati a chance to go for a win. The outfit best served by this decision was Honda, who only a month before released their flag carrier for 1983 — the purpose-built street racing VF 750 F.

The opportunity of a ride on one of these fliers, plus the chance to follow the early life of a production racer as it crawled, walked and finally ran, came from one of the top outfits going around — Matich Racing. The invitation from Kris Matich was too good to refuse. He set the time and date, and I was at Amaroo Park for the rendezvous.

A blazing sun which helped make last February the hottest in more than 100 summers hung in the sky as the team transporter rolled up pit lane and disgorged a pair of shiny Hondas. About a week had passed since the red, white and blue bikes had been uncrated. Already they'd been ridden from Sydney to the Snowy Mountains via the back way, and return. The idea was to work in the new engine parts, get the feel of the company's weapon of the year, and prepare them for their first taste of the race track cauldron.

The ride to the Alps and back had presumably been fun for both bike and rider — an idyllic courtship proceeding over

BY NOEL CHRISTENSEN

THE PROS

typical Australian highway, with a breath-taking climb and descent over narrow curvaceous mountain roads, followed by a sweep to the coast.

The deflowering was altogether more ruthless. In 35-degree conditions which saw the reptiles seeking shelter, the Hondas fired up, purring quietly under gentle hands until parts reached working temperatures and it was time to go.

Matich oversees an operation which comprises three full-time riders and two floating hit-men — a South African and a Queenslander who are drafted into the team for special events. Behind the scenes Matich is assisted by two mechanics who act as foremen on racedays, while an additional trio of gophers are detached to each bike to refuel and change wheels. Add a couple of lap scorers for each team bike and you have the demographic centre of pit lane if all the troops are mobilised.

Lanky Len Willing, brother of former champion Warren and current 500cc national champion, has been with Matich Racing since October last year, when he was sacked by Yamaha. Having reduced the national unemployment level by one, the Matich camp had sat back and watched the new boy take their CB 1100 R Honda to pole position for the Six Hour.

The 16-valve V fours are circulating at a rapid rate and making a noise which is a shade different in tone to that of the transverse vertical fours of 1982.

While two riders are on the circuit, three pairs of eyes peer at them and scan stop watches, their owners occasionally swapping short, pointed comments.

The "scribe" sits on the drop tray at the back of the transporter, shaded by the overhang, noting lap times. He is expected to keep his eye on the clocks and enter each lap time together with any relevant information passed on to him. He is a kind of secretary whose notes will be studied when the team gets back to the garage.

Before long the bikes are in — predictably overheating, and requiring a precautionary stop so that mechanic Laurie Scott can earn his keep by trouble-shooting.

As the bikes cool, the riders compare notes: the different engine configuration, 16-inch front wheel and narrow width at the belly make these bikes different. No verdict is passed on the new machines; it is too early for that.

The bikes go back on to the track, and in deference to the prevailing temperature the rev limit is dropped by 1000 to 8500 rpm.

"We made our selection of this bike without even seeing one," says Matich, son of former car race champ Frank and partner in the family business importing Pirelli bike tyres and Italian AGV helmets. "The problems we'll have here today are the pain-in-the-neck type which you get with all new bikes. It's better to sort them out now than to be scratching your head once the season starts. Our objective today is to get the bikes set up with tyre combinations to suit the riders. By the time we come back to get suspensions dialled in, we'll have learned a lot. Then the riders will be able to concentrate solely on going quick."

More laps produce more overheating, and Willing suggests a change be made to the rear suspension damping — he's getting wheel hop at over 165km/h on a part of Amaroo where you turn left on a blind corner before making a sharp right-hand descent. One of the bikes is not holding gear mesh under load and another has a flat spot in the power band which is greeted distastefully by the riders, who want all the power they can get on the exit from corners.

> Cylinder heads are sent away for microscopic crack tests to make sure there are no tiny stress factors

My turn comes and I find the ride surefooted on the bulbous Pirellis. There is no unmeshing of my gears and the flat spot didn't dial up in my less searching analysis.

With just 2300 kms on the clock the Hondas, way short of their proper run-in total, are easily banked for corners and are difficult to upset from an appointed line. After my 30 enjoyable laps, it's time to pit and chew the fat.

Fellow Honda Rider Glenn Taylor has arrived to do some sorting and he goes out on his bike with a looser engine and cranks up 58s with ease. Taylor enters the main straight with elbow almost brushing the guard rail lap after lap, maintaining a consistent clock.

"That's stage one complete," says Matich. "Now we head for the workshop." Within a couple of days the workshop is home to the ghosts of three Hondas. The gutted frames perch forlornly on platforms, cables hanging, tubes leading to nothing and engines torn down into individual parts. The smell of petrol is in the air. Mechanic Laurie Scott is examining a bench of internals. White-capped pistons tell the story of the overheating, while Laurie has the answers. Seems the spark plugs are too "hot" and in accordance with the rules they will be replaced with a harder or "colder" version, which will assist in cooling.

Carburettor jetting is too lean — okay for the pollution testing gear in the US and Japan, but no good for full noise operation at Amaroo. Plenty of options are available in the book, so a simple larger diameter jet replacement will allow more petrol to flow and produce a cooler burning mixture.

The average Joe in the street can do that, but from here on in things get tough. Matich reckons the Hondas are made to last forever, so tightly are their machined parts put together. For racing they simply duplicate 20,000 kms of riding wear by fitting bigger bearings which allow the cranks to spin more easily. Cylinder heads are sent away for microscopic crack testing to make certain there are no tiny stress fractures lurking and ready to open up under race conditions.

Stage two preparation discovers the cause of the gear-box problem is a loose adjustment nut, and aquaints the mechanics with cogs, selectors and shafts that must work smoothly during a race or the team effort is doomed to failure. Scott and his mate Wayne Smith meticulously dismember the entire mechanical skeleton of the bikes for a precautionary inspection.

By the time the bikes are back together the mechanics have explored the deepest internal workings, and in their minds have gained the confidence of knowing things are right.

Stage three is the last time the bikes will be played with before their baptism of fire in real competition. With tyre combinations sorted out and engines running to maximum efficiency, it's back to Amaroo again for a long battle with the stop watch. Oil is the topic of today's all-important symposium. Not engine oil, but the stuff that goes into fork legs and suspension units which, by its viscosity, controls the rate of movement of the damping system.

Tyre wear, cornering smoothness and the ability to use maximum engine power all depend on how well front and back suspension systems react to rider input.

By careful measurement and adjustment of the oil level in the forks, a rider can give his pit crew a precise indication of the optimum volume necessary for each track they race on. Same goes for the single-unit suspension at the rear — the shocker is rebuildable and therefore open to trial and error experimentation with oil weight and volume. After watching circuit times steadily decrease, Matich Racing is satisfied with the three rider/machine combinations. Thumbs go up, smiles appear on faces and, in rider parlance, they are "ready to pull the pins on the things."

Bring on the sound of boots hurrying across a few metres of pavement.

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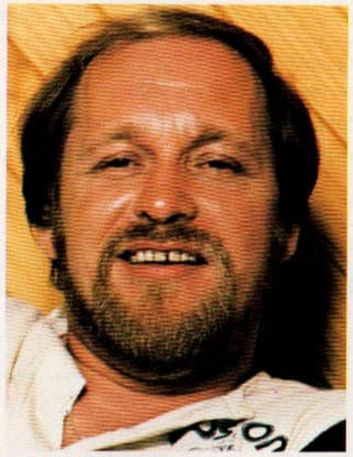
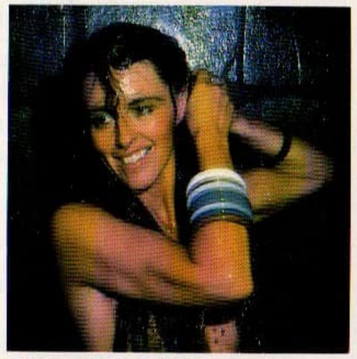


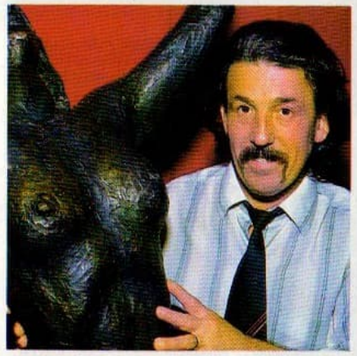
ERIC BOGLE

Scottish-born Eric Bogle was once described as one of the most prolific contemporary folk song writers of the Seventies. His international reputation as a writer/singer exploded during that decade, yet in Australia the mention of his name still draws little more than a bewildered expression from many. This has always puzzled Bogle, as it was Australia which spawned the most productive years of his life. The "tubby wee Scotsman" made the long trek Down Under back in 1969, and like many other foreign travellers he was immediately overwhelmed by the Aussie ethic of mateship and a new-found sense of freedom. "When I first came to Australia the energy, confidence and 'lucky country' outlook were such tangible things, you could almost pluck them out of the air as you walked down Pitt St in Sydney or Collins St in Melbourne," he enthused. Australia has undergone many radical changes since then, but for the poet in Bogle both the changes and the static character of Australians have provided the ingredients for his musical melting pot. Here he found the inspiration to pen the passionate, comical and sometimes satirical lyrics of his most famous songs. "No Man's Land", "And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda" and "I Hate Wogs" have gained him world-wide acclaim due to their ability to evoke gut-wrenching emotions. Some 40 international artists — including Donovan, Liam Clancy and Slim Dusty — have recorded covers of his songs. Three have been Top 10 hits in Ireland, one of which was the largest-selling single in that country's history. Bogle is not perturbed by his relative obscurity in Australia, as he has an ever-growing band of hard-core fans. He believes the root of his identity problem with audiences here may stem from the fact that they don't like to hear songs about their own country. "I suppose it's a cultural cringe," he suggested.



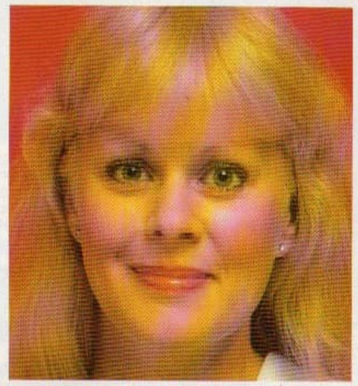
LINN VAN HEK

I'm very special, but I'm not for all men" sings Linn Van Hek on her recent single "Intimacy". A self-professed "inarticulate, creepy-looking kid", she is now capable of a direct intensity with co-workers. The range of projects she has embraced attests to that. As a child in the late Fifties she was encouraged by her bohemian painter father to take brush to wall, paper and other undecorated surfaces while he plied her ears with records by off-beat blues singers. Raiding his bookshelves, she found herself innocently appreciating the prose style of Nietszche long before she understood its content. Her enjoyment of music was also encouraged by a grandmother who had a string of country hotels where pianos were bought for Linn, though many didn't make it upstairs past their use in saloon bar singalongs. After adolescent training at art school, interspersed with solo singing around pubs, she headed for Europe in the late Sixties to experience its virulent "performance art" milieu. Eventually she found herself as singer and musical co-ordinator for an otherwise all black troupe calling itself "Distracted" — a combination of music, theatre, movement and art that was not intended to be comfortable on the audience. Returning to Australia four years ago on a painting holiday she decided to stay, bought land in the Cobargo Mountains and spent 18 months building a stone house and writing songs geared for the commercial market place. A meeting with Joe ("Shuddupayourface") Dolce led to him managing Linn. Her career has blossomed with a painting expedition to Belgium, work on Dolce's European tour, and now as a member of the Johnnie Panic Band (which sports a stageful of the most current electronic equipment). Together with a couple of dancers, the band is doing shows streamlined for the rock circuit. Linn aims to stir interest and entertain while avoiding the cliches of the vulnerable femme or daunting, gothic banshee.



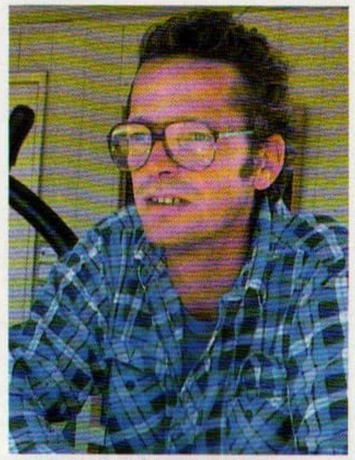
ALEX KOLOSZY

He has won world renown as a figurative sculptor and painter; he has been variously described by major critics as "the Hungarian Michelangelo" and "the successor to the great Rodin"; his powerful bronzes are exhibited in prestigious galleries and private collections around the world, including the Buckingham Palace collection; he has won numerous international awards and can command a fee of $7000 for a small work; and despite all that, Transylvanian-born Alex Sandor Koloszy — ebullient and fervent representative of the classical school of sculpture — is now almost broke, and almost broken. His mistake was an elementary one: Koloszy under-estimated the snob factor. Rich trendies have not been inclined to patronise his impressive studio in downtown Bondi Junction, preferring to confine themselves to Sydney's millionaire belt some kilometres to the east. Exacerbating his difficulties is a recent invitation to provide 15 pieces for a one-man exhibition in Brussels later this year. "Since Europe is the centre of sculpture, this is an extremely important exhibition and a great honor for me," said Koloszy. However, if he can't raise $100,000 from his available works almost immediately, the exhibition will have to be abandoned. Koloszy is deeply committed to the survival of classical sculpture: "My work is directed toward preserving a form of culture. There is a lot of rubbish created in the name of 'modern art'. Figurative sculpture is being pushed into the background and replaced by shapeless abstract stuff which has all been done before by primitives. Now that many of the old masters have died, there are only a handful of figurative sculptors in Australia, and only a couple of hundred in the world. We must preserve the quality of our art." Unless a viable alternative to the current economics of the business is found, the recession in Australia is likely to engulf Alex Koloszy and along with him an irreplacable cultural tradition.



PATRICIA AMPHLETT

Millions know her as Little Pattie, darling of the Sixties surf set and just about everybody's girl-next-door fantasy, the most visible representative of an age when nobody even knew what "neurosis" meant. As the Golden Girl of Good Times, Little Pattie is Australia as we would like to perceive it. Plucked from a makeshift stage at Maroubra Surf Club at the tender age of 14, Pattie began a recording career which has spanned 20 years of radical social change. Yet her material, little different from the original Stompy-Wompy mode as far as carefree innocence is concerned, remains as popular as ever on the club circuit. The surf music of the Sixties seems to evoke nostalgia more powerfully than any other single thing. "I don't think that's a result of anything special about the music itself," says Patricia. "It's just that people in their late 20s and 30s associate those sounds with youth and happiness, and so it makes them feel good." However, her clubland audiences span every age group and seldom come away from a Little Pattie performance without feeling a suffusion of warmth. Even trendy sophisticates patronising Sydney's avante-garde Jamieson Street Nightclub recently bopped till they dropped at a hugely successful Band-stand Revisited performance, starring, of course, Little Pattie. Singularly unaffected by her 20 years of stardom, Patricia still chews bubble-gum and talks about how lucky she's been in a business renowned for its hard edge. Yet there's much more substance in Little Pattie than those who don't know her would suspect. Recently elected to the position of Vice President of Actors' Equity, she takes the role seriously and devotes a good deal of her time to familiarising herself with the complexities of the law as it relates to the entertainment industry. Amphlett is as enthusiastic about her work now as she was when, at 15, she became the envy of every schoolgirl in the country when she was introduced to the touring Beatles.



ANTHONY BROWELL

For expatriate Englishman Anthony Browell the Australian outback has provided the catalyst for him to turn many of his childhood dreams into reality. Since he immigrated in 1969, the rustic charm of the Australian bush has invoked strong feelings of romance and adventure in the former disciple of England's staid public school system. He has initiated many interesting and productive schemes in the past 15 years, culminating in his latest venture — the *P.S. Emmylou,* a unique paddle steamer now plying the graceful waters of the Murray River. Browell wasn't always in love with the bush and the Murray; a product of the Home Counties in England, he explains he was born with a "rusty silver spoon" in his mouth. In Sydney, he found himself work as an advertising photographer and caught what he calls the "Australian thing" — a need to up-grade your lifestyle because it is possible here. It was around this time that he founded the Australian Centre for Photography Workshop, in Paddington, Sydney. The creation of the workshop gives an insight into the motivation of this man — he loves projects and believes nothing is impossible. To satisfy his sense of adventure, in 1977 he and a number of friends built a steam driven raft and took it down the Darling River on a hobby trip. After that he spent two unproductive years before hatching his Murray River paddle-steamer idea. That project required the building of a steel boat in a bush town of 400 people. It took Browell, a carpenter and a laborer 20 months to finish the *Emmylou*. She boasts an original 1906 portable engine and boiler. The paddle steamer cruises from Echuca, berthing 16 people and five crew. Now that his romance with the riverboats of Australia has become a reality, Browell is planning his next adventure — bringing music back to the river. Naturally, the *Emmylou* will be the vehicle.

Sweet Chastity

POWER HUNGRY MEGALOMANIAC ZEALOT IF EVER I SAW ONE!

THE SUPERB EXAMPLE OF MY DEAR NIECE, SWEET CHASTITY, HAS CONVINCED ME THAT THE "GOOD GUYS" CAN BRING A BETTER WAY OF LIFE TO..ER..MANKIND. I WISH TO PLACE ALL OF MY RESOURCES AT YOUR DISPOSAL

HALF WITTED RESULT OF ARISTOCRATIC IN-BREEDING IF EVER I SAW ONE!

AT THE CALIFORNIA HOME OF SUPERSTAR EVANGELIST AND PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE BILLY GREYBLOOD, VINCENT, IN HIS NEW ROLE AS TRANSYLVANIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE U.S.A., IS BUSY WINNING THE CONFIDENCE OF THE LEADER OF THE "GOOD GUYS". THERE'S NO DENYING THE FACT THAT WHEN IT COMES TO INGRATIATING BEHAVIOUR, OBSEQUIOUS CONNIVING AND DOWNRIGHT TREACHERY TO ACHIEVE ONE'S ENDS, VINCENT HAS FEW EQUALS.....

LEMME GET THIS STRAIGHT —YOU'RE OFFERING US EXCLUSIVE CONTROL OF THE TRANSYLVANIAN COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE?

AND THIS EQUIPMENT WILL ENABLE OUR TELEVISION SHOW TO REACH EVERY CORNER OF THIS WORLD—AND BEYOND —24 HOURS A DAY?

CUNNING LITTLE STOP-AT-NOTHING LITTLE SOCIAL CLIMBER, IF EVER I SAW ONE!

OH, UNCLE VINCENT—I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE SEEN THE LIGHT! IT'S WONDERFUL TO SEE THE THREE OF YOU WORKING IN HARMONY!

I AM HONOURED BY THIS NOBLE EXPRESSION OF YOUR FAITH IN ME, SIR! I FEEL HUMBLE, SIR—HUMBLE!

THIS OPENS UP POSSIBILITIES FAR BEYOND THE WHITE HOUSE!

LOOK—I'D LIKE TO MAKE A DIRECT APPEAL FOR SANITY—BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS A MAN OF THE PEOPLE! SOMEONE WITH ESTABLISHED CREDENTIALS! SOMEONE WHO'S ACHIEVEMENTS ARE KNOWN TO ALL!

HE'S RIGHT, YOU KNOW —AND WHO HAS A BETTER SET OF ACHIEVEMENTS TO HIS CREDIT?

JOHN LOVES MARY?

DARK VICTORY?

KINGS ROW?

THE LAST OUTPOST?

by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

AND WHILE VINCENT PLOTS THE DOWNFALL OF BILLY GREYBLOOD AND THE RESTORATION OF SWEET CHASTITY, BACK HOME IN TRANSYLVANIA, HIS WIFE, ELEKTRA, IS HAVING TEA WITH THE GRAND DUKE BORIS, LORD PROTECTOR OF TRANSYLVANIA.....

THE HUMAN RIGHTS PEOPLE WOULDN'T TAKE UP MY CASE — THEY SAID I DIDN'T QUALIFY!

OOOH!

EEEK!

GIGGLE!

GRAND DUKE! THAT IS POSITIVELY LEWD!

THE OLD BOY'S IN GREAT FORM TODAY!

I WONDER WHERE HE FOUND HER?

MORE TEA?

NO THANKS! FOR A GRAND DUKE YOU'RE A KINKY OLD SO AND SO!

YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN ME TWENTY YEARS AGO!

MUST YOU GO?

IF I STAY ANY LONGER—YOU'LL KILL YOURSELF!

YOU WILL COME AGAIN NEXT THURSDAY?

WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD!

FOR THE OTHER INHABITANTS OF CASTLE DREER VINCENT'S GOOD FORTUNE AND NEW CREDIT RATING HAS BROUGHT A ROSY GLOW INTO THEIR OTHERWISE BLEAK LIVES.....

DECISIONS! DECISIONS! CHOOSING THE RIGHT =HIC= WINE TO SERVE =HIC= WITH DINNER IS SOME HEADACHE....

AH, COME ON— GIMME ANOTHER CHANCE! YOU'VE WON NINE GAMES IN A ROW!

OKAY! OKAY! BEST OF THREE —BUT YOU DON'T HAVE THE REFLEXES FOR VIDEO GAMES!

WAKEY— WAKEY, MR. BELA!

TIME TO GET UP! THE SUN'S GONE DOWN!

I'VE BROUGHT YOUR BLOODY MARY!

D'YOU WANT THE SPECIAL, MR VAIN?

DON'T I ALWAYS? I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE FOR KIDS LIKE YOU TO MEET A GUY LIKE ME WITH REAL SEX APPEAL!

Pretty Pussy

AT FIFTY BUCKS AN HOUR— WHO'S ARGUING?

IN THE DEPTHS OF CASTLE DREER, VINCENT'S FAILED EXPERIMENTS FOLLOW THE ABYSMALLY DREARY PATTERN OF THEIR DAILY LIVES

HEY, C'MON, GUYS! LET'S RAVISH A HOUSEMAID!

HAVE YOU NO RESPECT? WE'RE WAITING FOR NEWS OF CLARENCE!

WE SENT OUR BROTHER OUT INTO THE GREAT HOSTILE WORLD TO RESCUE SWEET CHASTITY!

HIS CHANCES OF FINDING HER ARE PRETTY SLIM!

ASK YOURSELVES— WHAT CHANCE HAS ANYBODY THAT LOOKS LIKE US GOT?

WHAT D'YOU THINK IS GONNA HAPPEN WHEN SOMEONE OUT THERE SPOTS HIM?

HE'S GONNA WIND UP IN A ZOO OR A MUSEUM!

OH, MY GOD! NO! NOT A ZOO!

HE'S RIGHT, YOU KNOW! CLARENCE DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE!

NO USE BITTING AROUND BROODING! LIFE HAS GOT TO GO ON!

YEAH! C'MON— LET'S GO RAVISH A HOUSEMAID!

EEEEK

BUT CLARENCE, FAILED EXPERIMENT NO. 291, IN TRULY HEROIC STYLE, HAS REACHED AMERICA. TIRED, HUNGRY BUT UNDAUNTED, HE WAITS HOPEFULLY IN A BARN SOMEWHERE IN THE MID-WEST.....

I'LL FIND YOU, SWEET CHASTITY! I'LL FIND YOU—AND SAVE YOU!

I WISH THAT KID WOULD HURRY UP WITH THAT FOOD!

HERE YOU ARE, LITTLE E.T. PERSON— I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME FOOD!

FOOD!

?

HERSHEY

?

CRUNCH!

SLURP!

THE LOUSY MARTIAN'S EATEN LASSIE!

WHY THE POSSE, SHERIFF—YOU GONNA GIVE SOME-ONE A PARKIN' TICKET?

NO, SMARTASS! I'M SWEARIN' YOU ALL IN AS DEPUTIES!

SOME CRAZY PERVERT HAS EATEN THIS KID'S DOG!

EATEN HIS DOG? THIS COUNTRY IS SICK! SICK!

THERE HE IS!

GET THE FINK!

?

SLAM! BLAM! SLAM!

?

WHAT DID I DO?

HE'S CROSSIN' THE RIVER!

DON'T LET HIM GET ACROSS THE STATE LINE!

SLAM! SLAM! SLAM!

CHASTITY!

I AIN'T.... GONNA ...MAKE IT!

SO MUCH FOR CLARENCE, FAILED EXPERIMENT NO. 291—JUST ANOTHER ONE OF LIFE'S LOSERS! AND SPEAKING OF LOSERS— CAN VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN RESCUE OUR HEROINE FROM THE CLUTCHES OF BILLY GREYBLOOD? SEE NEXT MONTH!

The author is a Walkley Award winning journalist specialising in politics, crime, law reform and civil liberties. He spent seven years as press secretary to a variety of Federal Labor Members of Parliament. During his 25-year career in journalism, Halpin's work has appeared in Penthouse, The National Times, The Bulletin, the Sun Herald, and many other journals.

THE SOCIAL REFORMS THAT CONSTRICT CIVIL LIBERTIES

BY DAVID HALPIN

A colleague of mine tells a chilling anecdote about the high technology available to the security agencies of the near future. He was on an escorted tour of the FBI headquarters in Washington when he asked about the role of fingerprints in keeping tabs on America's social miscreants. "Fingerprints?" guffawed his guide. "You're kidding. Genetic technology means that in the future we'll have a cell bank where people won't be traced by fingerprints but by their DNA molecule. In other words, even the tiniest piece of dry skin or other biological material — a fingernail clipping, or even a single cell — will be used by our DNA bank to link the cell structure to a person. We'll keep DNA 'prints', and then it'll be nothing as old-fashioned as fingerprints, it'll be a cellprint!"

Maybe the FBI man was a bit premature in his optimism about security agencies maintaining social control through genetic means. But he had let slip the ominous thinking of the largely faceless men in our midst who are constantly trying to tighten their stranglehold on our individual rights.

Now, it may seem a long leap from the FBI cell bank of the future to the recently introduced random breath testing in NSW. However, it can be argued that the authoritarian new powers handed over to the NSW Police are a variant of the same kind of extra power available to the FBI operatives if the cell bank concept ever becomes a reality. While seemingly innocuous, to the citizen who believes in real civil liberties both are yet another retrograde step — a victory by the ever-growing global army of social controllers.

A cell bank would be an authoritarian's dream, facilitating a world where ultimately every citizen could be on file, with his or her biological identity on a computer tape along with a micro-stored dossier. Imagine your DNA print alongside the photo on your passport: the very essence of every individual available at the touch of a computer button at every airport or police station. Hopefully, it's a long way off, if it can be perfected at all, apart from the political problems. But while that system remains in the realm of supra-control, the mundane random breath test is now very much with us in NSW — ironically, Neville Wran's most profound social "reform". The test is not only random, it is arbitary and not optional. If you're a 100-year-old teetotal grandmother with a clean traffic record, a jack-booted NSW Police highway patrol man can still lean into your car window and instruct — not ask — you to blow into his alcohol meter. If you are over the .05 limit (as the terrorising advertisements screamed at us last Christmas) you're under arrest. No taking down of licence particulars for a summons later — as is the system with other traffic offences in NSW, and nearly always the practice in other Australian states. No, if you're over, you're under arrest, carted off to the police station and accorded the humiliating treatment normally reserved for everyday criminals, even though you have *not* been convicted and are therefore presumed innocent. As the ads don't tell you, you have not committed a *criminal* offence even if convicted. So, the group of increasingly perturbed NSW citizens who worry about small matters like civil liberties are asking: "Why does the offence — sorry, presumed offence — carry with it the indignity of immediate arrest?" (It does not happen in Victoria — the model for the NSW legislation — unless you're very drunk and a danger to yourself or to others. In Victoria, your car keys are taken from you, and you are told to pick up your vehicle in the morning. Then you will receive a summons, as do drivers in NSW for other traffic offences.) The reason is that the NSW Police Department *insisted* on the roadside arrest system, despite the fact that the NSW Parliamentary Committee said drivers should not be arrested, but rather should be dealt with as they are in Victoria.

That new power to stop any driver anywhere on the pretext of carrying out a breath test is dangerous enough, but the police are also using the system to further extend their powers of search. I happened to ask a constable in the Public Relations branch of the NSW Police why young people in particular nearly always had their cars searched after being stopped for a breath test, or other traffic infringement. "It's just the undesirables whose cars we search — you know, the scruffy people who might have drugs or stolen property in the car," he explained. The use of the word "undesirables" gives a clue to the thought processes of our police and other members of society's "security" forces or social controllers: on the one hand, there are the respectable conformists who are unlikely to have a joint in the car, and then there are the scruffy "undesirables" whose unkempt presence reacts on the average cop's sensibilities like alcohol on the breathalyser crystals. So, apart from the general "police state" overtones of roadside arrests for turning the crystals green, the police have stealthily acquired another weapon in their growing arsenal of social control equipment. Although the NSW Cabinet told the Police Department *not* to use the occasion of breath testing to extend police powers in searching cars or checking on defective tyres and such, they have in fact done so.

The PR constable tried to justify such extraneous police action by the need to search for "drugs". He seemed to believe that this statement signified the end of the discussion — that any police over-reaction or adoption of extra powers could be excused by recourse to the magic word "drugs". Along with the use of "security" to justify many deprivations of civil liberties, the word "drug" is increasingly being used to cover all those seemingly petty police incursions into what we regard as basic human rights. It's no longer news to bored police reporters when a group of police break down doors and ransack private homes in their relentless search for illegal substances. How many guileless magistrates or JPs accede to a police request for a search warrant merely because the officer says he wants it to look for drugs? How much money is spent by our overworked police force in NSW on helicopters, light planes, four-wheel-drives, manpower and overtime, in looking for marijuana plantations?

Without defending well-organised criminal syndicates which (sometimes with police help) control the grass market, why don't the authorities concentrate less on spending millions looking for marijuana crops, and more on uncovering the real villains of the drug world — the heroin syndicates and distributors? Why can't they divert more resources into uncovering the "Mr Big Enoughs" who work behind large corporations and legitimate business fronts to supply heroin to our citizens? Part of the answer is that the heroin dealers have bought powerful protection from corrupt police, politicians and bureaucrats.

But another part of the answer could be that the growing surveillance mechanisms are, consciously or unconsciously, tied to the need of our social controllers to devise more and more ways to fill the data banks with more and more information about *all* of us. I hesitate to refer to George Orwell's famous blueprint on social control — *1984* — because the nature of the thought control and political repression he envisaged is more sophisticated than the tenuous spider webs of individual repression now winding tighter around us as we contemplate life after next January, when Orwell's fictional time-slot becomes a reality. In some ways, however, today's security controllers are working on more subtle means of social control than Orwell wrote about. Take a recent comment by a spokesman for the NSW Education Department: this grey bureaucrat told the press that any teacher convicted of a "drug" offence — even possession of a joint — would be subject to dismissal. Was there an outcry from our civil libertarians about this gross example of double jeopardy? Did our legal reformers or the Teacher's Federation point out in the media the Draconian nature of punishing a person twice for the same offence? Did they point out that no teacher is sacked because he's convicted for driving with an excess of another drug — alcohol — in his blood stream, yet a schoolie potsmoker is supposed to lose his livelihood on conviction?

Did the mass media take up this latest challenge to civil liberties? No, because most editors, under the thumb of magnates who support the need for a subjugated citizenry, only have to look sideways at the word "drugs" or "security" to dodge the issue. Can you recall the last time a major newspaper really looked into the background of a police raid, or some paramilitary action by our police riot squads where the sacred cow of "security" was used as a superficial justification? How many newspapers follow through a "drug" raid, and report whether it could be justified by convictions gained? Which political party during the last election mentioned the need for legislative action against this rapid growth of the offensive against citizens' rights? Which politician or judge has recently called for a Bill of Rights with teeth in it, a Bill which would give us legal power to maintain a vigilant scrutiny of the people in our society who want to watch over us and make sure we conform to their views of the way the world should be run? Crusaders against Big Brother are often easily silenced in a society as innately conservative as Australia. They are not likely to emerge from the cerebral porridge which constitutes the collective mentality of major political parties. People will say: "We are only powerless individuals — what can we do?" The answer is that we can do a lot — if we recognise the threat, understand the techniques used to cover up the activities of the security-guardians, and protest at every opportunity our right to individual freedom, spirit, and identity — to gain freedom from those with a CIA-KGB mentality clothed in so many respectable guises.

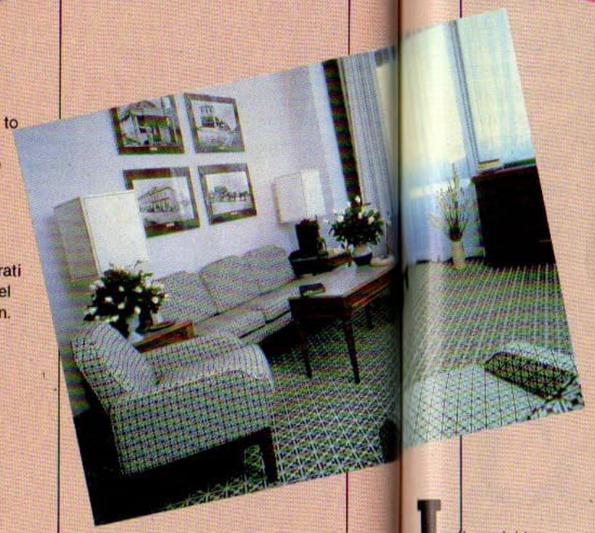
Next time the harmless traffic cop starts to search your car, refuse, take his number and name if possible, and write a letter of protest to the Commissioner, the Premier, your local MP. And spread the word that if enough free-minded citizens stand up for their rights, we can at least postpone the worst horrors of Orwell's fictional world of oppression.

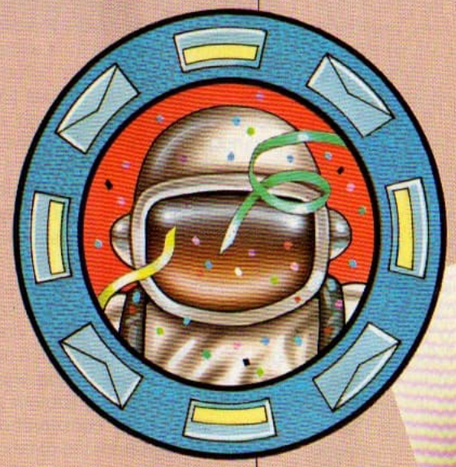
"Along with the use of "security" to justify many deprivations of civil liberties, the word "drug" is increasingly being used to cover all those seemingly petty police incursions into what we regard as basic human rights"

LOOSE ENDS

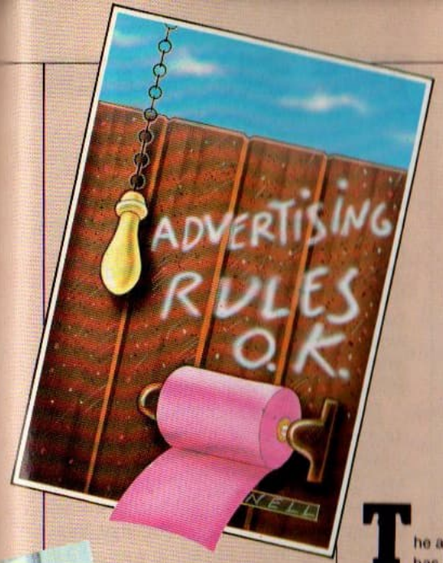
Getting off the beaten track is easy in the Jeep Hawk from Jeep Australia. Pet Of The Year Marilyn Natty is planning on going bush in the Jeep she won as a prize in this year's competition. Her Jeep has been fitted out with luxuries like Scheel car seats. Marilyn was called upon to pick the winner of our readers' Pet Of The Year competition, who received a Craig Road Rated car stereo system. The winner was Ross Vidal of Mosman, NSW. Ross was knocked out by his good luck, and by Marilyn.

Looking for somewhere to stay when you visit Sydney? Do as our Pet Of The Year Marilyn Natty does and spend the night at the Sebel Town House. The Sebel is a popular hang for visiting celebrities. Just ask the glitterati — they'll tell you that the Sebel is the place to see and be seen.



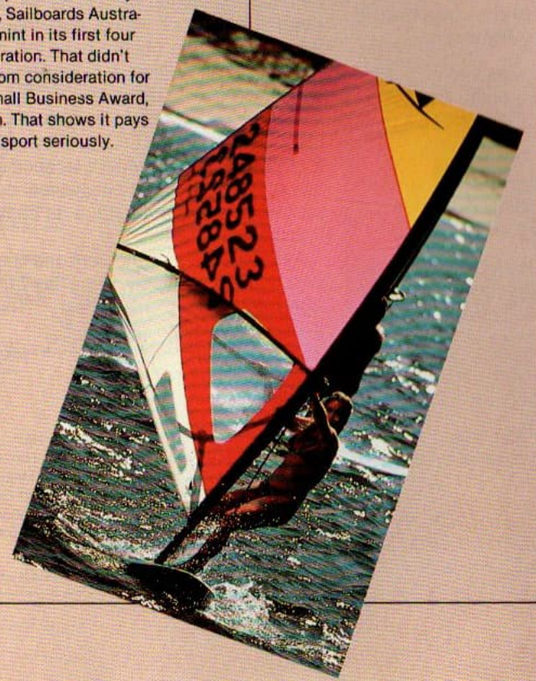


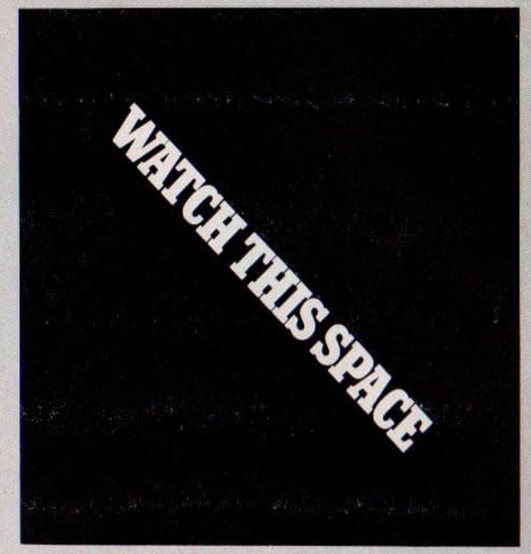
The singing telegram was superseded by the Strippergram, which (along with the well-established Gorillagram) now has to compete with the Fantasygram. You can shock or surprise a friend or foe with anything from a schoolgirl stripper to the Galactic Zapper or Johnny Cool. For a mere $75, the Fantasygram people offer a range of 12 different characters. Just call (02) 211 4088.



The advertising industry has invaded the last sanctuary — the toilet. Creative Graffiti are planning on catching you with your pants down by selling space on dunny doors to advertisers. Vandalism is the thing most potential advertisers are concerned about, but the Creative Graffiti people say they have eliminated this problem by placing indestructible and washable perspex over their ads. More information on (02) 439 5488.

In financial terms, sailboarding is big business and the company which monopolised the sport in its infancy in this country, Sailboards Australia, made a mint in its first four years of operation. That didn't exclude it from consideration for the NSW Small Business Award, which it won. That shows it pays to take your sport seriously.





PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

We asked for it — and you delivered. The April issue of *Australian Penthouse* announced a photo contest for readers, to be run in conjunction with the Polaroid company, in which we asked you to send us a revealing snap of your favorite lady, then let our judges decide whether your entry was worthy of the monthly prize — a new Polaroid camera. The response from readers was overwhelming — a testament to both the beauty of their women and the fertility of their imaginations.

We're repeating the offer this month. So, fill in the form on this page, enclose it in an envelope with your photo(s) — taken on any film, Polaroid or otherwise — and send it in to *Penthouse*. The first winning photo will be printed on this page next month.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: .....

Address of photographer: .....

.....

Telephone number of photographer: .....

Name of subject: .....

Address of subject: .....

.....

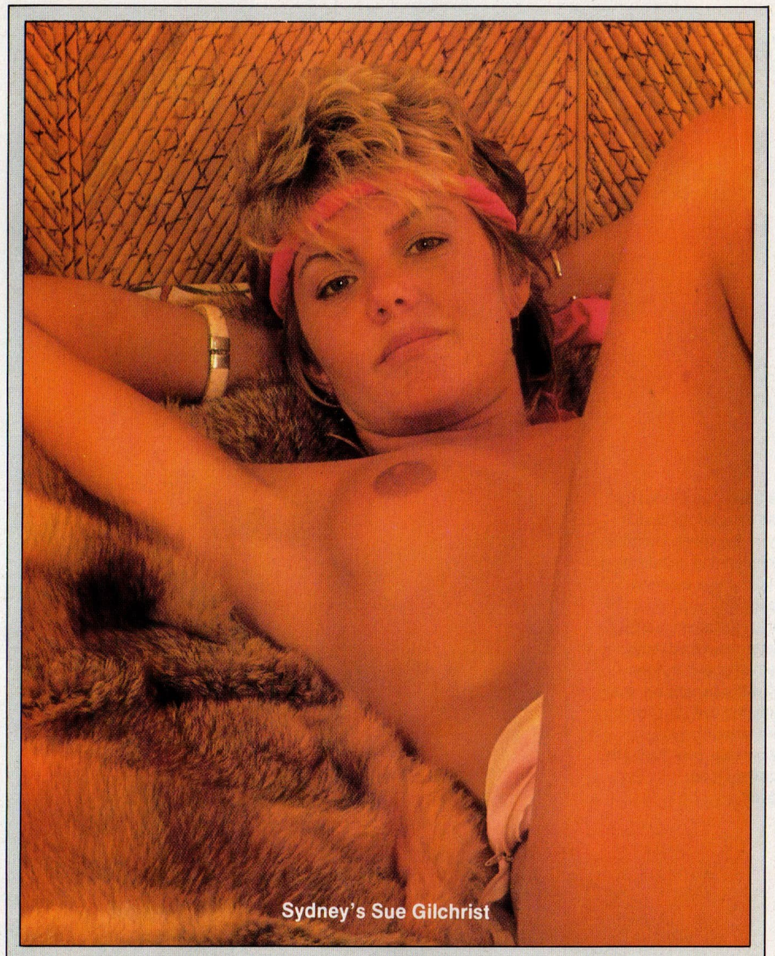
Telephone number of subject: .....

I ..... of .....

am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over.

Signed ..... Date .....

Witness .....


Sydney's Sue Gilchrist

COMING IN JULY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

All The Way Up The Creek — If you've ever believed the sentiment that the Americans are vitally aware of Australia's aspirations as a Pacific power, or that they have any understanding of Australian history, geography and culture, forget it. The buggers don't even know what hemisphere we're in. On an official and individual level, America's ignorance of its most devoted ally is so pervasive you could write a very funny story about it — which is what David Lyle did for July *Penthouse*.

Rock Groupies — They're everywhere, chasing every string-plucker and skin-thumper from the lowest garage outfit to the megastar. Part Two of the *Penthouse* series on groupies examines the sexual hysteria which is part and parcel of the rock music scene.

Tigermen — This was the name given to the elite Green Berets by the Vietcong. After the war, some of them combined to form a powerful fraternity dealing in drugs, arms and assassination. *Penthouse* reveals the extent of the Tigermen's activity.

The Jump — At around closing time in pubs around the country, tanked-up all-Aussie heroes are daring each other to do hairy-chested things like having a go at parachuting. This is the amusing tale of one drunk who took The Jump.

Home Computers — Now that you've got your video cassette recorder, the next step toward mastery of the technological age is a home computer. *Penthouse* examines the plusses and minusses of replacing your brain with a piece of hardware.

Stephen Barry Interview — Contrary to normal etiquette, the former valet to Prince Charles gives a no-holds-barred account of what goes on behind the closed doors of Buckingham Palace.

Pet Of The Month — Centrefold Sue Gilchrist is a health nut, which is fine with us. You don't get a bum like that from watching late-night television. Petite, blonde and bouncy Sue is the best advertisement for jogging you'll ever see.

THE SHOOTER

Continued from page 108

"Florida Water. I keep it for special occasions. I don't use it much."

He had taken his time. Almost afraid, it seemed to Marie, as though he didn't want to alarm her, and careful not to make a mistake. She was grateful for it and guided him, helped him let go. It must have been some time since he had slept with a woman, she thought, as familiar apple green had lit the sky, but he hadn't forgotten how to make one happy.

There had been no sleep for her. The long succession of thrills had seemed endless and for the first time in her life she had cried out in pure joy, not once but several times, believing each to be the last but again and again amazed that there could still be more. At last he was asleep, his face still on her breast, whispers of a dawn breeze moving the net above them.

He had given her a shirt to wear and a pair of wide khaki shorts. "Bombay Bloomers", he called them, saying she filled them better than he did, as she climbed into the sidecar. She watched him pour what was left in the billy on to the fire, checking again that nothing was left in the shearers' quarters, and closing the door.

"Where in town?"

"The Commercial Hotel, thanks."

There was silence while he straddled the bike and stooped to turn on the petrol.

She was almost afraid to ask, but tried not to show it. "Will you be stopping there?"

"For a couple of beers."

"Where to then?"

"Too much dust around here. Too many flies . . . Think I'll head north. Far north. Up around Alligator River."

His boot jammed down hard, once, twice, three times, before the Harley burst into life, blustering vibrations all about them. It moved off slowly, past the stock yards, scattering poultry over the cattle ramp, leaving nothing but tyre tracks to say they'd ever been there.

Bread 'n' Fat Jones looked up from Lake Ontario and the St Lawrence to listen for the engine idling while it stopped in the home paddock gate. He waited until it picked up again and rattled its chain off into the distance.

"One thing about shooters and cooks," he thought contentedly, lifting the *National Geographic* from his chest. "They're always moving on."

STOCKISTS

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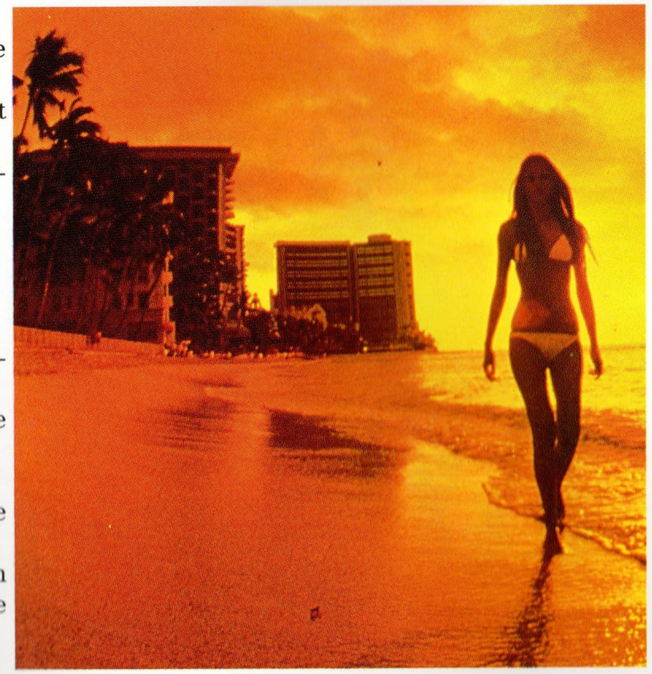

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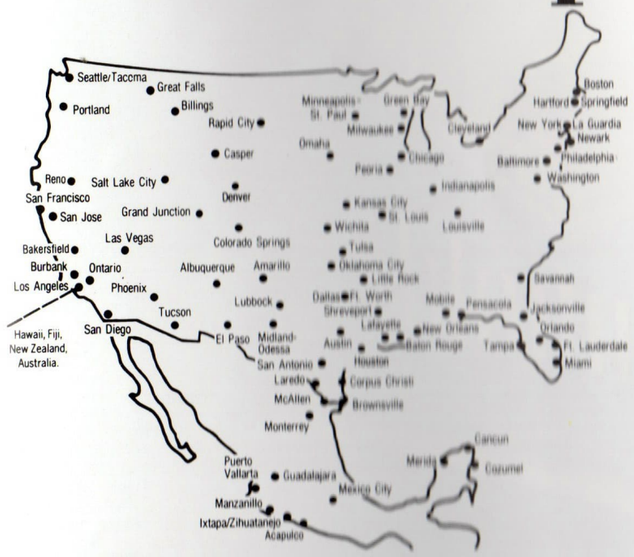

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